Nov. 26, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

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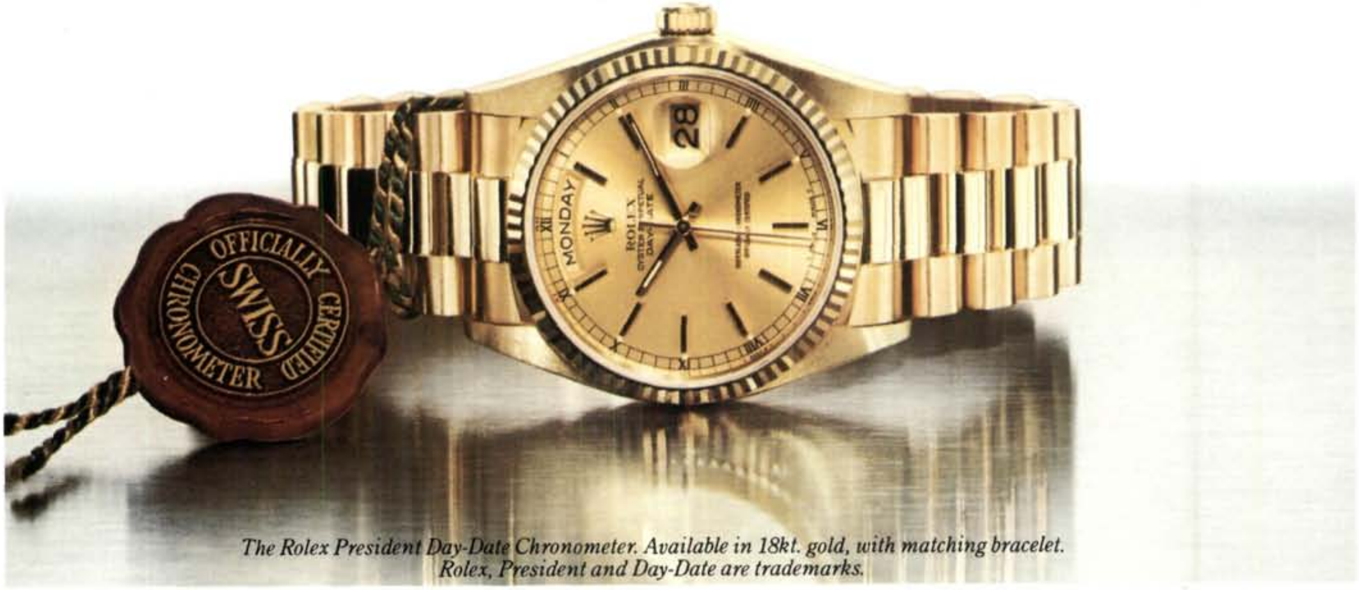

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules, because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

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PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Accidental Death of an Anarchist—A farce by Dario Fo, adapted by Richard Nelson, with Jonathan Pryce. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

After the Fall—Even the performances of a number of distinguished actors, among them Frank Langella, Dianne Wiest, Henderson Forsythe, Mary-Joan Negro, and Laurie Kennedy, cannot rescue this revival of Arthur Miller's dull play about a guilt-ridden, introspective lawyer, much given to endless soliloquies. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/15/84.) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 2.)

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy lend their mingled charms and strengths to a vehicle that without them would be unable to budge. (10/29/84) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Nov. 23, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

The Ballad of Soapy Smith—Michael Weller's play about an actual confidence man in the Klondike during the gold rush, not too strong or credible in any case, is all but overwhelmed by busy pageantry. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Between Rails—In this monologue, Thelma Louise Carter is a black woman, aboard a train, returning to the South after many years as a domestic servant in New York. Under Hal Scott's direction, Miss Carter holds our attention, beginning to end. (10/22/84) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is well acted by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Matt Craven and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (9/3/84) (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday and Friday, Nov. 22-23, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 4:30. Special performances Friday, Nov. 23, at 7 and 10.)

The Country Girl—Despite the presence of three excellent actors—Hal Holbrook, Christine Lahti, and Jeffrey DeMunn—this revival of Clifford Odets' play about backstage life never takes wing. (10/29/84) (Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. 243-0992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Design for Living—A highly successful revival of Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners and low morals, once played by Coward and the Lunts and now starring Anne Swift, John Glover, and Frank Converse. The excellent direction is by George C. Scott. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Haarlem Nocturne—A musical revue conceived and directed by its star, André De Shields. (Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at

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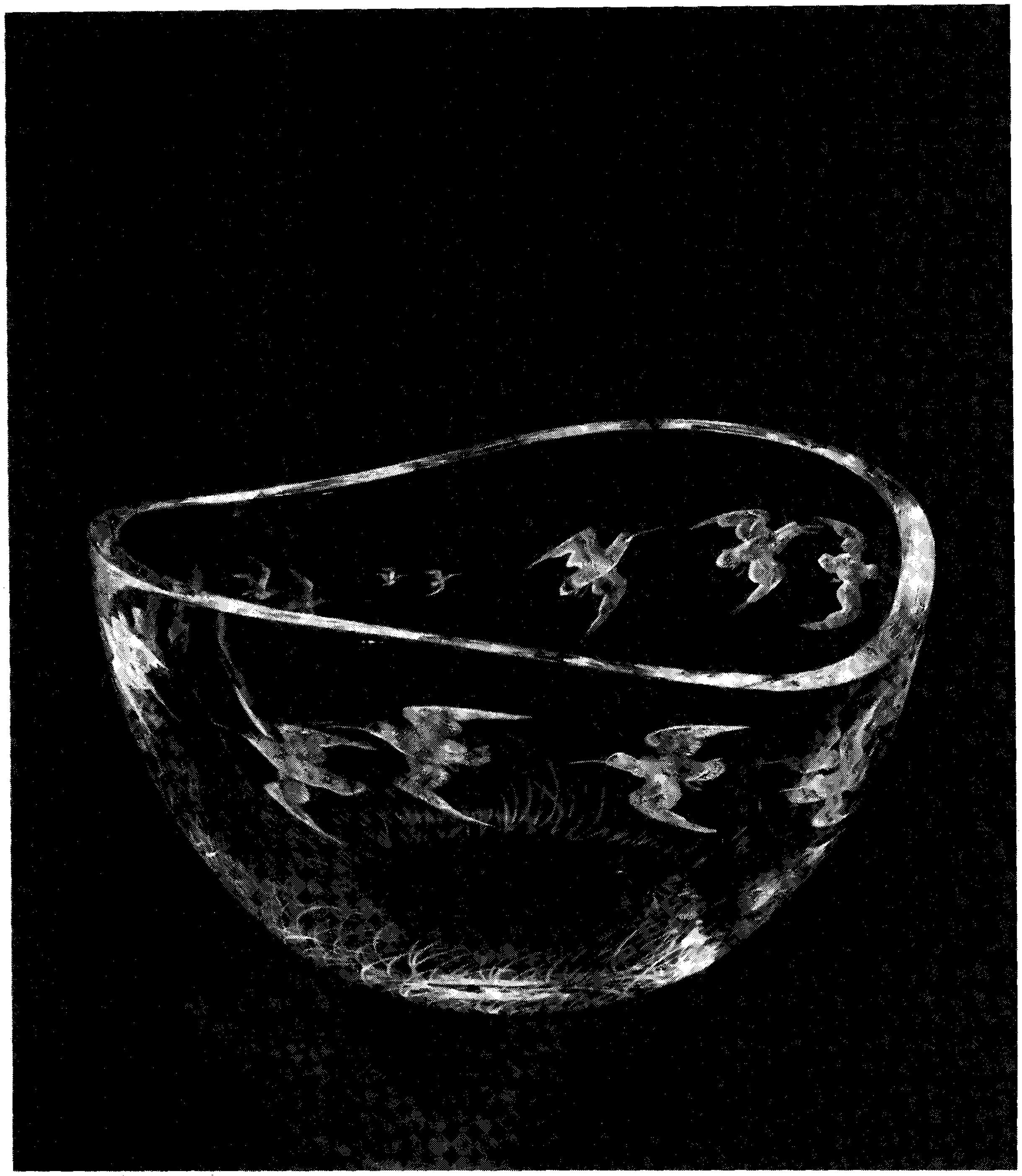

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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8 and 11; and Sundays at 7:30. Special matinée Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Candice Bergen, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. John Christopher Jones substitutes for Mr. Hurt at the Sunday matinée performances. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

In Celebration—A feeble drama by David Storey about three grown men who return to their home in Yorkshire to celebrate their parents' fortieth wedding anniversary. Feeble or not, much of the dialogue is very good, and the cast, which includes Malcolm McDowell, Frank Grimes, and Pauline Flanagan, is nothing short of exemplary. (11/19/84) (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 2. For tickets, call 944-9300.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Dec. 2: Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A rousing play from start to finish. The author is August Wilson, the director is Lloyd Richards, and the marvellous cast includes Charles S. Dutton and Theresa Merritt. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder was the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes were by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.)

Romance Language—A play by Peter Parnell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Two plays in alternating repertory. **CYRANO DE BERGERAC:** An overinflated version of the sentimental old melodrama by Edmond Rostand which comes within an ace of killing it in an attempt to make it seem young again. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3; Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8; Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8. . . . **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** The R.S.C. is understandably on easy terms with the Bard, and this production of the wittiest of his comedies is well worth seeing. With Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack. Friday, Nov. 23, at 2 and 8; Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2; Friday, Nov. 30, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2 and 8. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Saturday, Jan. 19.)

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Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Robert Westenberg is Seurat and Bernadette Peters is Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

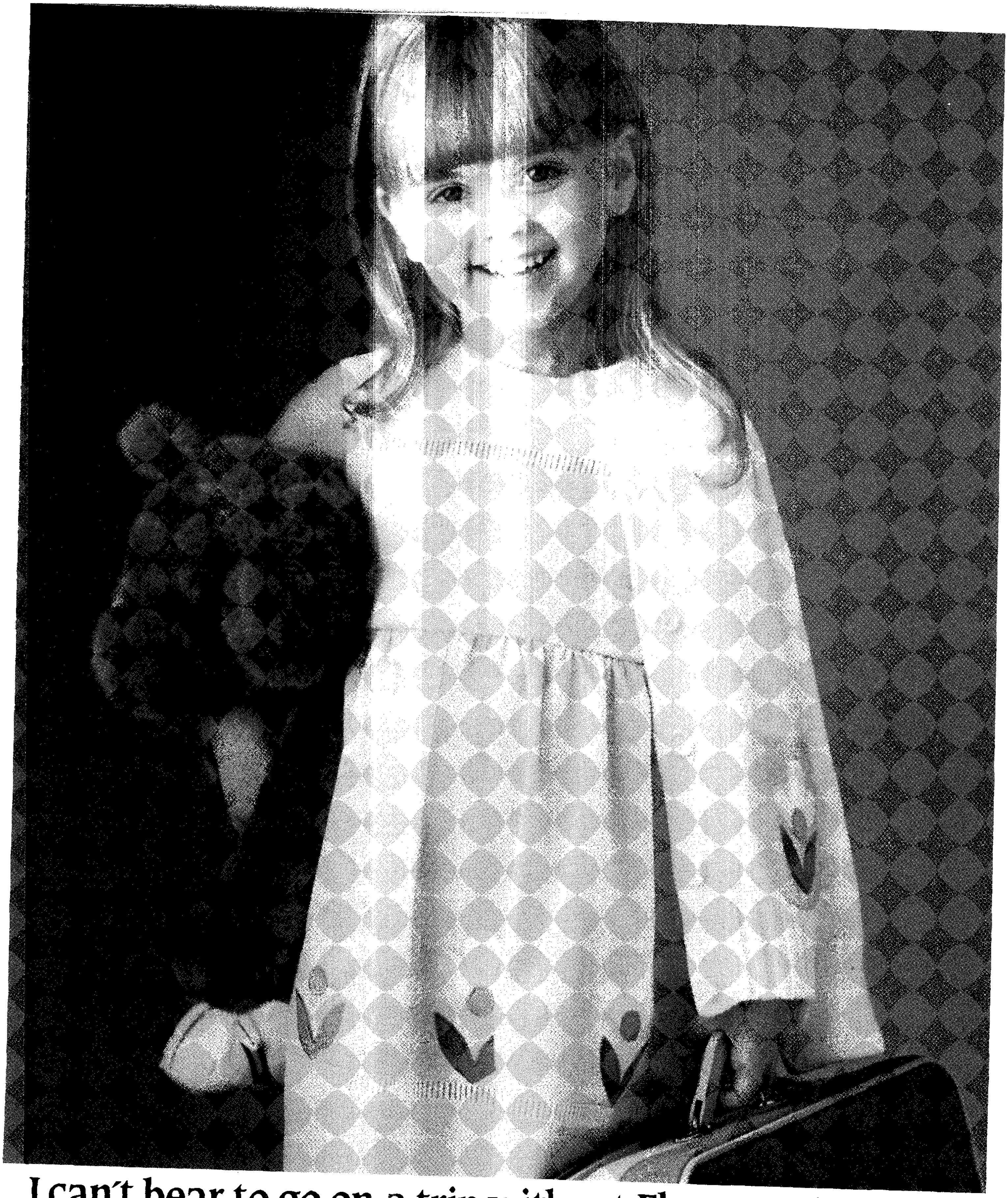
Through the Leaves—A two-character play by Franz Xaver Kroetz, seen Off Off Broadway last season. Frederick Neumann and Ruth Maleczech re-create their original roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)

Welcome to Black River—A play by Samm-Art Williams. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Still Doing in a State Like This—A revival of a little topical review that is just as merry and refreshing as its predecessor. (11/5/84) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

Whoopi Goldberg—A one-woman show, mostly about troubled blacks, portrayed with sympathy by the talented Miss Goldberg. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Keith Michell and George Hearn. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,224 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Sandy Duncan and Don Correia head the cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG**



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

TRILOGY: Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 11 and 2:30; Thanksgiving at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 25, at 12:30 and 4; Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 11; Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 11 and 2:30; Thursday, Nov. 29, at 2:30; Friday, Nov. 30, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 1, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 10.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. Clowns, trapeze artists, acrobats, elephants, and seals are some of the attractions. Opens Friday, Nov. 23, and will run through Tuesday, Jan. 1. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 4; Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 11 and 7; Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 11 and 7:30; and Thursday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

Peacock Players—Presenting "Raindance," a satire by M. Z. Ribalow, with John Hambrick, Reggie Harris, Chauncey Howell, Pia Lindstrom, Jim Ryan, and Liz Smith. Performances benefit the New York Association for the Blind. (The Lighthouse Auditorium, 111 E. 59th St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2. For information about tickets, call 355-2200, Ext. 170.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Benefit Program—Among the participants in a benefit for the New York Zoological Society will be Bob Hope, Tony Randall, and Betty Comden. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Swan Lake," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "A Schubertiad," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "Bugaku," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "A Schubertiad," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 25, at 1: "Raymonda Variations," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 25, at 7: "Swan Lake," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Menuetto" (New York première), "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Menuetto," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Bugaku," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "A Schubertiad," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Menuetto," "A Schubertiad," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

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Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 23—Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30: "Suite Otis" and "For Bird with Love" (New York première), plus a song recital by soprano Grace Bumbry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Divining" (New York première), "The Still Point," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Isba," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: "Suite Otis," "Treading," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Divining," "Love Songs," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Kol Demama Dance Company—A troupe from Israel, with both deaf and hearing dancers. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 21-22, and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2 and 7:30.)

Nina Martin—With a company, presenting "Copyright," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3; and Monday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Maria Benitez Spanish Dance Company—With José Greco. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 28-Dec. 1, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at the piano in the Oak Room through Saturday, Nov. 24, from nine to one. Starting Wednesday, Nov. 28, **JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, will take charge for six weeks. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Pianist Buck Buchholz occupies the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, buzzing bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will be present, and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, bassist **MICKEY BASS** will head up a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Two fiery tenor saxophonists, **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** and **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS,** are here through Sunday, Nov. 25; Monday, Nov. 26, will belong to the **ANGEL RANGELOV–JIMMY MADISON** Big Band and to **MICHAL URBANIAK;** and on Tuesday, Nov. 27, **JON HENDRICKS** and company will arrive for a week. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 21, **DAVID JOHANSEN;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, Al Stewart and Ron Darian; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, **TAJ MAHAL** and rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: **BROSS TOWNSEND** and **BOB CUNNINGHAM** through Saturday, Nov. 24; **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** on Sunday, Nov. 25; and Vladimir Shafranov and **RON CARTER** beginning Monday, Nov. 26. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** the ever-enthusiastic interpreter of Coward, Porter, Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, and Coleman (Cy), is stage center in the Café Carlyle, with his hands poised over the piano keys, his eyebrows raised, and his trusty sidekicks—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**—at the ready. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks play for dancing Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

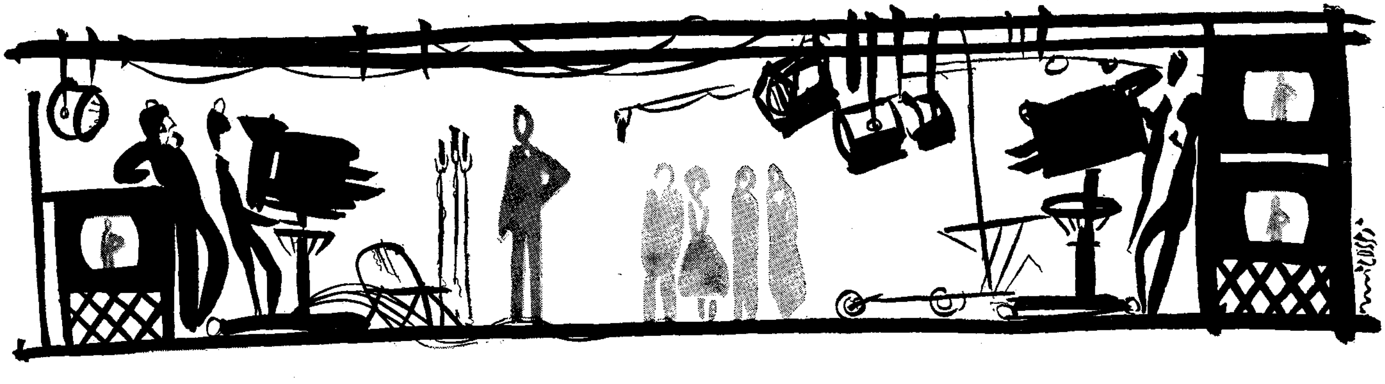
Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish jazz pianist inspired by Art Tatum and Fred Chopin, is here nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Keyboardist-singer **LES MC CANN** performs through Sunday, Nov. 25, and on Tuesday, Nov. 27, singer **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** will come in. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday be found in the Smithsonian. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Nov. 21, Hoy



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Boy & the Doys and Christy Rose; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, blues-harp expert and expert blues singer **PAUL BUTTERFIELD** and singer-bassist **RICK DANKO**; Wednesday, Nov. 28, Lenny Kaye and the Floor Models; and Friday, Nov. 30, **PATRICK SKY.** Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano with aid from bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. **BROOKS KERR** is also present on Sundays from five to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Henry Francis can be found at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Saturdays. The Sunday man is **JIMMY LYON,** and Mondays are claimed by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 21-22, the **NEVILLE BROTHERS,** from New Orleans; Sunday, Nov. 25, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN;** and Wednesday, Nov. 28, Black Oak Arkansas. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—**ASTRUD GILBERTO,** the soft-spoken, undramatic, no-nonsense Brazilian singer, performs through Sunday, Nov. 25, and on Tuesday, Nov. 27, vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** will bring in his quartet. Monday's music is made by **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** featuring **LEW TABACKIN** on tenor sax. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, writer, and singer, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, with Woody Allen usually on celebrity clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—In spite of the gelati glut in the seventies and eighties, the coolest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. The music: Wednesday, Nov. 21, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS;** Monday, Nov. 26, **JUMP STREET;** Tuesday, Nov. 27, Michel Camilo; and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, Joe Cool. Music from about ten until two. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & HIS SAVOY SULTANS** play irresistible, uplifting music Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays and Thanksgiving from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Nov. 21, Hanoi Rocks and Bel Fegore; Friday, Nov. 23, Aku Aku and Dolce Vita; Saturday, Nov. 24, the Church, Tommy Keene, and Alex Chilton; Tuesday, Nov. 27, John Waite; Thursday, Nov. 29, Los Lobos; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, **ROMEO VOID** and the Sound. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

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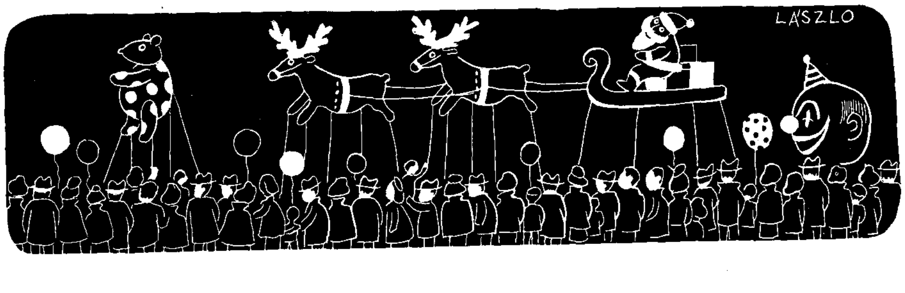

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, pianist and occasional singer **JOE BUSHKIN** and a worthy sextet go to work Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 21, bassist **JACO PASTORIUS;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, Bernard Wright; Sunday, Nov. 25, Mike Stern, Steve Slagle, and Victor Lewis; Monday, Nov. 26, Galt Macdermot's New Pulse Jazz Band; Tuesday, Nov. 27, Vladimir Hurunshy; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK** & the Band of Doom. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Nov. 21, **SONNY OKOSUN,** from Nigeria; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 25-27, percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS;** Wednesday, Nov. 28, calypsonian Lord Nelson; Thursday, Nov. 29, **KIMATI DINIZULU & THE KOTOKO SOCIETY;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Ex-Basie-ites tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** and trombonist **AL GREY** co-pilot a quintet until Sunday, Nov. 25; and on Tuesday, Nov. 27, tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** will arrive with a quartet. Mondays are given over to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his **ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On Nov. 26, **RAY BARRETTO** and his orchestra will be on hand with Ralphy Leavitt y La Selecta Orquesta and guest jazz soloist trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI.** . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, you can spot piano-bass duos after nine-thirty: **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** through Sunday, Nov. 25, and **BILL MAYS** and **MICHAEL MOORE** starting Tuesday, Nov. 27. In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. **ELVIN JONES,** who seems as if he could have majored in track & field *and* jazz, leads his quintet through Sunday, Nov. 25; on Tuesday, Nov. 27, hard-bopping tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Monday night's tradition is the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** and his blues and bop combo through Saturday, Nov. 24; Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 25-27, Percy France's quartet; and starting Wednesday, Nov. 28, the **GEORGE KELLY** Big Band. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and musicians in it. Guitarist **TAL FARLOW** works with bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** through Saturday, Nov. 24, and on Tuesday, Nov. 27, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** will begin a week here. Every Sunday, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** drop by. The Monday guys are pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Thanksgiving.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Don McLean—With the Jordanaires, in a benefit for Greenpeace. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Culture Club—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8.

Scandal—With Patty Smyth. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Pete Seeger—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.

Del Fuegos and **Brave Combo**—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Friday, Nov. 23, after 10.

Andy Stewart & Manus Lunny—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8.

Spyro Gyra—With Phyllis Hyman. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Pat Metheny Group—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Karel Appel—A two-gallery show of recent Expressionist paintings, in high-voltage colors and extravagant impasto. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Through Friday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Nosei, 100 Prince St. Through Thursday, Nov. 29.)

Romare Bearden—Watercolors inspired by Obeah rituals. Through Dec. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Eleanor De Laittre / John von Wicht (1888-1970)—Nicely balanced abstract paintings from the thirties and forties, plus two small sculptures. / Abstract paintings with a pronounced nautical flavor. Through Dec. 15. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Stephen De Staebler—Rough-finished bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

William Dole (1917-83)—Collages, most with tiny typographical curiosities fixed to backgrounds delicately tinted with watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—A three-gallery exhibit. Oils as well as preparatory watercolors that have an electricity lost in the formal works. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.) . . . ¶ Oils and watercolors. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and

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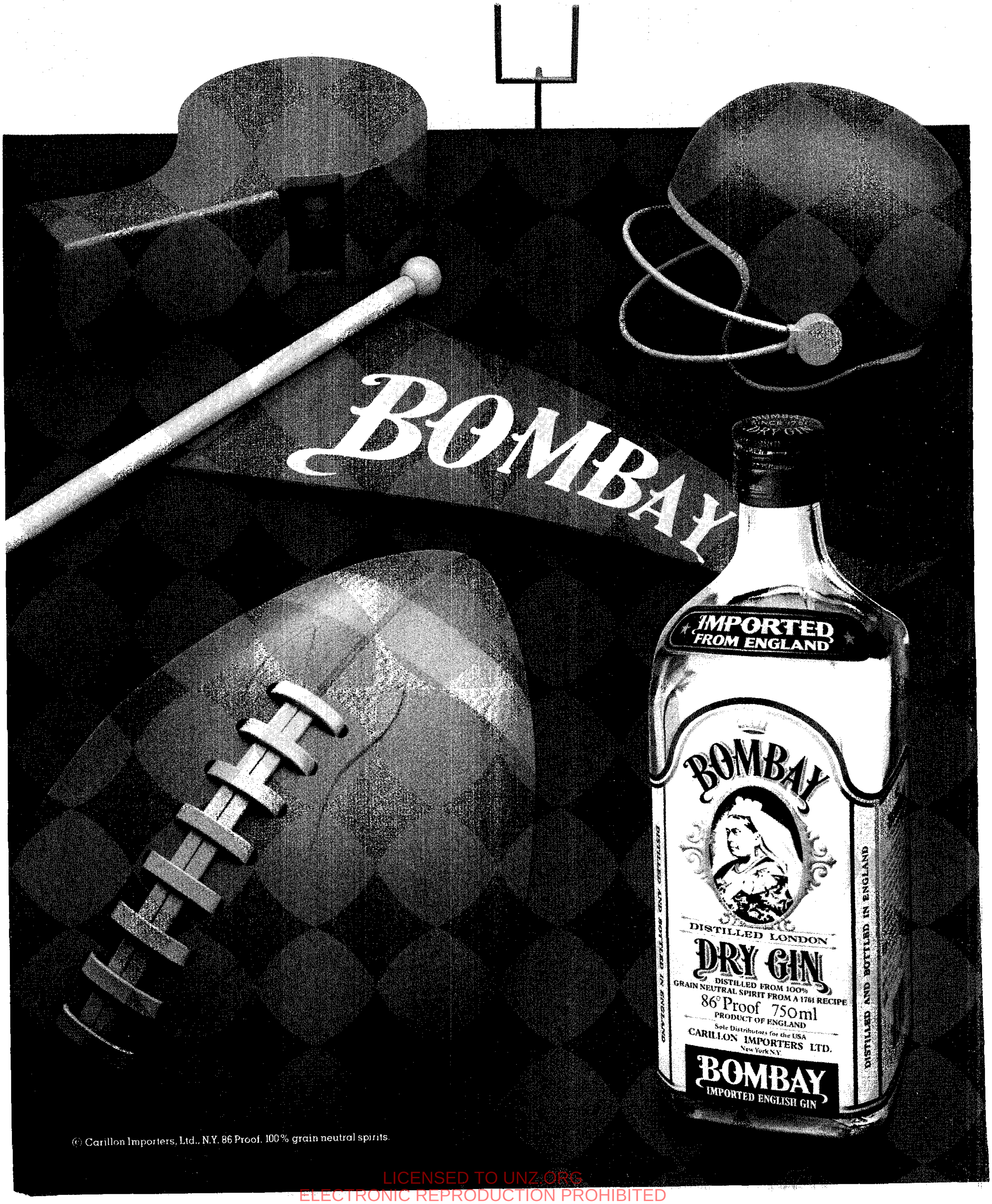
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

collages. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.) All shows through Dec. 29.

Seymour Fogel—Wood constructions, both painted and raw, plus oils and drawings, dating from 1964 to the present. Through Dec. 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Charles Garabedian—Paintings, including the five-part "Crazy Horse's Strategy," which combines abstraction with American Indian motifs. Through Dec. 8. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Paintings (from geometric abstractions to semi-abstract seascapes and figures) that span his career to date. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

František Kupka (1871-1957)—Paintings, pastels, and drawings by a Czech artist who was in the vanguard of non-representational abstraction. Through Dec. 15. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—Two shows of paintings and works on paper. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon. Through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Through Saturday, Nov. 24.)

Juan Martinez—New paintings comprised of roughly sketched portraits—up to twenty in a single work—on a background of newsprint or graffiti. Through Dec. 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Elliot Offner / Helen Hoie—Representational sculptures of fish, fowl, and other creatures, carved in wood and cast in bronze. / Collages using tissue paper, fabric, and printed matter. Through Friday, Nov. 30. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jon Schueler—New paintings of cloud forms, a favorite subject. Through Thursday, Nov. 29. (Sachs, at a new location at 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Judith Shea—Bronze sculptures. Through Dec. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings executed during the fifties. Through Dec. 6. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Sarah Bernhardt and Her Times—A benefit loan show of paintings, sculptures, decorative objects, and numerous other items by Doré, Hugo, Toulouse-Lautrec, Mucha, and other admirers of the French actress, who died in 1923. Through Dec. 28. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **Colnaghi**, 26 E. 80th St.: Prodigies of English portraiture—Lawrence, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and others. Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Saidenberg**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An assortment of works by Picasso, Matisse, Klee, Kandinsky, and Masson. Through Dec. 8. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

John Ahearn and Rigoberto Torres—Sculptures cast in plaster from life and painted realistically; ten are portrait busts of City College students. Through Dec. 8. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Abe Ajay / Emmet Edwards (1906-82)—Box constructions and collages. / Abstract watercolors. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Arneson—Anti-nuclear drawings, as well as other drawings from 1970 to the present. Through Dec. 13. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

William Brice—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Clough—Abstractions. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Clutz—Pastels of streets and parks in Los Angeles and Chicago, by an artist who usually devotes himself to Manhattan geography. Through Friday, Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Daze and Crash—Slam-bang spray-can works, Harlem-oriented ones by Daze, and comic-strip subjects by the latter, who also provides huge portraits of two Old Masters of the genre, Keith Haring and Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Paintings, drawings, tapestries, furniture, ceramics—the lot. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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Max Ernst (1891-1976)—Works retrieved from a house Ernst built in Sedona, Arizona, including cement fragments of a male and a female figure, and of a hand holding a staff. Through Dec. 29. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jackie Ferrara—Checkered designs in colored stains are the latest addition to this artist's sculptures made of stacked slats of pine and poplar. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Louise Fishman—Abstract paintings, drawings, woodcuts. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Baskerville + Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sam Francis / Beverly Pepper—New abstract paintings. / Pinnacle-shaped sculptures that call attention to their materials—bronze and padouk wood, for example, or steel with a gunmetal finish. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—Monotypes of landscapes, flowers, animals, plus three ceramic sculptures. Through Dec. 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—Acrylic paintings inspired by an ancient Jewish cemetery in Prague. Through Dec. 8. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Inness (1825-94)—Paintings by a leading nineteenth-century American landscapist. Through Dec. 8. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jonathan Lasker—Thickly painted abstract works, some strong on stripes and some made up of jigsaw shapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ray Lewis—Circles and arcs are the main ingredients of these colorful abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Lytle—Oils and watercolors of oversize flowers set against landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

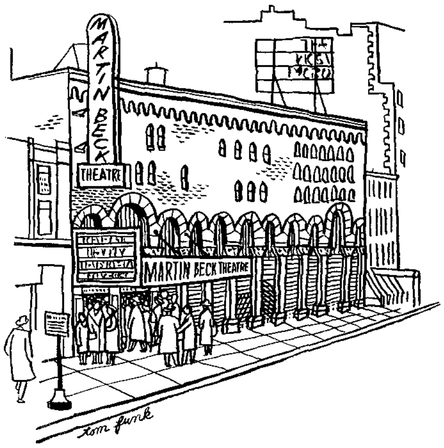
John Marin (1870-1953)—Oils by this early modernist. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Intaglios, primarily drypoints. Through Dec. 29. (Donson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Monteith—Box constructions, sometimes depicting a façade, sometimes part of a room in a New England farmhouse. Through Dec. 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Antine Nivola—The female figure is irreducibly simplified in marble sculptures being exhibited in a two-gallery show. Through Dec. 22. (Washburn uptown, at 42 E. 57th St., and downtown, at 113 Greene St.)

Elizabeth Osborne / Roger Winter—Paintings and works on paper. / Landscape paintings in oil. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)



Harvey Quaytman—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases. Through Dec. 12. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stephanie Rose—Oil-on-canvas paintings of featureless figures in surreal interiors that have landscapes as a background. Through Dec. 15. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Paul Rotterdam—Semi-abstract encaustic paintings and graphite drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Julian Schnabel—Paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Elaine Spatz-Rabinowitz—A cracked, antique-looking surface is provided for these recent paintings, in which pretty birds in the foreground contrast with high-tech paraphernalia in the distance. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Tillyer—Semi-abstract watercolors inspired by a recent trip through France and Switzerland. Through Dec. 12. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle—Painted wall sculptures made up of Bubble Wrap, bits of wire, corrugated board, brass tacks, and other materials, plus small watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Esteban Vicente—Oils by a veteran Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Thornton Willis—Bold, simple abstractions on canvas with pieces of salvaged cardboard added to some of them. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **French**, 41 W. 57th St.: Landscape paintings by Bernard Chaet, Alexandre Hogue, Marjorie Portnow, Altoon Sultan, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . **Schoelkopf**, 50 W. 57th St.: Still-life paintings by contemporary Americans Lennart Anderson, Martha Mayer Erlebacher, Gregory Gillespie, and others. Through Dec. 5.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Sallie Benton—Figure paintings, plus clean-cut drawings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Sarah Canright—Swirly abstractions painted on triangular panels, which are then fitted into a rectangle. Through Dec. 8. (Pam Adler, 572 Broadway.)

Enzo Cucchi—A two-gallery show of very large, glowering works by this Italian artist, painted on sheet iron, wood, or canvas, and in some cases supplemented with piles of dirt on the floor in front of them. (Boone, 417 West Broadway. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through Saturday, Dec. 1.)

Joel Fisher—Bronze sculptures in unusual forms that often seem to combine vegetable and animal characteristics, plus related drawings on handmade paper. Through Dec. 8. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

April Gornik—Paintings of imaginary landscapes. Through Dec. 8. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Tom Holland—Wall reliefs and three-dimensional freestanding pieces in painted aluminum-and-fibre glass and marble. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Donald Judd—Cement sculptures. Through Dec. 15. (Castelli, 420 Broadway and 142 Greene St.)

Betty Klavun—Wall reliefs, collages, and terra-cotta sculptures. Through Dec. 8. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Leonard Koscianski—Large paintings of snarling dogs with barracuda teeth and other voracious-looking beasts. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

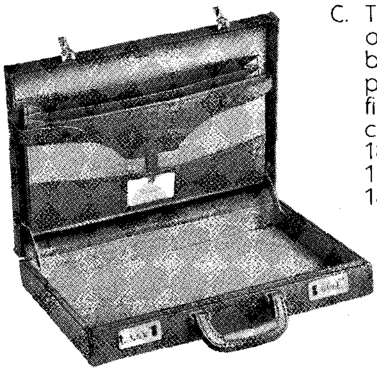
Gerry Morehead—Paintings in which imaginary realism is combined with abstraction. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Joseph Piccillo—Tightly disciplined charcoal drawings of tightly disciplined divers caught in midair; there are also several nineteenth-

Crouch & Fitzgerald is the business case place.

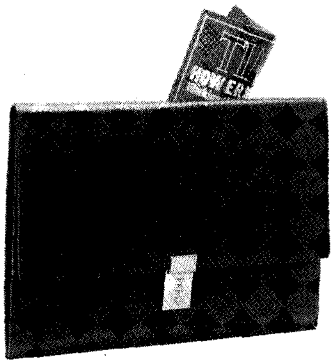
A. Imposing double decker attaché/overnight combination in cowhide. Leather lined. Brown, Burgundy or Black. 17¾" x 13¾" x 5¼". $450.

B. Select cowhide jumbo briefbag, 20" long. Three expandable pockets, securing outside straps, combination lock. Suntan or Black. $260. Also available in belting leather. $285.

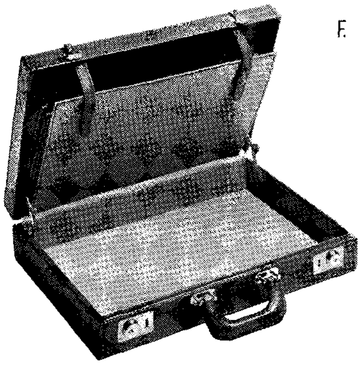


C. This attaché case by Renwick of Canada is made of belting leather with genuine pigsuede lining. Has three file compartments and two combination locks.
18" x 13" x 3". $315.
18" x 13" x 4". $330.
18" x 13" x 5". $350.

D. Handsome cowhide briefcase has three open pockets and three zippered pockets on inside. Leather lined. Brown, Black or Burgundy. 16" x 11½". $550.

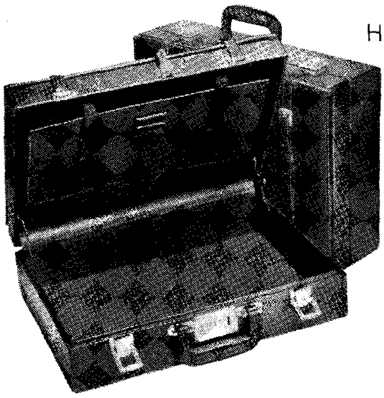


E. This elegant envelope is made of soft and supple lambskin. Three open pockets plus one zippered pocket on inside. Open outside back pocket. Combination lock. 16½" x 11½". Dark Brown, Black or Burgundy. $310.

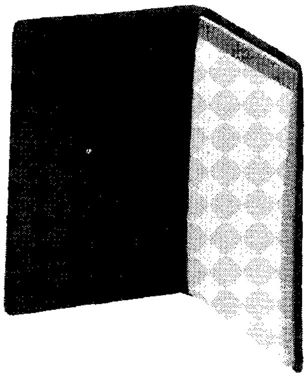


F. Top-grain cowhide attaché case, exceptionally priced. Five expanding file pockets, stay-put hinges. Suntan, Black or Brown.
18" x 12" x 4". $59.50.
18" x 12" x 5". $75.

G. This 17½" impressive, supple cowhide briefbag with top zip opening has outside compartment for overnight trip. Lightweight. Has double handles. Brown, Black or Burgundy. $400.

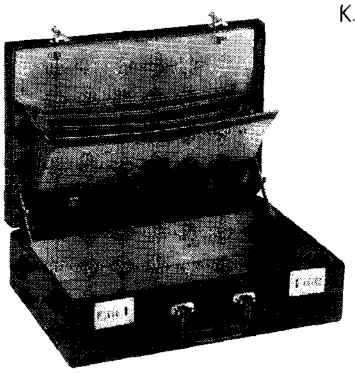


H. This belting leather bellows case has expanding gusseted lid, twin leather securing straps, five file pockets, combination lock and two side catches. $340. Also available in Brown cowhide. $220.



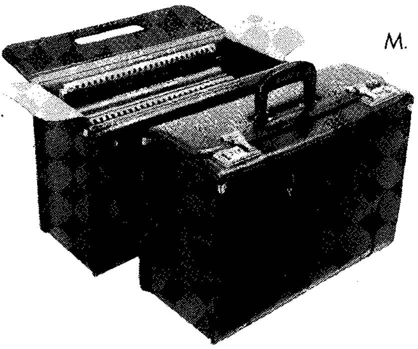
I. *Leather writing kit with* pad is made of beautiful California saddle leather. Has pencil loop and sleeve. By Schlesinger. Brown, Chestnut, Burgundy, Black or Pewter.
15″ x 9″ $85.

J. Made of supple cowhide, this 18″ briefbag has three expandable pockets, reinforced corners, solid leather handle and combination lock. In Suntan or Black. $189.50. Also available in belting leather. $210.



K. Made of durable belting leather with turned leather corners, this extra-size attaché case has five pockets, removable file, padded handle and double combination locks. 20″ x 13½″ x 6″ $215.

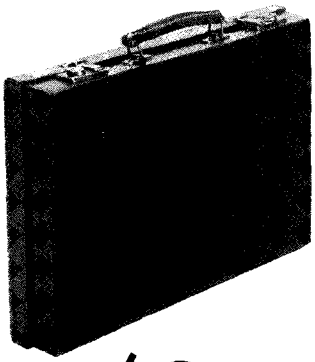
L. This sturdy expanding briefcase by Schlesinger is made of natural belting leather with three inside pockets, open back pocket and combination lock. Also available with keylock. 17″ x 11″ $285.



M. *This jumbo catalog case is* indispensable for salesmen, pilots, lawyers. Made of top grain cowhide with reinforced leather corners and two combination locks. In Brown or Black.
18″ $165.
20″ $175.

N. Made of belting leather inside and out, this case has four roomy sections, all-around straps, and solid brass swivel graduating closure. $395.

O. This 17″ x 11″ case by Schlesinger has top zipper, extra-wide, three-sided gusset, inside divider with calculator pocket, retractable handles and shoulder strap. In Brown, Chestnut, Burgundy, Black or Pewter. $237.50. Also available without shoulder strap. $220.



P. English overlap attaché case in cowhide. Empty interior. Lightweight. Chestnut or Black.
17″ x 12″ x 3″ $160.

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century figures. Through Dec. 5. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Joseph Raffael—Portraits of the artist and his family, among other works, executed with brush and palette knife. Through Dec. 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Richard Rappaport—Paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Joyce Robins / Thomas Nozkowski—Bronze and painted-ceramic sculptures. / Drawings in oil on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Joel Shapiro—New sculptures, distantly related to the human figure, in cast iron and bronze, wood, and plaster. Through Thursday, Nov. 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Andy Spence / Richard Beckett—Simple hard-edge designs painted in blue or black on a white ground. / Abstract compositions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Pascal Verbena—Fun-house cabinets made of driftwood, full of recesses with pop-up figures and other surprises—fish, cows, birds, rolling balls, and so on. The artist is a retired French seaman. Through Dec. 5. (Esman, 127 Spring St.)

Gordon Voisey—A quality of diffraction is notable in these canvases, in one of which an abstract American flag flaps madly. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Kes Zapkus—Very large paintings and drawings in which kindergarten playthings and the deadliest new military weapons compose a sort of crazy-quilt pattern, part of his series "The Children of War." Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Group Show—Paintings: hyperrealist diners by John Baeder; paint jars and brushes by Oscar Lakeman; watery precincts by Tino Zago. Plus photographs by Mark R. Jenkinson. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Neil Jenney—Six paintings. Through Dec. 22. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Les Levine—A word is incorporated into each of these works, which include Polaroids of students at the Museum of Fine Arts School in Boston, watercolors, and Plasticene models mounted on screens. Through Dec. 8. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

Group Show—Abstract works (mostly paintings) singled out for their exacting detail: Rapidograph drawings by Robert Horvitz, in which seventy-five thousand marks have been made on a sheet of paper four feet square, for example. Through Dec. 8. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Note—A retrospective of works by caricaturist Al Hirschfeld is at the Margo Feiden Galleries until Jan. 5; thereafter, some of the artist's drawings will be on permanent display there. (51 E. 10th St., between University Pl. and Broadway. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Russell Drisch—Photographic blowups amended by the artist with wax pencil and transparent colors. Through Dec. 21. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Joel Meyerowitz and Vivian Bower—Color photographs of Cape Cod landscapes by Mr. Meyerowitz, and pastels of the same by Miss Bower. Photographer and artist are husband and wife. Through Jan. 5. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Irving Penn—A retrospective has been mounted at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Francesco Scavullo—Prints by a fashion photographer. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: The work of more than seventy *Life* magazine photojournalists, including Margaret Bourke-White, Philippe Halsman, and Gordon Parks, who fulfilled these particular assignments between 1946 and 1955. Through Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The van Gogh show: a canvas-by-canvas chronicle of his months in Arles, February 1888 to May 1889, with a few works by Gauguin painted during his brief stay with van Gogh. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, and ceremonial sculptures. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese painting and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. . . . ¶ Works by folk painter Erastus Salisbury Field, in an exhibit jointly organized with the Museum of American Folk Art (see below). Among the more than fifty paintings are many of the stylized portraits of nineteenth-century rural people for which he is best known. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on Western modernism. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Alvar Aalto's glass objects and furniture, ubiquitous in his native Finland, form an exhibit mounted by the Department of Architecture and Design. Through Tuesday, Nov. 27. . . . **Photography:** About two hundred works by Irving Penn. Through Tuesday, Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Will Insley: an exhibit of models and drawings documenting an imaginary society in an imaginary city. . . . ¶ Paintings, photographs, and works in mixed mediums by eight contemporary Australian artists. Both shows through Sunday, Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that revives the New York art world of 1958-64, via, for example, re-creations of Claes Oldenburg's tableaux "The Street" and "The Store" and two of Allan Kaprow's found-object environments. Other artists include Johns, Lichtenstein, and Morris. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred prints added to the museum's collection in the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and by Terry Winters. Through Sunday, Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Bronze sculptures by Nancy Graves, Sandro Chia, Isaac Witkin, Anthony Caro, Bryan Hunt, and George Segal. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Tuesdays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Two hundred archeological finds from the recent excavation site in Ban Chiang and from the National Museum of Thailand, which testify to a Bronze Age in Southeast Asia. Tools, ornaments, weapons, and pottery that scholars date from as early as 3600 B.C., as well as replicas of whole burial units. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Gold objects from Asante, a colony of the African Gold Coast now in modern Ghana, on loan from the British Museum. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Of the sixty or so paintings and drawings by contemporary American artists (Robert Colescott, Fay

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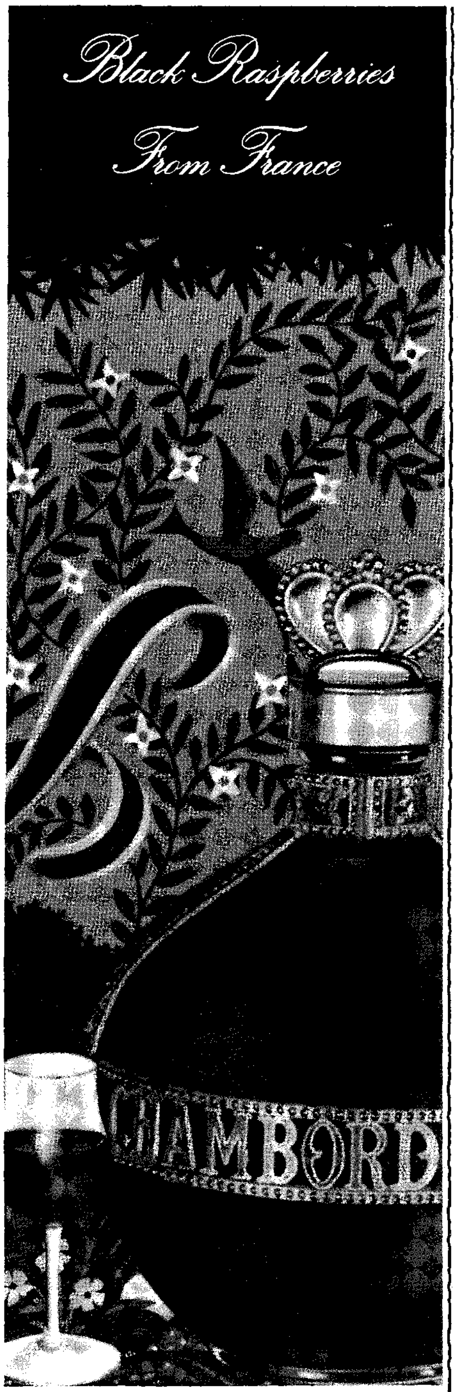

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Jones, and Hedda Sterne among them) in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show, a third will be bought and given to museums by the Academy-Institute, in part with funds raised by the sale of works by Eugene Speicher (1883-1962) which are also on view. Through Dec. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A survey of Japanese calligraphy from the eighth century to the nineteenth, jointly organized by the Asia Society and Japan House (see below). This section has works by scholars and artists, including eight decorated poem pages from a set of thirty-six by Hon'ami Koetsu. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Pierre Le-Tan, André François, Jean-Michel Folon, and Nicola Bayley are among the artists represented in a show of illustrations by European artists which appeared in books, magazines, newspapers, and posters over the past ten years. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese calligraphy, including the ornate Buddhist text "Lotus Sutra." A joint exhibit with the Asia Society, this section is devoted to calligraphers who were monks or courtiers. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Jewish Heritage in American Folk Art," a display that includes paintings, cut-paper documents, wood carvings, samplers, and a nineteenth-century quilt embroidered with an American flag in combination with a Star of David. (Open daily except Saturdays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Watercolors and drawings primarily by European artists, including Raphael and Picasso, in a selection from the National Gallery of Ireland. . . . ¶ "William Morris: The 150th Anniversary of His Birth"—manuscripts, photographs, pamphlets, and books. . . . ¶ Landscape etchings by Rembrandt. All shows through Sunday, Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 125 W. 55th St.—Sixty canvases by Erastus Salisbury Field (1805-1900), mainly portraits of rural New Englanders. A joint exhibition with the Metropolitan Museum, this section is running through Dec. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than fifty paintings by Spanish artists who were roughly contemporary with and stylistically akin to the French Impressionists. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Scenes of this city in the early nineteenth century and portraits of Seneca Indians in western New York are among the forty-two pencil sketches and watercolors by an amateur French artist, Baroness Hyde de Neuville, who spent fourteen years in the United States. . . . ¶ Banners, seals, crests, etc., commemorate the quincentennial of the incorporation of the College of Arms by King Richard III. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of books from the Berg Collection which is centered on presentation copies and dedication copies, in some cases accompanied by a letter. Next to the Brontës' "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," given to Thomas De Quincey, is a letter from Charlotte Brontë, signed "Currer Bell." (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St. at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, 11 to 6.—Constructivism and other early-twentieth-century movements are echoed in constructions, drawings, chairs, and clothing by such contemporary artists, architects, and designers as Steve Keister, Issey Miyake, Mario Botta, and the show's organizer, Peter Berg. Through Dec. 8.

THE KITCHEN, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—"Almost Dance" (performance), Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:30.

P.S. 1, at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, through Sundays, noon to 6.—The curator, Henry Geldzahler, has pulled together a show of a hundred paintings by twelve artists whose work he feels deserves wider recognition. Among them are Sally Hazelet Drummond, Joan McLaughlin, and Walter Murch. Through Dec. 9.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—John Zorn (performance), Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 9; John Kelly (performance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 23-25, at 9; Lenora Champagne (performance), Monday, Nov. 26, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and John Alexander; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Giuliano Ciannella, Lenus Carlson, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8: A new production of Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Brent Ellis; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and John Alexander; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Giuliano Ciannella, Lenus Carlson, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Brent Ellis; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Ermanno Mauro, Lenus Carlson, and James Courtney; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Douglas Ahlstedt, and

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Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Elektra," with Ute Vinzing, Johanna Meier, Christa Ludwig, and Richard Cassilly; Klaus Tennstedt.

Handel Opera Festival—A performance of "Orlando" in concert form is the first in a series of four operas to be presented, all honoring the composer's tercentennial. With Valerie Masterson and Marvis Martin, sopranos; Marilyn Horne and Carolyn Watkinson, mezzo-sopranos; Robert Lloyd, bass; and Charles Mackerras conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 7:30.)

Amato Opera Company—Puccini's "Tosca." (Amato Opera Company, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 21, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30: A program that includes the première of a work by Gunther Schuller, with Daniel Barenboim, piano; Charles Rex, violin; Paige Brook, flute; Joseph Robinson, oboe; and Philip Smith, trumpet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8: A different program that also includes the new Schuller work, with Jeffrey Kahane, piano, and the Messrs. Rex, Brook, Robinson, and Smith. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 26, at 8: An all-Brahms concert to benefit the Philharmonic's Pension Fund, with Mr. Barenboim. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8; Friday, Nov. 30, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30: A varied program, with Ivry Gitlis, violin.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Rafael Frubeck de Burgos conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano, (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Sylvia McNair, soprano; Gail Dubinbaum, mezzo-soprano; David Britton, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass-baritone; and the Y Chorale. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting, with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8, with Sergei Edelman, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the first in a series of five concerts, this one with James Earl Jones, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting the first in a series of five concerts, this one a Gershwin-Ellington program, with Clark Terry, trumpet; the Duke Ellington Orchestra; and Mercer Ellington, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a program of American music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

RECITALS

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Nov. 23, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Lyra—The second in a series of three concerts by this viol consort. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Herrick Quartet—With Christopher O'Riley, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, with Rudolf Jansen, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Patricia Spencer, Edmund Niemann, and John Lehmann-Haupt—Flutist, pianist, and classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Boris Berman—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, Nov. 26, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Paul Fried—Flute, with Christopher O'Riley, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Nicholas Limansky—Tenor, with Michael Collier, piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Cynthia Raim—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

John Cheek and James Levine—Bass-baritone and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano, in a recital postponed from Oct. 27. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

David Jolley—Horn, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Music by David Maslanka—Performed by the Aspen Wind Quintet; Ralph Williams, tenor; and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Andrée Juliette Brun—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Two programs of chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8, the second in a series of six concerts, each featuring a guest violist, this one with Steven Tenebom. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Joseph Swensen, violin; John McCabe, piano; Richard Fitz, percussion; and members of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 5.)

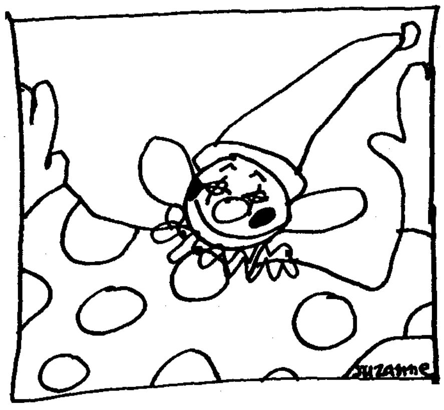
Richard Stoltzman and Richard Goode—Clarinet and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano, in a program of poetry set to music. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Thruston Johnson and Frances Bing—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the second annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 29-30, and Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2 and 7: The **Mark Morris Dance Group** performing "Gloria," "O Rangasayee," and "Championship Wrestling After Roland Barthes" (première). (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Festival runs through Sunday, Dec. 23.)



Tribute to Jan Peerce—Among the performers will be Roberta Peters, Jerome Hines, James Levine, and Julius Baker. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 7.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Nov. 30, at 7:30.

College Football—Saturday, Dec. 1: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at noon. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Kansas City Chiefs. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 1.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Miami. Monday, Nov. 26.)

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Sunday, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Nov. 30. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 24, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Dec. 1, at 1:35.

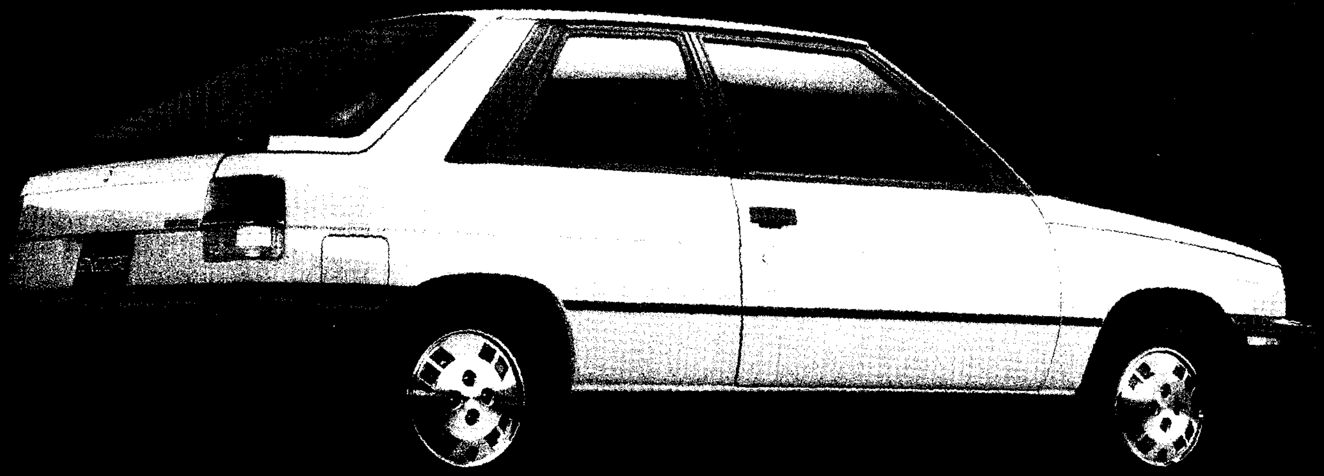
Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 22; the Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 24; and the Nashua, Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Paterson, Saturday, Dec. 1.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 12.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Irving Feldman and Tess Gallagher reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ James McCourt reading from his own prose and James Merrill reading from his own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ William Maxwell reading from his own short stories. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating is limited.)

Auctions—At **Sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 10:15 and 2: European works of art, tapestries, and furniture. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 7, and Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 10:15: Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Admission to the Tuesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 606-7303. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 10:15 and 2, and Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian art. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Nov. 30, at 10:15: Tribal art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . **Christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 4.) Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 2:30: Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 10 and 2, and Friday, Nov. 30, at 10: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 24.



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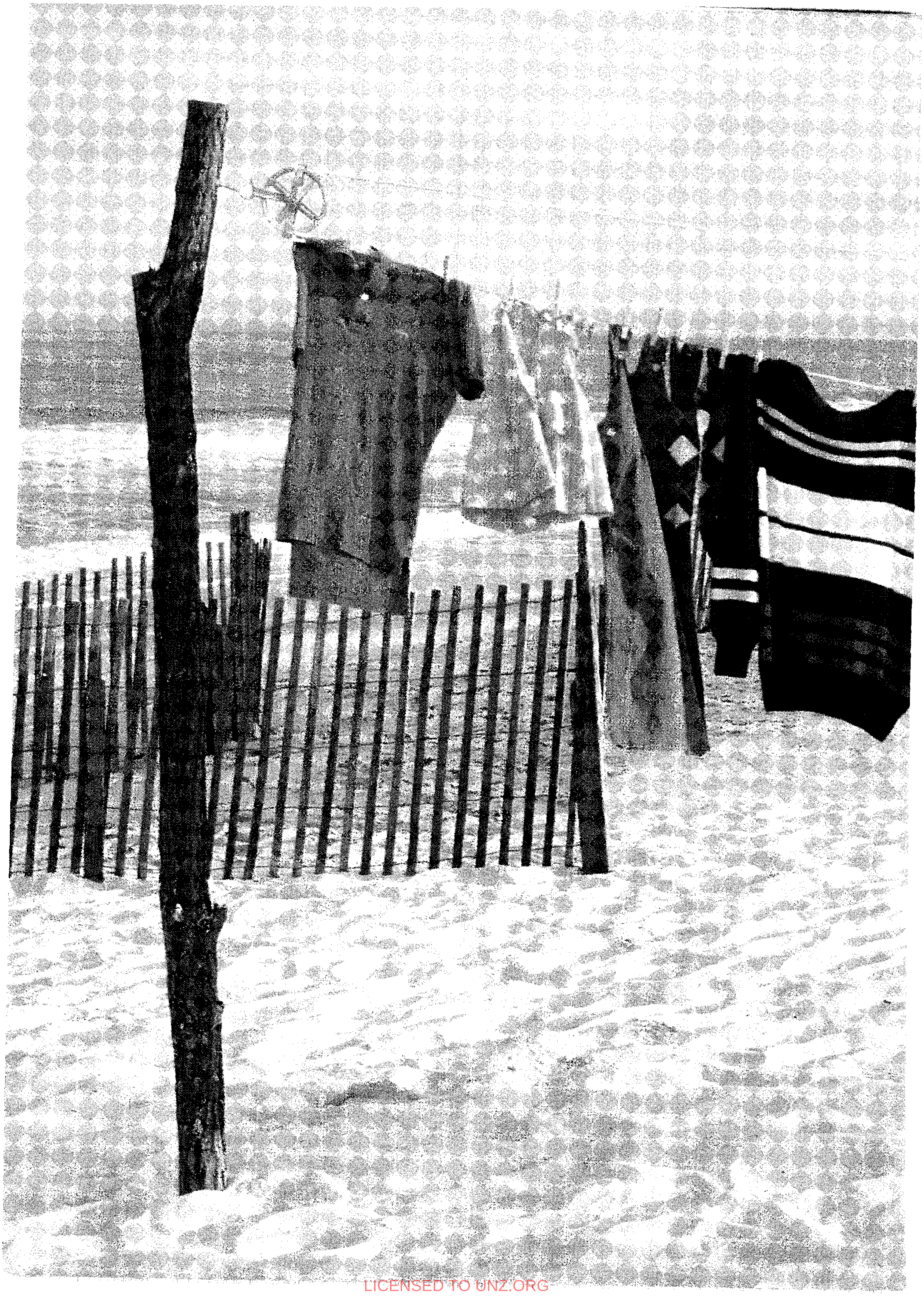

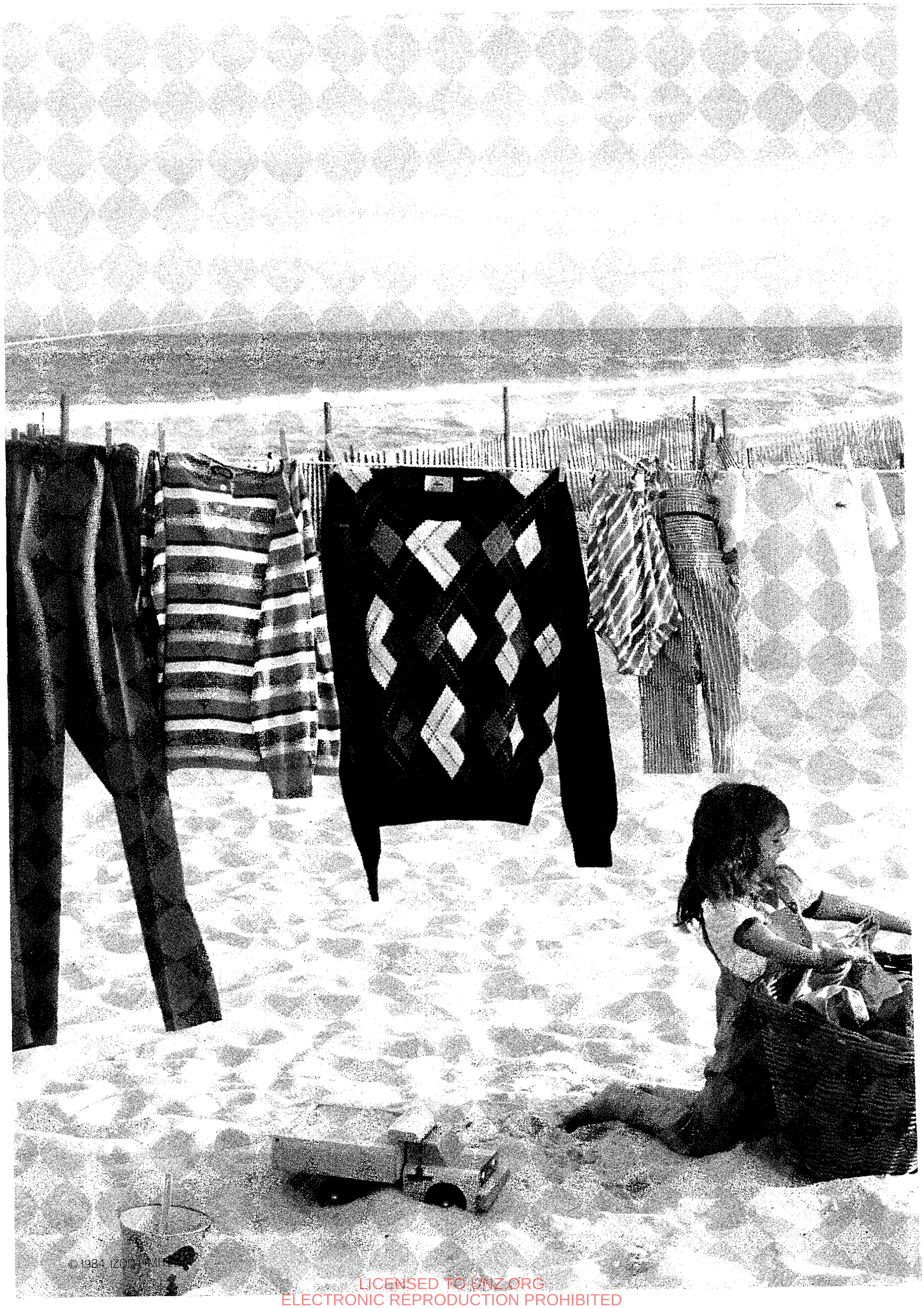

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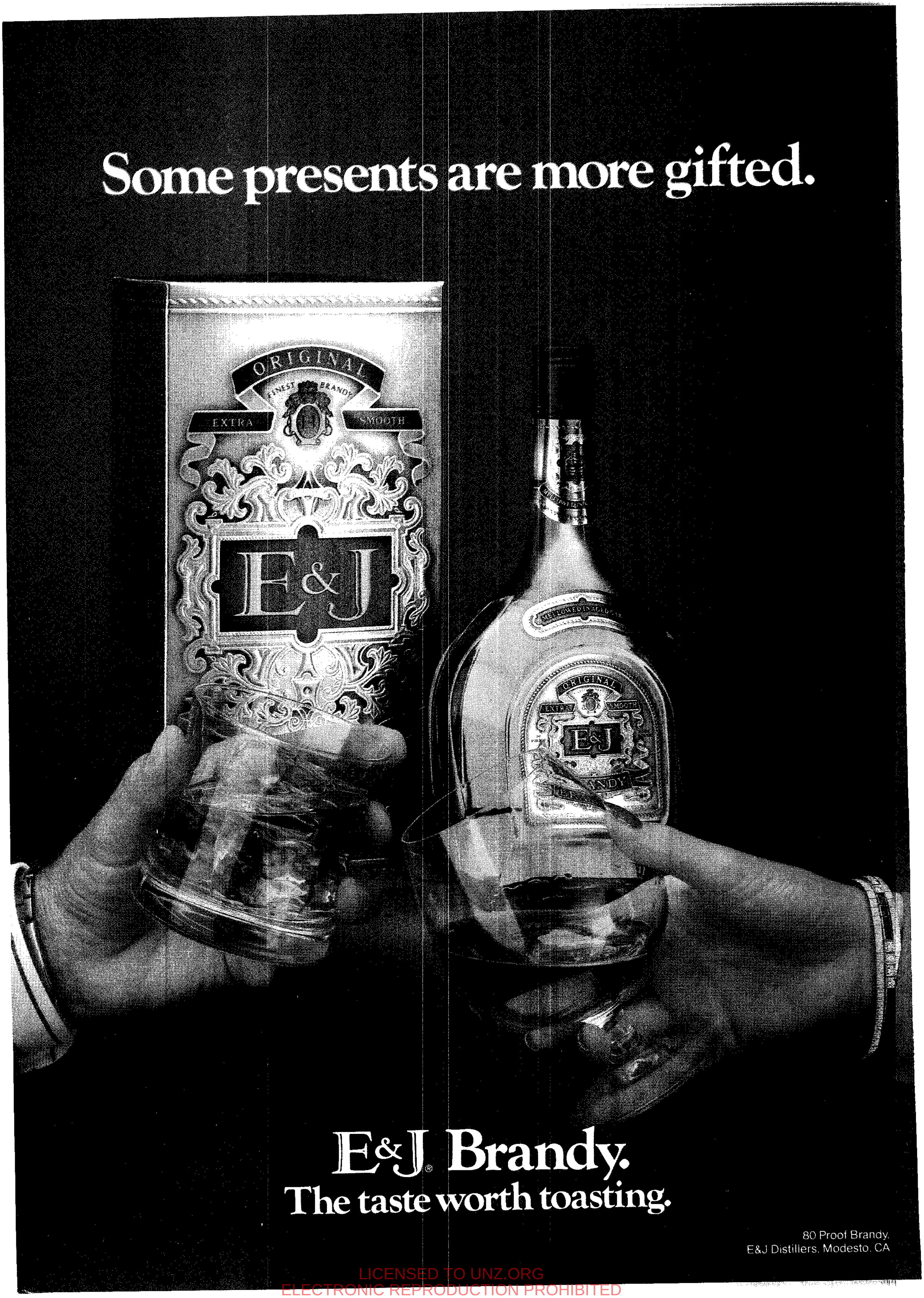
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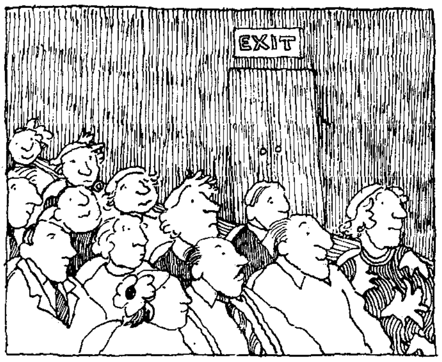
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"The Ploughman's Lunch" (directed by Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 22: "El Norte" (Gregory Nava; in Spanish); and "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Nov. 23-29: To be announced.
From Nov. 30: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†) and "The Man with Two Brains" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Oh God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 3: "Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Amadeus" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinsky, and Dean Stockwell.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Body Double" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Christmas Story" (1983; Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "Choose Me" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 29: "All of Me" (†).
From Nov. 30: "Ski Country."

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (Roland Joffé), with Sam Waterston and Haing S. Ngor.
Theatre 2: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Oh God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Country" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean.
Theatre 2: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Falling in Love" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Oh God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Body Double" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†). From Nov. 23: "Jungle Warriors."
Theatre 2: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 27: "Snowdrop Festival" (1983; directed by Jiří Menzel; in Czech). From Nov. 28: "The Case Is Closed" (1982; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali).
Theatre 2: "Nicaragua: No Pasaran" (David Bradbury), a documentary.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
Theatre 2: "Body Double" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Country" (†).
Theatre 2: "Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From Nov. 23: "Metropolis" (†).
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "Swann in Love" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Razor's Edge" (John Byrum), with Bill Murray and Theresa Russell.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Nov. 21: The final day in a festival of Catherine Deneuve films.
Nov. 22-27: A week-long festival of Jean-Pierre Melville films.
From Nov. 28: A week-long festival of Jean-Louis Trintignant films.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Little Drummer Girl" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Falling in Love" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Swann in Love" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean.
Theatre 3: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
Theatre 4: "Country" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: "Body Double" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
Theatre 3: "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.
Theatre 4: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Oh, God! You Devil" (directed by Paul Bogart), with George Burns.
Theatre 2: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 3: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 4: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).
Theatre 5: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey.
Theatre 6: "All of Me" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 3: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Purple Rain" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street"

(Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore. From Nov. 23: "Jungle Warriors."

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 22: "Silent Night, Deadly Night" (Charles E. Sellier). From Nov. 23: "Hot Moves."

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

Theatre 2: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Nov. 21: "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones;" 1949; directed by Jean-Pierre Melville; in French); and "Iphigenia" (1977; Michael Cacoyannis; in Greek), with Irene Papas.

Nov. 22: "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "Coup de Grâce" (1976; Volker Schlöndorff; in German and French), with Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich.

Nov. 23-29: A festival of Wim Wenders films.

From Nov. 30: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Nov. 22: "Passione d'Amore" (1982; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.

Nov. 23-29: "Eréndira" (1983; Ruy Guerra; in Spanish), with Irene Papas and Claudia Ohana.

From Nov. 30: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 22: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "I Vitelloni" ("The Young and the Passionate;" 1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Franco Interlenghi, and Franco Fabrizi.

Nov. 23-24: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

Nov. 25-27: "Terms of Endearment" (†); and "The Turning Point" (1977; Herbert Ross), with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne.

Nov. 28-29: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Nov. 21: "The Warriors" (1979; Walter Hill), with Michael Beck and James Remar; and "Streets of Fire" (1984; Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

Nov. 22-24: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Nov. 25-26: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

Nov. 27-28: "Mondo Trasho" (1970; John Waters); and "Multiple Maniacs" (1977; John Waters).

Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.

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Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Nov. 22: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "The Pirate" (1948; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly.

Nov. 23-24: "High Anxiety" (1977; Mel Brooks), with Brooks, Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey; "Blazing Saddles" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1983; Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.

Nov. 25: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Nov. 26-27: "Eating Raoul" (†); and "Private Parts" (1973; Paul Bartel), with Ayn Ruymen.

Nov. 28-29: "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984; Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest; and "Purple Rain" (†).

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Nov. 21: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Fox and His Friends" (1976; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Nov. 22: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (1979; Ermanno Olmi; in Italian).

Nov. 23-25: "Carmen" (1983; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Nov. 26: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "A Lesson in Love" (†).

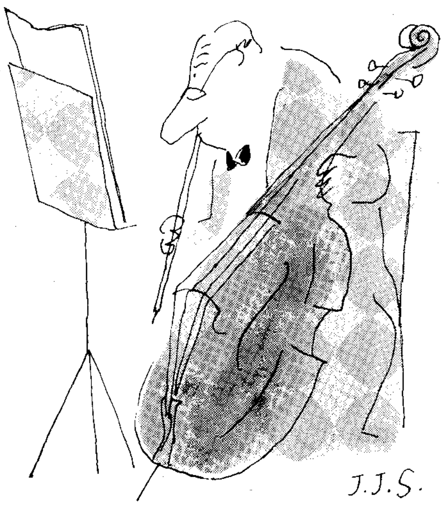
Nov. 27: "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux; and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).

Nov. 28: "Mephisto" (†) and "Lacombe, Lucien" (†).

Nov. 29: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt.

Nov. 30: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "My Dinner with André" (1981; Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and André Gregory.

Dec. 1: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.



Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 21: "Star 80" (1983; Bob Fosse), with Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider and Jessica Lange.

Nov. 22-24: "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne; and "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray.

Nov. 25-26: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

Nov. 27-28: "For Pete's Sake" (†) and "The Way We Were" (†).

Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Rosemary's Baby" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 21: "Dirty Dishes" (1978; Joyce Buñuel; in French), with Carole Laure and Pierre Santini; and "The Entity" (1983; Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver.

Nov. 22: "Try and Get Me" (1951; Cyril Endfield), with Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Kathleen Ryan, and Lloyd Bridges; "Thieves' Highway" (1949; Jules Dassin), with Richard Conte and Lee J. Cobb; and "Riot in Cell Block 11" (1954; Don Siegel), with Neville Brand and Leo Gordon.

Nov. 23: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Confidentially Yours" (1984; François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Nov. 24: "Macbeth" (1971; Roman Polanski), with Jon Finch; and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Nov. 25: "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley and Geraldine Chaplin; and "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.

Nov. 26: "The Horse's Mouth" (†) and "Billy Liar" (†).

Nov. 27: "Vortex" (1983; Scott B and Beth B), with Lydia Lunch; and "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Nov. 28: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West.

Nov. 29: "Gun Crazy" (1949; Joseph H. Lewis), with Peggy Cummins; "The Big Combo" (1955; Joseph H. Lewis), with Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace, Richard Conte, and Brian Donlevy; and "Armored Car Robbery" (1950; Richard Fleischer), with Charles McGraw and Adele Jergens.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "China 9, Liberty 37" (1978; Monte Hellman), with Warren Oates; and "Two-Lane Blacktop" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Nov. 22: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (1961; José Quintero), with Vivien Leigh and Warren Beatty; and "Summertime" (1955; David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin.

Nov. 23-24: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, and Michèle Morgan.

Nov. 25: "The Wrong Man" (†); and "Stage

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Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, and Alastair Sim.

Nov. 26: "Wild Strawberries" (†) and "Shame" (†).

Nov. 27: "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Celeste Holm, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas; and "Five Fingers" (1952; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, and Michael Rennie.

Nov. 28: "Dead Men Tell" (1941; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; and "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935; James Tinling), with Warner Oland as Chan.

Nov. 29: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935 †) and "The Prisoner of Zenda" (1937 †).

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those *applying for them in person at the museum* after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Nov. 22 at 2:30: "Boys Will Be Boys" (1935; directed by William Beaudine), with Will Hay, Gordon Harker, and Jimmy Hanley. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2:30: "The Man Who Changed His Mind" (1936; Robert Stevenson), with Boris Karloff, Anna Lee, and John Loder. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 6: "Tudor Rose" (1936; Robert Stevenson), with Nova Pilbeam, Cedric Hardwicke, John Mills, and Sybil Thorndike. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2: "First a Girl" (1935; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews, Sonnie Hale, and Griffith Jones. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 5: "Jew Süss" (1934; Lothar Mendes), with Conrad Veidt, Benita Hume, and Cedric Hardwicke. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2: "Tudor Rose." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 5: "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" (1935; Berthold Viertel), with Conrad Veidt and Anna Lee. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2:30: "Jew Süss." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 6: "Boys Will Be Boys." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2:30: "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 6: "First a Girl." . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2:30: "The Clairvoyant" (1935; Lothar Mendes), with Claude Rains and Fay Wray. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 6: "The Man Who Changed His Mind." . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at *2:30: "Seven Sinners"* (1936; Albert de Courville), with Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "The Clairvoyant." . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2: "Cheer Boys Cheer" (1939; Walter Forde), with Nova Pilbeam and Edmund Gwenn. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5: "Seven *Sinners.*"

THEATRE 2: Nov. 22 at noon and 2: Seven Donald Duck cartoons. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 3 and 6:30: "Nice à Propos de Jean Vigo" (1984; Manoel de Oliveira; in French, with no English subtitles) and "Lisboa Cultural" (1984; Manoel de Oliveira; in Italian, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Doomed Love" (1978; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with António Sequeira Lopes. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30: "Benilde or the Virgin Mother" (1975; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Maria Amélia Aranda. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 5:30: "Francisca" (1981; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Teresa Meneses. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 6:30: A program of films by Gordon Ball, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 3 and 6:30: "Roosevelt, New Jersey: Visions of Utopia" (1983; Richard Kroehling), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 3 and 6:30: "Paul Cadmus: Enfant Terrible at 80" (David Sutherland). Mr. Sutherland will be present at both showings. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 3: "Lovers and Lollipops" (1956; Morris Engel and Ruth Orkin), with Lori March, Gerald O'Loughlin, and Cathy Dunn. . . . ¶ Nov. *30 at 6:30 and Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Little Fugitive"* (1953; Ray Ashley, Morris Engel, and Ruth Orkin), with Richie Andrusco. Mr. Engel and Miss Orkin will be present on Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5:30: "Lovers and Lollipops."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. *(570-0537)—Through Dec. 2:* "Machinery for the Re-education of a Delinquent Dictator," an installation by Doug Hall. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and is about to die. Her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic *comedy about how two antagonists in the* same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/17/84.) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Nov. 29.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (10/29/84) (Sutton, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia; Nov. 26.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Body Double—Brian De Palma, working with material that he has grown past: a murder mystery set in L.A., in the overlapping worlds of "serious" acting and performing in porno films. The big, showy scenes recall "Vertigo" and "Rear Window" so obviously that the movie is like an assault on the people who have put De Palma down for being derivative. Things pick up close to the midway point, when Melanie Griffith arrives and gives a tickling performance as Holly Body, a porno star with a punk-vamp haircut and a sprig of holly tattooed on her rump. But most of the movie lacks zest. With Craig Wasson, Deborah Shelton, and Gregg Henry. (11/12/84) (Manhattan, 86th St. East, Waverly, and New Yorker.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, *who conceived it and had a hand in producing it*, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Sam Shepard, Wilford Brimley, and Levi L. Knebel. Directed by Richard Pearce. (10/1/84) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

Eating Raoul—The director, Paul Bartel, and his five-foot-eleven star, the innately kinky Mary Woronov, play a couple of prissy squares who consider sex disgusting and want to open a nice, clean country restaurant. They raise the money they need by murdering swinging singles. This spoofy black comedy doesn't have enough going on in it—not even enough to look at. The nothingness of the movie is supposed to be its droll point, but viewers may experience sensory deprivation. With Richard Beltran, who brings some energy to the role of Raoul, Garry Goodrow, and Buck Henry. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 26-27.)

For Pete's Sake (1974)—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. It sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike *a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old* lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (Regency; Nov. 27-28.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism, but nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. With Sigourney Weaver and Annie Potts. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Joyce Cary's painter-hero, Gulley Jimson, is a fabulous, lewd creation: the modern artist as a scruffy, dirty little bum. Gulley's antic self-destructiveness is partly based on the behavior of Cary's friend Dylan Thomas, and his approach as a painter is derived from the tradition of William Blake. Alec Guinness's sly, likable Gulley isn't all that one might hope for; and the movie is too literal-minded, but, with that said and out of the way, let's admit how marvellously enjoyable it is. With Ernest Thesiger, Renée Houston, Kay Walsh, and *Michael Gough. Ronald Neame directed* Guinness's adaptation. (Thalia; Nov. 26.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—Steven Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. The plot involves the hero (Harrison Ford), his child sidekick (Ke Huy Quan), and the gold-digger heroine (Kate Capshaw) with a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. (6/11/84) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Lacombe, Lucien, (1974)—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teenage country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a very deep level. With Aurore Clément, Holger Löwenadler, Thérèse Giehse, and Gilberte Rivet. In French. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 28.)

A Lesson in Love (1953)—*A rather more middle-class marital comedy* than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 26.)

The Little Drummer Girl—George Roy Hill's film centers on Charlie (Diane Keaton), an American actress working in a third-rate repertory company in England; a left-wing pro-Palestinian, she is recruited by an Israeli intelligence unit that turns her thinking around and uses her to infiltrate the Palestinians and trap their chief terrorist (Sami Frey, who gives the film a bit of bravura). Charlie is an actress looking for a role to play that will make her feel "real." But Keaton takes this cliché so far that she gives it a painful, shrill validity; initially off-putting, she leaps right over likability and crowd-pleasing—she's out there all alone doing something daring. It's maddening that this performance can't carry the dead weight put on it. With Klaus Kinski, Yorgo Voyagis, Moti Shirin, and Michael Cristofer. (11/12/84) (Cinema II, Cinema 3, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 30.)

The Man with Two Brains (1983)—As the world's greatest brain surgeon, Steve Martin is an exuberantly dirty-minded kid, wired up for the whole movie—a slapstick burlesque that moves along enjoyably. The surgeon perceives himself as a man of the world, but he's a guileless innocent compared with the flirty, dimply sadist (Kathleen Turner) who marries him for her convenience and coos with pleasure as she frustrates him. This movie has the kind of maniacal situations that are so dumb they make you laugh, and since much of what children find hilarious has this same giddiness, they'd probably like the film a lot. But it also has the kind of raunchiness that may worry their parents (though it will probably just make the kids giggle). Directed (more gracefully than usual) by Carl Reiner. (6/27/83) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 30.)

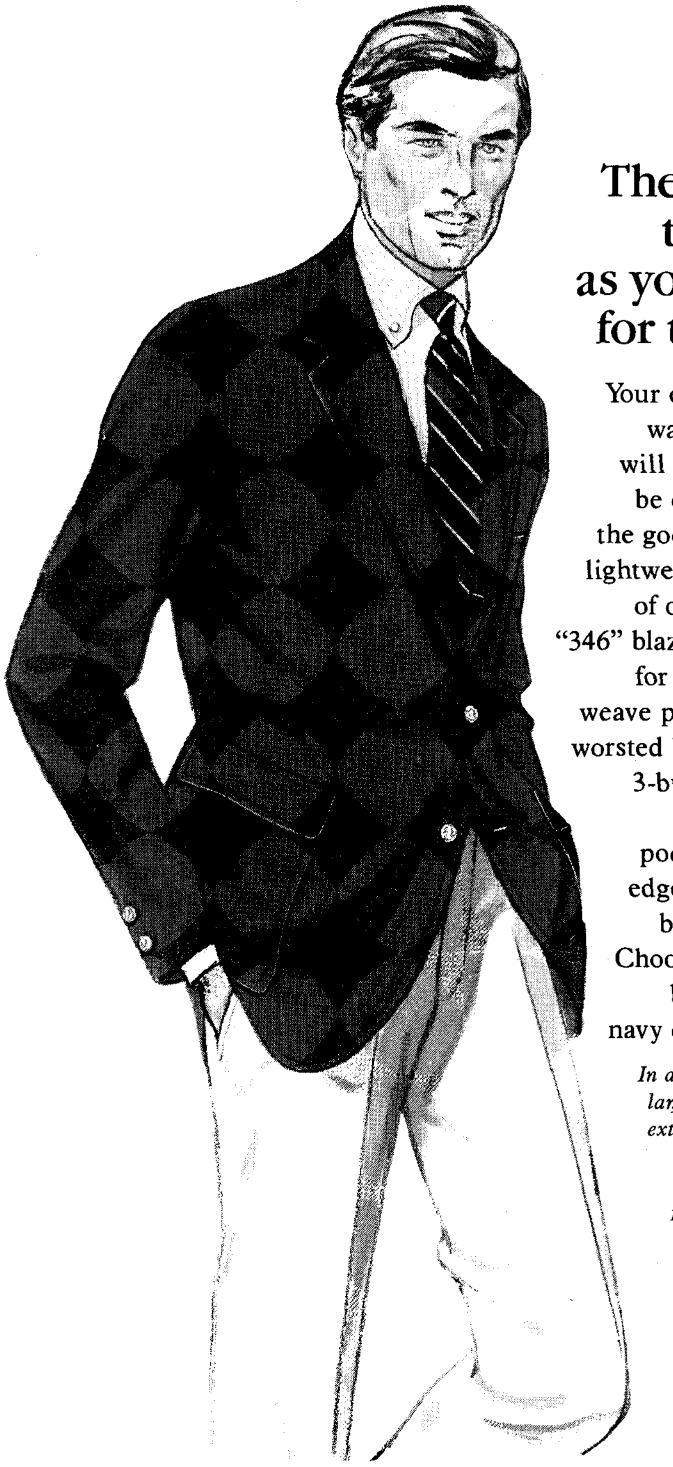
Mephisto (1982)—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on—and at the outset Brandauer, who has gleaming cat eyes and a seductive smile, suggests a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The film is gripping, but its stern air of rectitude produces discomfort; essentially Szabó seems to be condemning Höfgen for being an actor. With Rolf Hoppe and the superb, feline Karin Boyd, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 28.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine and underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. One of the last examples of the imaginative, but often monstrous, grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder; he has gone in for a lot of hocus-pocus with the footage and put on a pop score. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 23.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (Gramercy, Gemini, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Amiable, though familiar, romantic swashbuckler, set in a mythical country, with Ronald Colman in the double role of the king and the look-alike who takes his place for a while, and plushy Madeleine Carroll as the sweetly dutiful Princess Flavia, who puts crown before love. Dashing, grinning Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the naughty Rupert of Hentzau, and he steals the show from the restrained Colman. It's a well-paced production, directed by John Cromwell and W. S. Van Dyke. With Raymond Massey, David Niven, Mary Astor, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 29.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible



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(there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. Directed by Albert Magnoli. (8/20/84) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 28-29.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller twinges. (Regency; Nov. 29-Dec. 1.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). One of Bergman's greatest films, this is one of the least known. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 26.)

A Soldier's Story—With Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar, directed by Norman Jewison. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Guild.)

Stop Making Sense—With the Talking Heads, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Reviewed in this issue.) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch (who raised the $120,000 to make the movie) uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three anomic principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enought ideas (for laughs) for its ninety-minute length. It's so hemmed in that it has the feel of a mousy Eastern European comedy. With John Lurie as Willie, Eszter Balint as Eva, and Richard Edson as Eddie. Cinematography by Tom DiCillo. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Swann in Love—Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms, and neither the director nor the scriptwriters seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is at least amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In French. (10/1/84) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

A Tale of Two Cities (1935)—In this most popular version of the least typical of Dickens' novels, Ronald Colman is Sydney Carton, who gives up his life so that another man may live. As Madame Defarge, Blanche Yurka dominates the film; a menace in the grand manner, she knits like a house afire and takes the Bastille practically single-handed. The story has been simplified so that it can be told very clearly. It's a creditable though unadventurous film, handsomely staged in the M-G-M backlot style for classics. Jack Conway directed, with Val Lewton and Jacques Tourneur working on the Revolution sequences. The immense cast includes Edna May Oliver, Elizabeth Allan, and Basil Rathbone. Reputedly there were seventeen thousand extras used in the mob scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 29.)

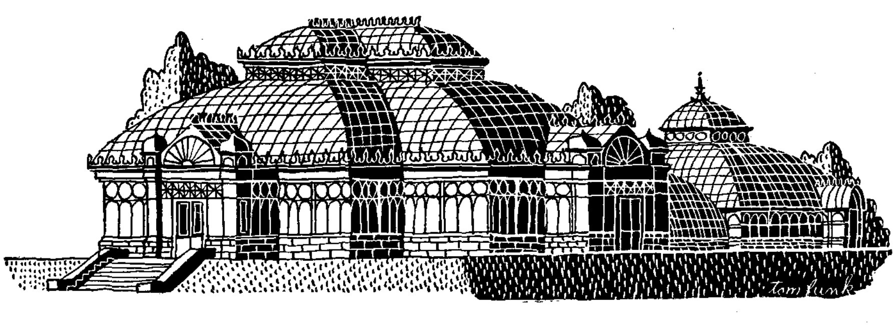
Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie—which spans thirty years—is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. The daughter comes across as a natural woman—a life force. The mother is a pixie horror—a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut played by Jack Nicholson. But the emotion she feels for him transforms her, and when a tragic illness strikes her family she shows her mettle, and his fundamental decency rises to the surface. This real-life tragedy movie uses cancer like a seal of approval. What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. The cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. Directed by James L. Brooks. (12/12/83) (Cinema Village; Nov. 25-27.)

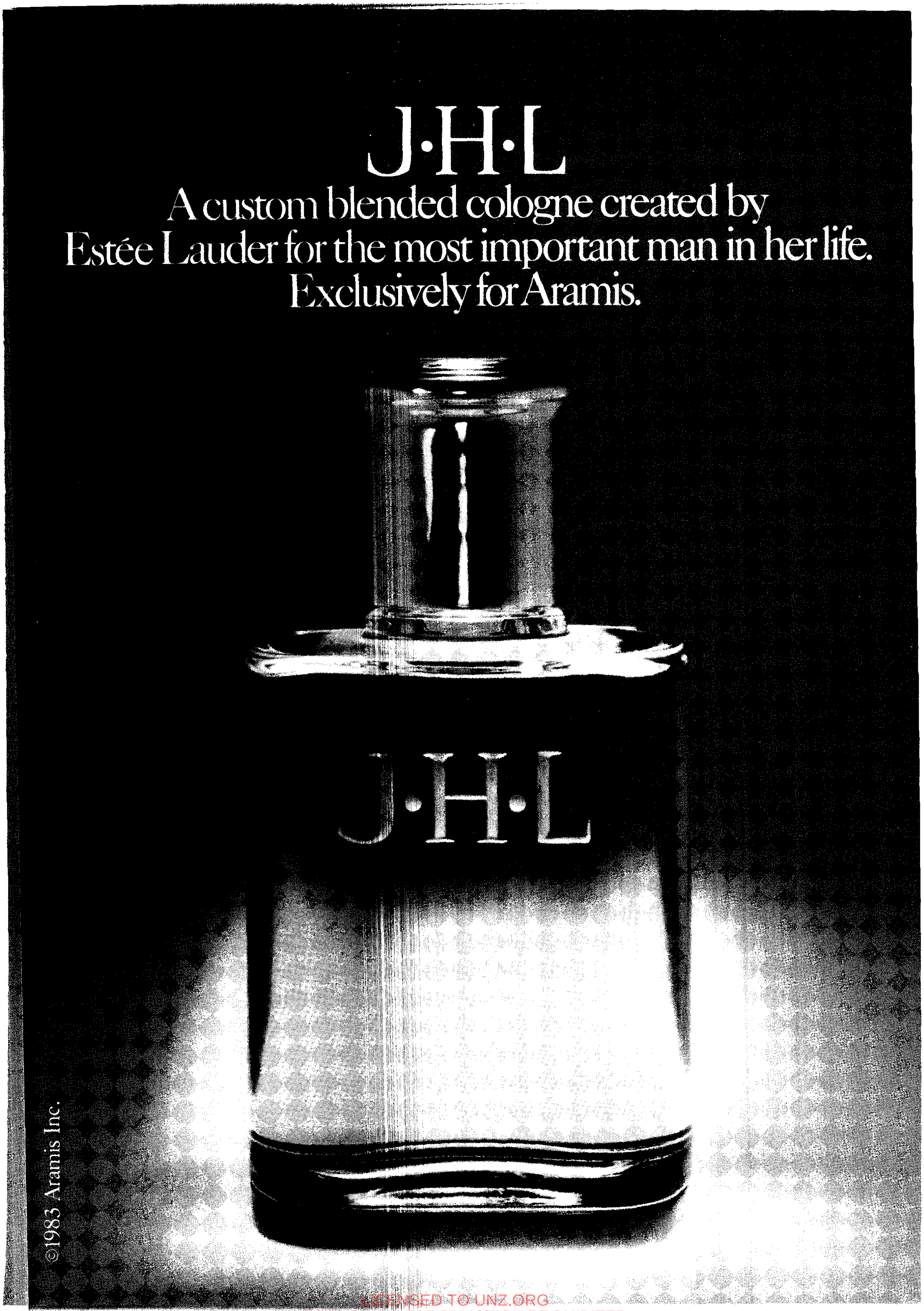
Two-Lane Blacktop (1971)—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Thalia; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

The Way We Were (1973)—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. With Patrick O'Neal, Viveca Lindfors, Bradford Dillman, and Lois Chiles. (Regency; Nov. 27-28.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. An eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and over-explicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can ever forget Sjöström's face, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representatives of youth, the "cold," rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and other Bergman regulars. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 26.)

The Wrong Man (1956)—An unusually drab Hitchcock film, based on a true story about an innocent man (Henry Fonda) sent to prison. The picture has an almost Kafka-esque nightmare realism to it, but the story line wanders diffusely instead of tightening, and the developments become tedious (though the final discovery of the right man is chillingly well done). With Vera Miles and Anthony Quayle. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 25.)





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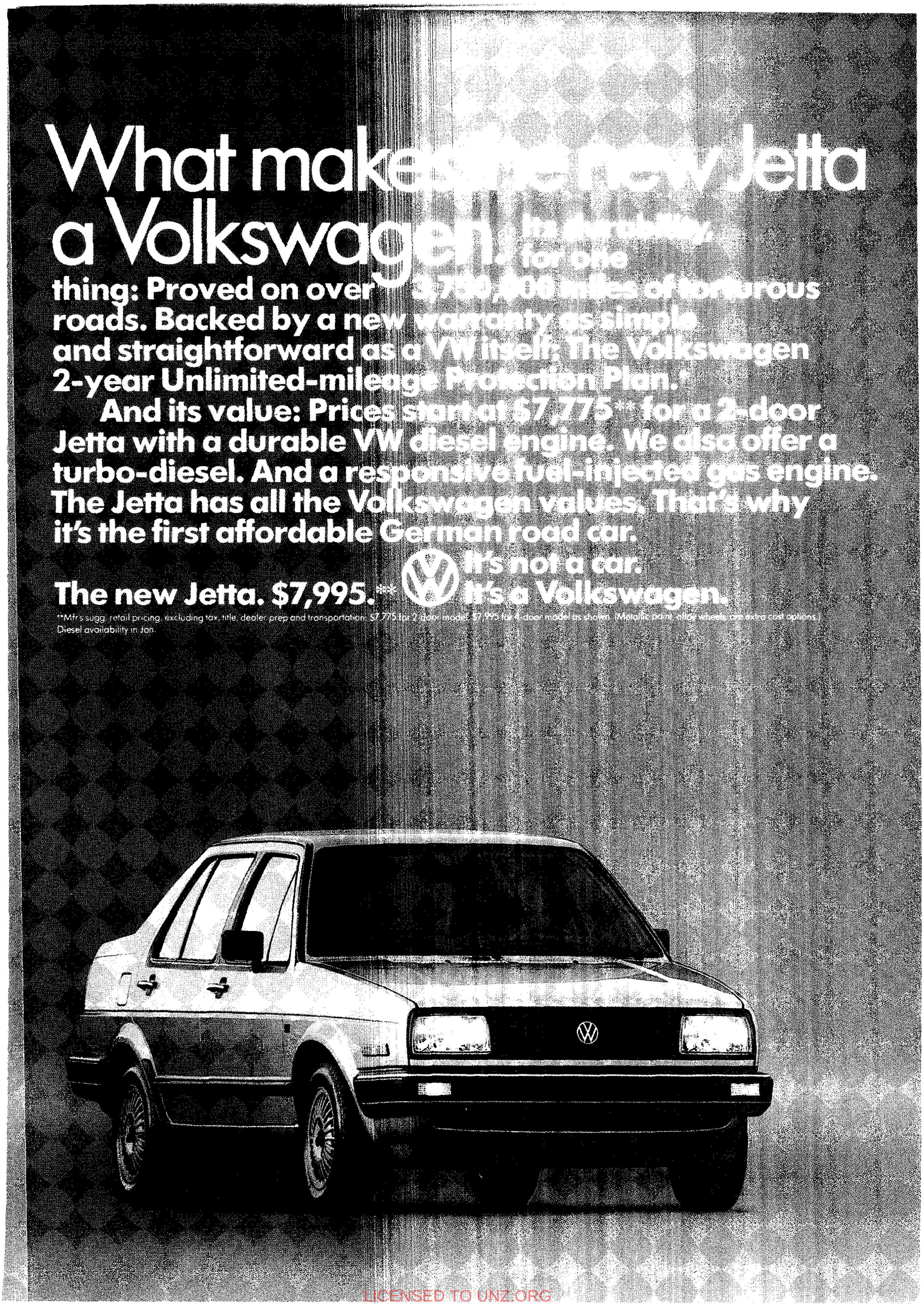

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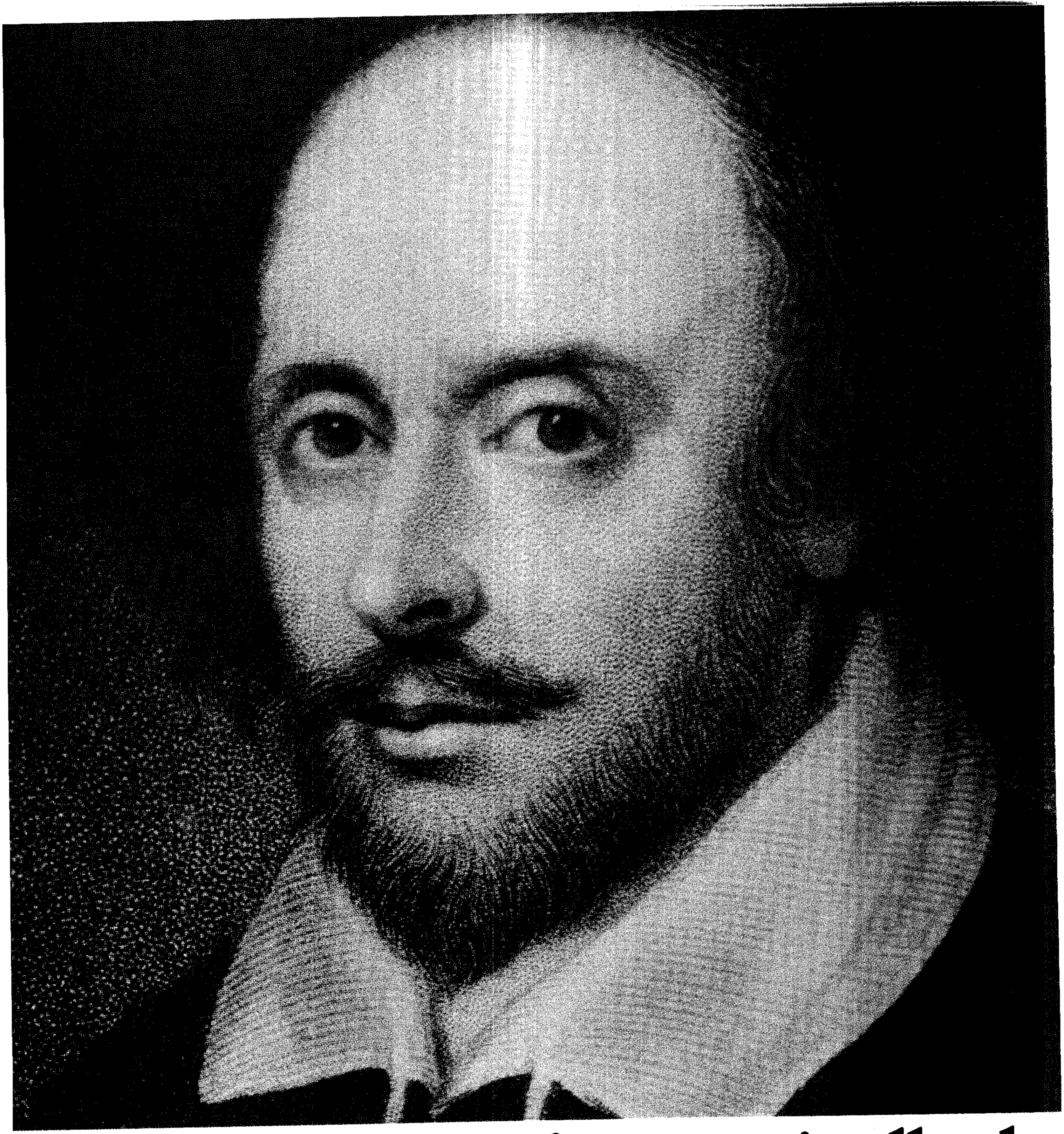

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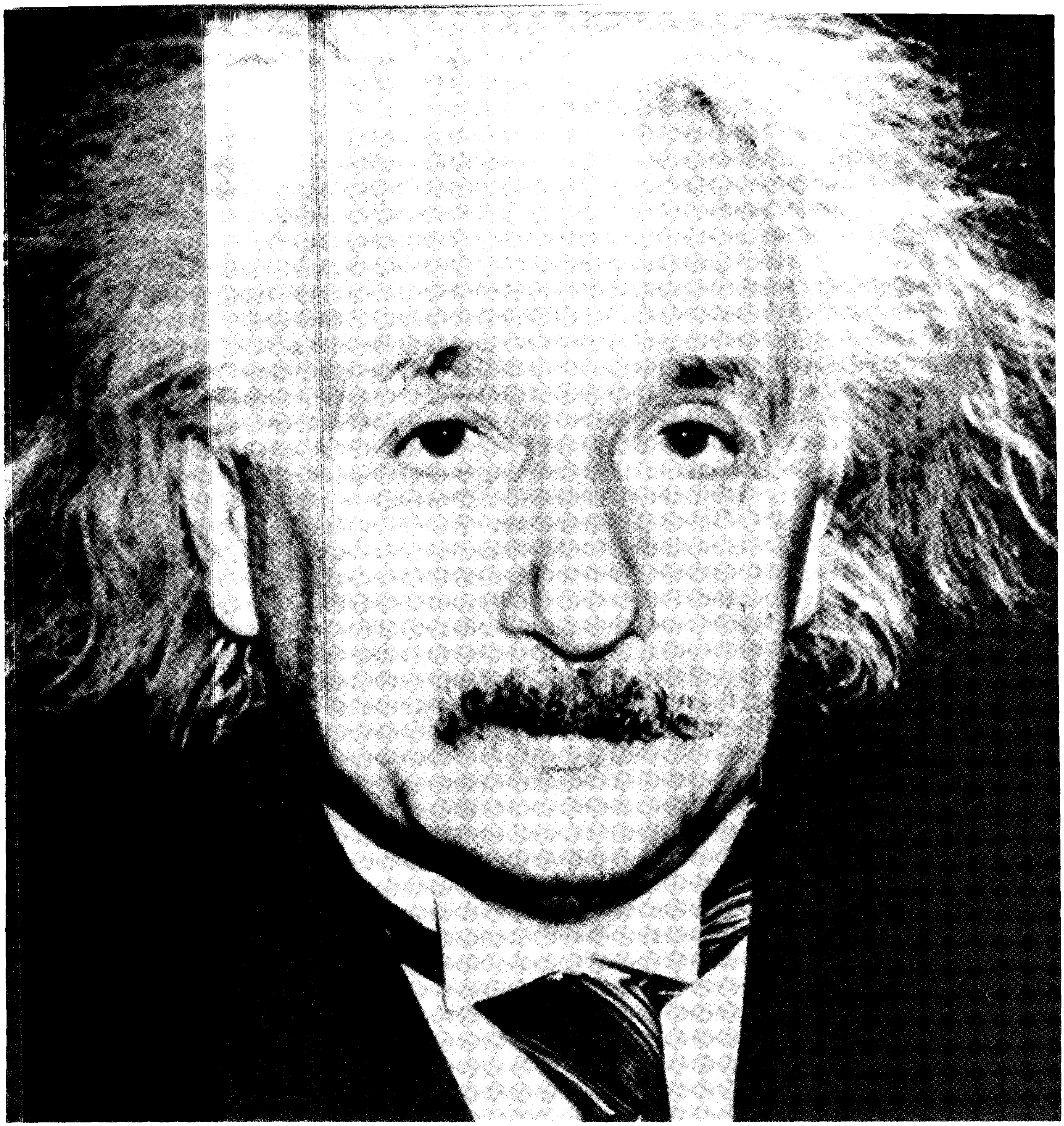

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other morning, we were browsing through the *Times* and came upon a story describing a news conference called by the Polish government's official press spokesperson, Jerzy Urban—a man whose sheer inventiveness in smugly cynical repartee has been dazzling us ever since the early days of the Western trade boycott of the Warsaw martial-law regime, when he pointed out that the boycott would hurt only common people, because, clearly, "the authorities will always eat their fill." Nor did he disappoint us this time. Since the recent murder of Father Jerzy Popieluszko, several groups of private Polish citizens—in Wroclaw, in Cracow, and in Warsaw—have been forming committees to monitor and document reports of police brutality, the Popieluszko murder having been only the latest and most dramatic instance in a continuing sequence. Urban was plainly perturbed by this development, and during this particular news conference he castigated those who were forming the committees. "Under the guise of humanitarian aspects, they want to paralyze the authorities," he said. "Their intent is to return to the anarchy of 1981, when the police were often prevented from going to the aid of citizens." Now, there was a euphemism to conjure with!

We were just about prepared to close the nominations for 1984's Blatant Cynicism Award when, later that day, we happened to run into Aryeh Neier, who is the vice-chairman of Americas Watch, an organization that monitors human-rights violations in this hemisphere. He had just returned from an emergency four-day visit to Chile, where he was checking on developments following General Augusto Pinochet's November 6th reimposition of a state of siege. "Perhaps the most shocking thing on this trip was a visit I made to the Cardinal Raul Silva Henríquez shantytown, which had been the subject of an early-morning raid by the security forces just a few days before I got there," Mr. Neier told us. "Before I describe the scene, you have to envision Santiago, which on the surface seems a large, prosperous town, a sort of cross between European old-style charm and more recent American high-rise development. You can go from the airport to midtown and back and never imagine that on the outskirts, to the south and west of the city, more than a million people live in incredibly squalid encampments. These are divided up into discrete neighborhoods, which are generally defined by the area served by a particular church. The Silva Henríquez encampment houses approximately twenty thousand people, in structures whose walls are made of board and the roofs of scrap tin—or sometimes the whole thing is improvised out of plastic sheets—and vast families, two and three generations, huddle together in one or two rooms. Water comes down the center of extremely narrow, unpaved alleys in leaky hoses that you can follow back up to pipes in more permanent adjoining neighborhoods. For sanitation purposes, people use outhouses—there's one to about every thirty persons. Still, when I'd visited this sort of neighborhood in the past I'd always been struck by how relatively neat the people tried to keep things despite their destitution—the alleys, for instance, were invariably well swept, with no litter. Anyway, during the last few years the people in these shantytowns have been organizing themselves and electing a leadership, often with church backing. And last Saturday morning Pinochet's raiders seemed to have particularly targeted the homes of the sixteen elected leaders of this particular shantytown for devastation. But they also herded up six thousand men—all the males above the age of fourteen or fifteen, in fact—and transported them in vans to an airbase about twenty kilometres away, where they subjected them to extensive inspections. The majority were subsequently released, and had to scramble for some way to get back. More than three hundred of them, however, weren't released, and some of those have been hauled off to internal banishment for unspecified lengths of time. Meanwhile, back at the shantytown, the security forces located the kindergarten, a little rickety three-room structure, and a nearby medical clinic, and completely demolished the interiors of both—breaking all the bottles of medicine, for example. The day I visited, the people who showed me around pulled out a pair of tweezers from the rubble and told me that this was the only thing the soldiers hadn't broken. Well, later that day I attended a reception where I met a high official from the American Embassy, and I told him about my morning tour of the Silva Henríquez slum. He remained resolutely unperturbed. He asked me whom I'd gone with and whether the denizens of the shantytown had had any advance warning of my visit. 'After all,' he said, 'those people may stage this sort of thing, just the way they do in Communist countries.' "

Leaving aside for a moment the fact that the raid on Silva Henríquez had been extensively covered by the international press a few days earlier—

something that the man Mr. Neier talked to at the reception should have been well aware of—we were awe-struck by the callousness of this American Embassy official, who is our own representative, after all, on the scene. That he could imagine that virtually destitute slum dwellers might demolish their own kindergarten and medical clinic simply to impress a visiting human-rights monitor was astounding. Yes, his remark is the sort of rhetorical phantasm we've grown to expect from the official spokesmen of Eastern European Communist regimes, but we don't care to hear of its coming from the lips of a representative of our American democracy.

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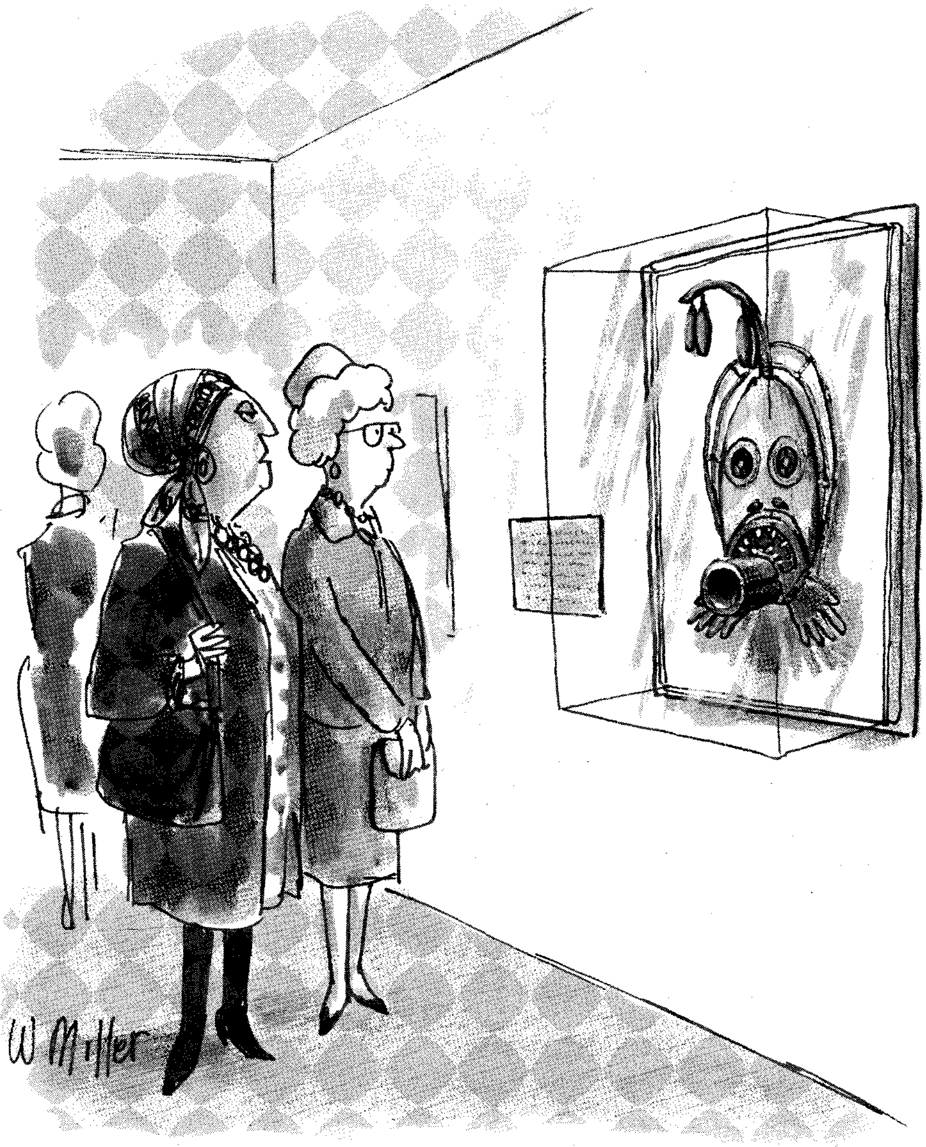
A PHYSICIST who writes to us now and again has sent us a longish letter about the recent death, in Florida, of Paul Adrien Maurice Dirac. He writes:

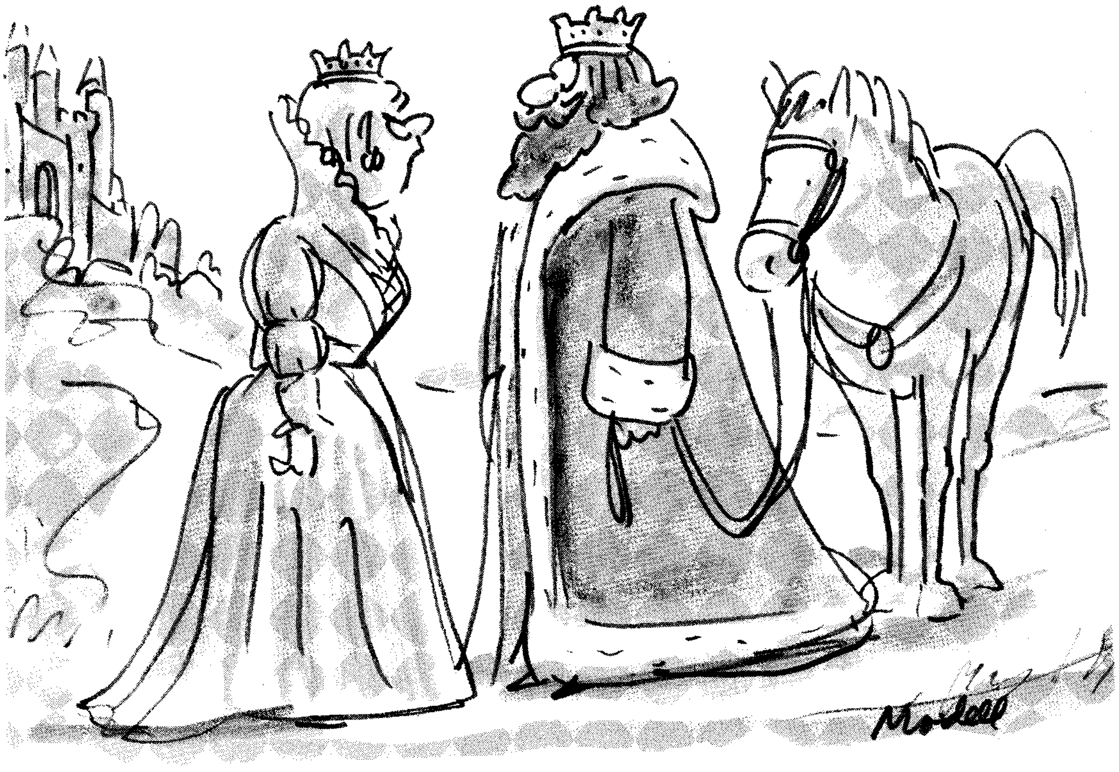
With the death of Dirac, on October 20th, an era of modern physics has ended. All the founders of the quantum theory—Albert Einstein, Niels Bohr, Max Born, Werner Heisenberg, Wolfgang Pauli, Erwin Schrödinger, and now Dirac—have died. After Einstein and Bohr and, possibly, Heisenberg, Dirac was the greatest modern theoretical physicist. Apart from the importance of his discoveries, there was a special style to his work—what we physicists call "elegance." He was well aware of that, and once wrote, "It is more important to have beauty in one's equations than to have them fit experiments. . . . It seems that if one is working from the point of view of getting beauty in one's equations, and if one has a really sound insight, one is on a sure line of progress." While I never really got to know Dirac—I think few people did—I had a chance to talk with him from time to time over the years, beginning in 1958, when both Dirac and I were Visiting Members of the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton. Robert Oppenheimer, the Institute's director, had known Dirac since the late nineteen-twenties, when they were both studying in Göttingen. Indeed, Oppenheimer used to tell us a Dirac story from those times. He and Dirac would take evening walks around the Göttingen city wall—I think he said they walked on top of the wall. Oppenheimer sometimes wrote poetry, and one evening, as they were walking, Dirac asked Oppenheimer about it. After listening to Oppenheimer's answer, Dirac observed, "In physics, we try to say things that no one knew before in a way that everyone can understand, whereas in poetry . . ." Perhaps he meant "whereas in *bad* poetry."

It was the year after these walks—1928—that Dirac invented the equation that bears his name. It brought together, for the first time, relativity and the quantum theory. He applied it to the electron and noted the fact that the equation had, in addition to the solution describing the electron, a peculiar set of solutions that seemed to have negative energies—something that at first sight appeared absurd. It was soon realized that these negative-energy solutions could be reinterpreted as depicting "anti-particles;" so, without having been aware of their existence, Dirac had anticipated the discovery of anti-particles. These turned up in cosmic rays in 1932, in an experiment done by Carl Anderson at the California Institute of Technology.

Dirac also made decisive contributions to the formulation of quantum mechanics, and in 1930 he published a monumental book on the subject—"Principles of Quantum Mechanics." By 1958, the book had gone through four editions, and when I met him he was kind enough to sign a copy of the third edition for me. In 1932, he became the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge University—Newton's old chair, and the one that Stephen Hawking currently holds. He used to lecture on quantum theory by reading from his book. When he was asked about that, he replied that since there was no better way of formulating the theory he saw no need to modify the presentation for his lectures.



"My first husband was very modern, and my second husband was a real primitive. Both of them turned out to be no-good bums."



“You traded your kingdom for a what?”

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A few years after I left the Institute, I got the idea of trying to write some sort of biography of Dirac, who was again in residence there. He was, at first, agreeable—though he never liked being interviewed—and we worked out a modus operandi. In 1958, Dirac had begun to hew out a path in the woods behind the Institute, in the general direction of Trenton. He used to disappear into the woods almost every afternoon wearing “mudding boots” and carrying a large axe. (He once observed that some of his best ideas came to him while he was walking in the woods.) I said that if he was still working on his path I would join him in the woods with an axe, so we could chop and talk at the same time. The biography was never written, for one reason or another, but something he said to me while we were chopping left an indelible impression. He said that in writing about the invention of the quantum theory I should be sure to give ample credit to Schrödinger and Heisenberg as well as to him. What struck me was not only his generosity of spirit but that it encompassed *the invention of the quantum theory*—the greatest scientific theory ever created. I recalled that at the Institute I had once heard a young student ask Dirac if he had ever had trouble establishing the priority of any of his ideas. Dirac had replied laconically, “The really good ideas are had by only one person.”

Among physicists, Dirac was legendary for his laconism. There are a lot of Dirac stories. Here are two that I am sure are true, either because I was a witness to the events or because I have checked them with some of the principals. In the nineteen-fifties, one of the daughters of the distinguished British physicist Sir Rudolf Peierls went to Cambridge to work and, at her father’s suggestion, rang the Diracs. In due course, she was invited for tea. Dirac’s wife, Margit—a sister of his fellow Nobel Laureate Eugene Wigner—suggested that Miss Peierls probably didn’t know enough young people in Cambridge, and when Miss Peierls said that she did not Mrs. Dirac thought of giving a party, and asked her husband if he had a student or two they might invite. “I had a student once,” Dirac replied, “but he died.” Dirac had almost no students, and all his important papers were written without collaborators.

One day in 1958, I was discussing some physics problem in my office with one of the Institute’s more senior members. The door was open, and we heard the hall phone ring. It proved to be a call for Dirac from a journalist in New York who wanted an advance copy of a talk that Dirac was going to give in the city in a few days. Dirac reluctantly agreed to send along the copy, and then came into my office to consult my senior colleague. He was worried that the text might be printed in the newspaper prematurely, and he wanted to make sure that that did not happen. How should he handle it? My colleague suggested writing in bold letters on the copy, “Do not publish in any form!” Dirac seemed satisfied with this answer, but after fifteen minutes or so he came back into my office. After some hesitation, he asked, “Isn’t ‘in any form’ redundant in that sentence?”

Dirac, who was born in Bristol on August 8, 1902, was twenty-five when he published “the Dirac equation.” (Einstein was about nine months older when, in 1905, he published the special theory of relativity.) Dirac was thirty-one when he and Schrödinger shared the 1933 Nobel Prize in Physics for their roles in creating the quantum theory. Dirac had begun his career as an engineering student at the University of Bristol but had been seduced away from engineering by the theory of relativity, which was enjoying a tremendous vogue in the early twenties. From the time he entered physics to the end of his life—he was still actively working—he gave his creative genius to our science.

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Old Rug

“Americans are always more interested in how a thing was done than in the thing itself,” the British textile designer Leslie Tillett, recently back from Leningrad, where he examined the oldest carpet on earth, told us last week at the New School, shortly before it was time for him to deliver a lecture about the rug. He explained what he meant. “No one’s been asking me about the carpet, but about fifty people have inquired how I was treated in Leningrad. So I tell them I was followed everywhere by the K.G.B. I wasn’t, of course—or, at least, I don’t think so. I went everywhere, and handed out my anti-nuclear pamphlets. The most popular person in Leningrad is Michael Jackson, without a doubt. You hear him piped in everywhere—elevators, bars—except when they stop to play a tune by someone even more unspeakable, named Boy. Boy George. And everyone asks, 'What do they drink in Leningrad?' I expected them to drink ice-cold Stolichnaya by the bottle, but they all drank *vodkatonic*—one word. At least, it was real British tonic."

Mr. Tillett paused, and we asked about the carpet. All we knew so far was that it had been frozen in a Siberian grave and thus preserved a very long time.

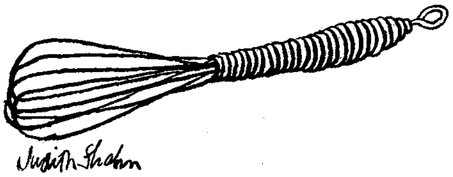
"Ah," Mr. Tillett said. "I didn't really get to see it so well—I had a limited time, and it was in a climate-controlled case in the Hermitage, and was deliberately underlit to prevent damage, and there were all sorts of curators and translators hovering around being helpful. But I did get to handle one small fragment that had fallen off, and while I had no facilities for counting the stitches, there were obviously upward of two hundred per square inch. This meant they had used child labor, as they still do in Persia today—those tiny knots require child-sized fingers. And I did manage to make a rough sketch, and from it, and a photograph, I made this painting of the rug." The painting, done with the help of mesh, had a raised surface that made it look like the pile of a carpet, and it was impressive—all wine and pale blue and beige and cocoa, with borders of reindeer and horsemen atop great steeds. Mr. Tillett also showed us a number of items he'd designed using some of the motifs from the rug—everything from wallpaper, through flatware, to a pair of Nike running shoes, the heels of which he'd painted with reindeer.

Later, in his lecture to a packed auditorium, Mr. Tillett explained why he'd been so eager to see the rug. "The oldest knotted carpet in the Museum of Turkish and Islamic Art, in Istanbul, which was long believed to be the oldest in the world, is barely seven hundred years old, and so this new find can tell us an enormous amount about the history not only of carpets but of design in general. Just to look at it and realize that while this rug was in use Socrates talked in Athens, the Buddha wandered Asia, Confucius uttered his sayings!" The rug was found around 1950 in a grave excavated by Soviet archeologists in southern Siberia—a grave that belonged to an ancient tribe, the Scythians. We don't know much about the Scythians, Mr. Tillett explained. "The Greeks had heard of them twenty-five hundred years ago, though, and they lived a long way from Siberia. Marco Polo, almost two thousand years later, heard legends about them from the Chinese, who had sold them silk. We know they were a nomad race, with herds of sheep numbering in the hundreds of thousands, and that their women and children travelled in enormous wagons pulled by great shaggy oxen."

In fact, said Mr. Tillett, he thinks that the rug—known as the Pazyryk carpet, for the site of the grave in which it was found—may actually have been a cover for one of those wagons. Though the Scythians, having little furniture, "were in much closer touch with their carpets than we are—they would lie down on them and go to sleep," he went on, this rug shows little sign of wear. He is frank to admit, however, that a number of riddles surrounding the carpet remain unsolved. "One of the mysteries about the whole thing is that it looks vaguely like a Persian carpet. But this frieze border shows Scythian horsemen. And there are definitely reindeer. You don't get many reindeer in Persia. A theory I incline toward is that this was a domestic product trying to look like the fancy things brought in by their traders, a local product trying to look trendy and fashionable in a day when the trendy thing was to look Persian."

Flap

USUALLY, we lift an eyebrow or two when someone complains to us that he is the victim of a bad press. In our experience, men who say this have often been found consorting with suitcases full of tens and twenties, or with leggy blondes with whom they have been joined by the sacred rite not of matrimony but of cash transaction. Still, there are exceptions, and we heard about one last month, on the night before Halloween, when Dr. Merlin Tuttle, the founder and president of Bat Conservation International, spoke to an audience at the American Museum of Natural History about bats.



"Bats are in a lot of trouble," he informed us ahead of time. "Just as an example, the biggest colony ever known in the New World, the one in Eagle Creek Cave, Arizona, numbered thirty million in the mid-sixties. By the seventies, the number had dwindled to half a million. Today, there are fewer than thirty thousand. They appear to have been bothered by the same problems that hurt other wildlife—pesticides, for instance—but also by the intentional firing of shotguns into roosting clusters. This is not unusual—people kill bats on sight the world over, because they loathe them. Since bats group in large, vulnerable formations, and since they are the slowest-reproducing mammals for their size on earth, they are uniquely easy to exterminate. And since we always fear and dislike those whom we understand the least about, and bats are small, secretive, and nocturnal, they are the objects of fear and disgust. Just this year, the Samoan flying fox, one of a thousand species of bats, may have become extinct. It was so beautiful, with a six-foot wingspan. If a bird of that size and rarity were exterminated, half the world would be in an uproar. But it's 'only a bat.' People tell me all the time that they would like bats if they weren't so ugly. But if people hadn't been programmed since birth to think otherwise what could be uglier than elephants? It's so much easier to save the glamour species—people will send their pennies in to help the pandas, but not the bats."

Dr. Tuttle, who has handled three hundred species of bats and has spent weeks living in caverns with a quarter million of his friends (they can nest two hundred to the square foot on the wall of a cave), showed a lot of slides of likable bats that anyone would want to protect, and gave a long spiel that divided into two parts: good things that no one knows about bats, and bad things that everyone knows about bats but that aren't true. In the first category, he talked about their valuable work in seed dispersal and pollination, and their appetite for insects—especially mosquitoes. "On a single night, the Eagle Creek Cave colony, in Arizona, would consume upward of a quarter-million pounds of insects—that's ninety-three Asian elephants' worth of insects," he said. As for the myths, he said that bats pose no great danger of rabies; in fact, he said, only ten Americans are believed to have

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been killed by bat rabies in all recorded history—fewer than the number of people who die annually from food poisoning at church picnics. Also, bats do very little damage to crops; after personally examining the tooth marks in seven thousand four hundred and seventy mangoes, he concluded that the damage had been done by the bush babies and the monkeys. And do bats get tangled in people's hair? They do not. "I gave a woman a twenty-dollar bill to let me tangle a bat in her hair," Dr. Tuttle said. "I put the bat in her hair, and twisted the hair around and around, and then I let go, and out popped the bat, like a cork from underwater."

Partly Cloudy

WE have in our possession the list of hurricane names for the next few seasons. Next fall, Hurricane Fabian. The year after that, Ivan, Mitch, and Shary, forcing the cancellation of more events than you thought possible, flooding your basement, knocking your tree over on top of your garage. It's in 1987, though, that the sky really darkens. If we reach Hurricane Wilma, it will be only because we've weathered Bret, Floyd, Harvey, Lenny, Nate, Stan, and Vince, among others. Not Stanley—*Stan*. Do you want your valuable beachfront property washed away by a Hurricane Vince? Write the people at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, and write them today.

Two Urban Park Rangers, at sprawling Van Cortlandt Park, in the Bronx, told us about the hurricanes, and about other, subtler forms of weather. "Everyone is a weatherman," said Jeffrey Freilich, one of the rangers. "If you open your door, and you look outside, and you say, 'Hey, it's going to rain,' then you're a meteorologist. If you spit on your finger and hold it up in the wind, you're a meteorologist." He told us to picture the planet as a sphere, and people as crabs crawling about its surface beneath an ocean of air. That ocean is where the weather is. Then he and his colleague, Robert Burgio, told us how to predict the weather—information worth passing along. It will be a hard winter if:

Muskrat houses are built big.

Cows' hooves break off early.

Screech owls sound like women crying.

Crows "gather together."

Worms begin crawling into abandoned houses in October.

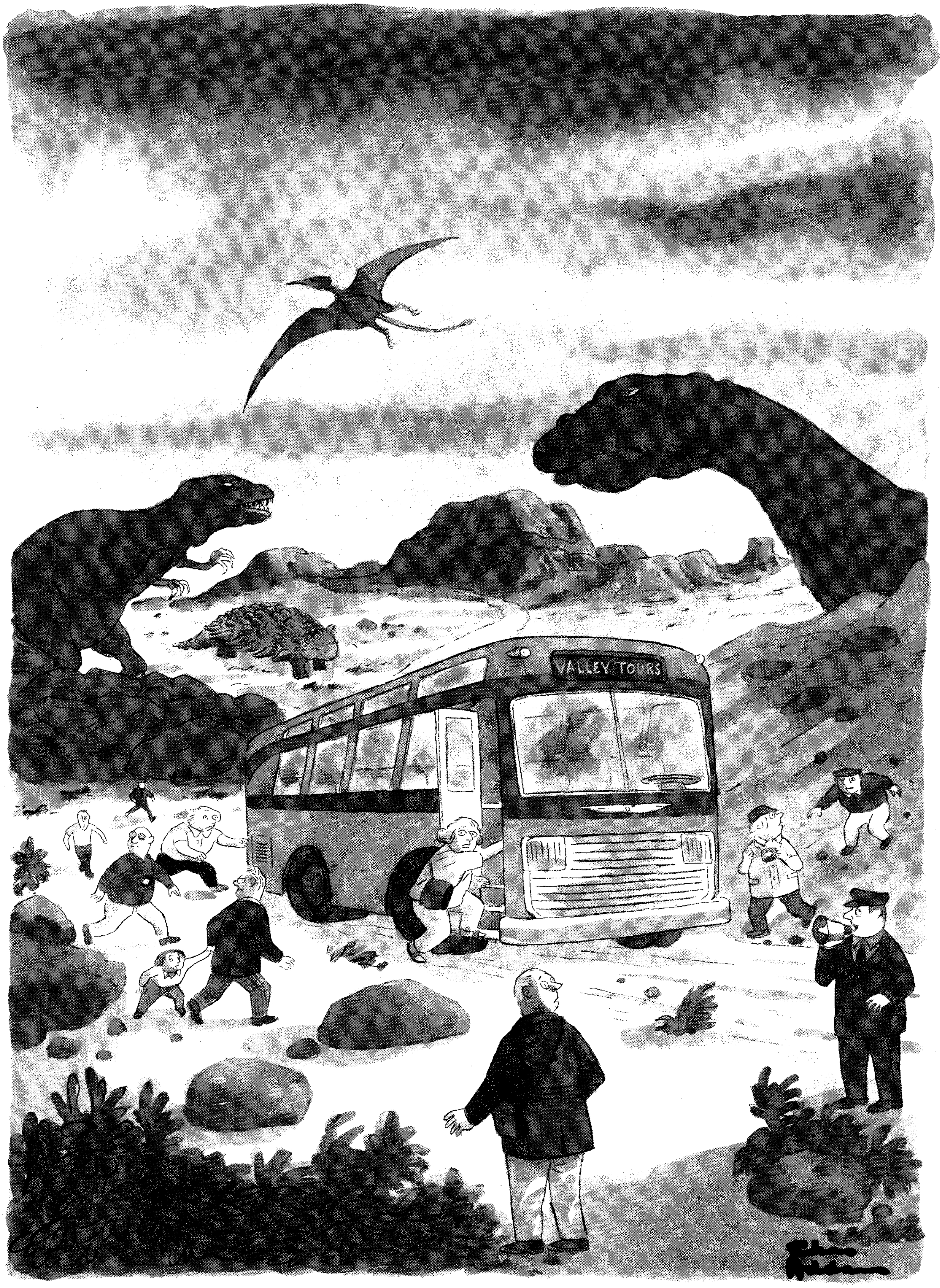
Wild hogs gather sticks, straws, or shucks to make a bed.

Carrots grow deeper than usual.

Sweet potatoes have a tougher skin.

The fur on the bottom of a rabbit's foot is thicker.

We believe everything the Rangers told us, but urban living has so atrophied our instincts that the hints may never help us. We did not know (we would like to say we have forgotten, but that would be a lie) that cows' hooves break off at all, much less at some predictable moment. In fact, we're so citified that the thought alarms us a little. As for screech owls crying like women, what if you hear a sound like a woman crying? Suppose you go investigate and find it's not a screech owl at all but a woman crying. What then?



"Well, folks, it appears we've been caught in some kind of time warp. Don't worry, though. We're still within forty miles of Albuquerque."

SECRET BALLOT

I KNOW that nobody can possibly know. It would be against the law. There's no way, once that curtain closed behind me—just *no way* anybody could find out what I did in there. *Nobody will ever know.* They said so. They said so on TV. They said so over and over in the weeks before the election, not just as a generalization but showing how the generalization applied to a situation like mine. They showed a young guy and his dad—a solid-workingman kind of dad—walking along a nice street with trees, sharing their ideas about the election. The main idea they shared was that even though the whole family had always been Democrats, the son, who was voting for the first time, could go into that booth and close the curtain and nobody would ever have to know what he did in there, no matter how horrible what he did in there was. Not even his parents would ever find out.

I can't tell you how reassuring this was to me. It was something that really needed to be emphasized over and over again. Because a country like this can easily get to be like China, where the secret ballot is just a joke and you're forced to feel ashamed if you think differently from your neighbors and family. I was grateful for the reminder that in the United States of America, fortunately, my shame is a completely private matter.

So it's ridiculous for me to worry that they found out. There would be no rational basis for my fear. It would be paranoid. Whatever I did in there, and I'm not telling—even if I shot up in there (which I didn't) or voted for Hitler (and I definitely didn't do anything that bad, even though it would be nobody's business if I did), even if I spit up all over myself, or made telepathic contact with the Planet of Evil—I have nothing to worry about. Let alone if I merely did an irresponsible, selfish, stupid thing that I already regret (which I don't). When I cut my seminar at 3 P.M. to vote, Mom and Dad were still at work, so they couldn't have been anywhere near the polling place. I think Sis suspects. She could have snuck out of her gym class and followed me—but as I understand it, those booths have a special device that sets off an alarm or something if you're in there and anyone tries to peek.

Just to be on the safe side, though, I've been avoiding my folks lately. I'm in my room right now, with the door locked. A minute ago I thought I heard Sis whispering through my window, "*I'm going to tell*," but probably it was just the wind. I've really been on edge since Election Night—probably because I haven't been getting enough Vitamin C. And my folks have been acting kind of weird. When we were all in the den not watching the election news on TV, because we didn't want to give away by some unconscious flicker of expression what we each had done in the voting booth, the phone rang. Dad said, "*That must be them now.*" Then he yawned and stretched in this stagy way—there was something about it that seemed fake. Mom looked right at me and said, "*Why don't you answer it, dear?*"

For some reason a chill went through me. And suddenly it was as if I was in a nightmare—a waking nightmare, where I was sleepwalking toward the phone. When I picked up the receiver, I surreptitiously pressed the cutoff button and then pretended to talk to somebody who had a wrong number. I must have been sort of uneasy.

The next morning at breakfast, Dad was reading the *Times* and I was reading the *Wall Street Journal.* We had an unspoken agreement not to engage in any post mortems about the Reagan landslide and the Democratic gains in the Senate. Instead, we were silently sharing our respect for the sanctity of the secret ballot. But out of the blue Dad said, "Well, son, *here's something that I believe will interest you.*" I don't like being tricked. A primitive instinct took over in me, and I spilled my cappuccino all over the table on purpose. As Mom leaned across me to wipe it up, she murmured in my ear, "Dear, *I don't mean to be nosy, but . . .*" There was nothing I could do but elbow the croissants off the table. Since then, I've been staying in my room most of the time. When I lined up to vote, I was given a card with a number on it, and then when I voted they took away the card. I don't know where it is now. If Sis managed to ingratiate herself with one of the poll-watchers, got hold of the card, and then—but that would be completely illegal. What I did in the booth is between me and my conscience. No—not even my conscience has the right to pry into what I did in there.

They've been making a big effort to lure me out of my room, and I'm not sure why. Looked at in a certain way, it could be interpreted as suspicious. Saturday, Dad was working on the car, and he knocked on my door and said he needed help. Well, the car being my only means of transportation in case of some totally illegal emergency, I thought I'd better check it out. I went down the driveway, where Dad was standing, well back from the car, with his hands on his hips. The hood was up, and I remember how the sun glinted on the engine as he pointed at it and said, "*Why don't you stick your head in there and take a look?*"

I wasn't born yesterday. I was back in my room in thirty seconds. I've been in here pretty steadily since then. The one exception I made was earlier this afternoon. I'd been feeling lonely and hungry, so I stepped out into the hall. Mom, Dad, and Sis were lurking there, whispering. Dad handed me a big box wrapped in gold foil and tied with a red ribbon. Mom said, "*Go ahead—open it.*"

Something told me not to. "*What's that ticking noise?*"

Of course, I felt foolish as soon as I heard myself say the words "ticking noise." I thought, Probably it's just Sis snickering.

Then Dad said to me, with a strange urgency in his voice, "*Don't be silly.*"

Well, nobody had to draw me a picture. I said casually that I'd open it later, after I had something to eat. Fine, they said, they were all just about to go to the supermarket and buy the makings for my favorite casserole, because I must be famished. I said I was.

Mom said, "Good. While we're out, *you go in and light the oven.*"

—VERONICA GENG

BRODERIE ANGLAISE

Grania Byam, aged fifteen, was in the Civil Service Stores in the Strand buying a pair of stockings. Stockings, then still in their heyday, were sold in the haberdashery-and-lingerie department. A most Civil Service-looking young man and his apparent wife nearby were sorting through piles of cut-price underclothes for children, the man putting them into order as though filing them.

"Needlessly messy anarchy," he said to no one in particular.

Grania started to talk to him, helping with the filing of tiny frilled petticoats and the Liberty vests she knew from her own childhood: Victorian hangovers that cut into children's shoulder bones much as Victorian ethics grazed the aspirations of the poor.

"Underclothes for sweet little rich girls and doomed little poor boys released from charity hospitals," she said. "Where do we put these? There's only one of them." She held up a pair of combinations. "Though of course a pair of combinations might be two. Implies two."

"How do you know about combinations?"

"I had to wear them when I had scarlet fever. And whooping cough at the same time."

"You're too young to have had scarlet fever. There are injections. It's been stamped out."

"Our doctor hadn't the character of an expulsionist. He had a research mind. He kept many a disease alive, learning it and moderating it as he went. He sent me a postcard every day. He was an exceptionally nice man. He used to swallow a sausage whole and then choke a bit to cheer me up about the whooping cough."

"Not very good doctoring, was it? How old were you?"

"Three. What do you do, apart from sorting out the Civil Service Stores?"

"I'm a merchant banker." They shook hands over the piles of underclothes.

"Could you tell me what P.A.Y.E. is, then?" she said.

"It's a tax system on the spot."

"How much of what one earns?"

He looked at her carefully. "If one isn't earning much, not much at all. Would you like to have dinner tonight?"

"Yes," she said. The woman Grania had thought to be his wife was gone into artificial-flower hat trimmings. "Where?"

"Simpson's? Do you have dinner much?"

"Not that much."

"Out?"

"No, in. Usually. The landlady lets me cook things on the kettle ring."

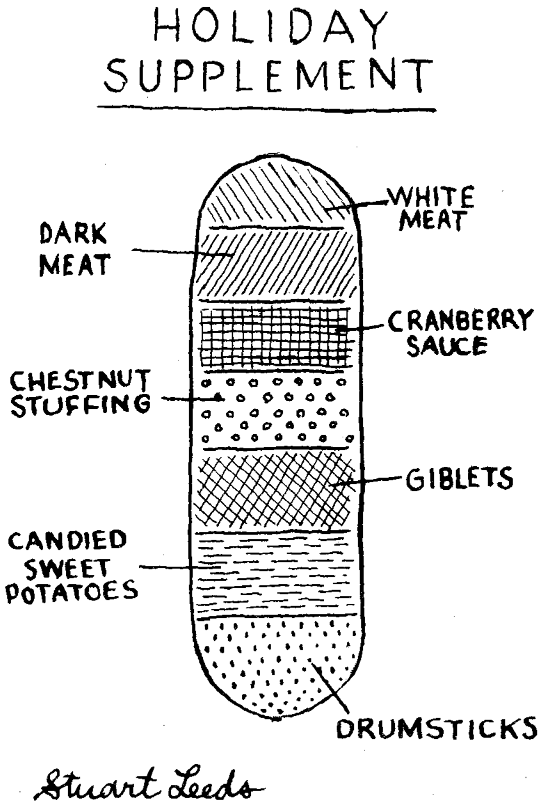
"What things?"

"Espresso coffee. And then you can use the kettle for hard-boiled eggs or Bovril."

"Is eight o'clock all right?" They shook hands again. "My name's Peter Shaw."

Grania, who was badly in need of a job, sped along the Strand. She turned north toward Covent Garden, then still very much the fruit-and-vegetable market it had been since 1828: architecturally eminent, for all that it was a home for parsnips. Glass pavilions dreaming of pleasure domes to house Brussels sprouts; spacious aisles of cabbage; nineteenth-century Tchaikovsky-ballet arches leading into halls sweet with the smell of spilled apples.

A lorry driver shouted, "Lost an earring, darling?" It was a time of earrings. Grania felt her ears in a panic. Both earrings safe. The trick always worked. She grinned. The man grinned. Laughter from the lorry drivers' tea stall.



Near the great St. Paul's of Inigo Jones—not Wren's cathedral—where she had often crept in to listen to choir practice and thought of the theatre people buried in the churchyard, she saw a sign in a window for a needlework caption writer and coffee girl. Twenty-five shillings a week with P.A.Y.E. tax deductions. She told the advertising manager she was sixteen to get the work.

"You will be taken into an unfortunate tax bracket," he said comfortlessly.

"Not your fault," she said, true to her nature.

He coughed, somewhere between a cough and a roar. Quite a lionlike face but a weak jaw.

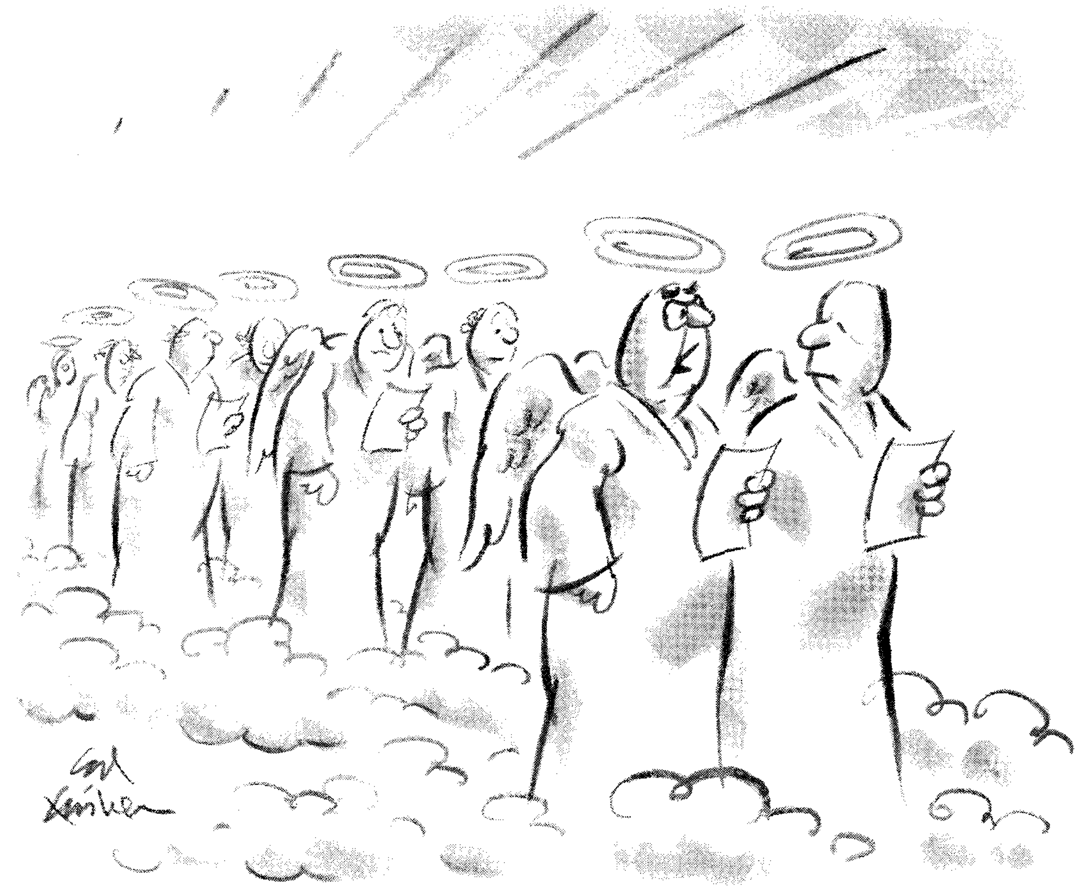
"You may begin today," he said, and stood. Not to show her to the door but to signify that he had finished with her. His name was Reginald A. E. Potter. His height was six foot five but left no impression. He was flat-footed and walked with rolling discomfort, like a policeman wheeling a bicycle up a hill in slow country pursuit of an axe murderer, although the path from his desk to his out tray (the point where people knew that they were to leave) was less mountainous than most of the uneven old office floor.

The building, crammed between a good cheap Italian café and a run-down expensive French restaurant, wore the aspect of a chapel. It was built in some form of dome-and-spire design. A ground-floor shop sold embroidery wools. It also rehabilitated sewing machines carrying the slogan "Make Do Merrily and Mend Every Sunday," and sold canvases stretched for vicarage chairs.

"Helm!" shouted an elocuted voice from above as Grania climbed the pious linoleum stairs. She had always wanted to be an able seaman, so the word held out hope.

A woman in Cuban heels clattered in a hurry down the stairs.

Grania was put to work on a magazine called *Embroidery Weekly*. The offices were chiefly a corridor. Upstairs were the editorial offices of *Your Lovely Home*, *The Little Years (A Magazine for Mothers)*, *Fiction for Your Chaise Longue*. Along the embroidery corridor lay the luxurious circumstances of the pinnacle magazine of the group, *Madame: The Journal with the Dainty Flower-Arrangement Covers*. This was in bold type, and beneath it, in italics, "*To Cut Out for Your Still-Room*." (Every word considered key in the titles of the wealthy group of magazines was capitalized, worrying the printer's readers in the foundry room in a far-away hardworking suburb.) But no rooms in this chapel dedicated to good taste were still. All were chaotic. Grania learned, of course, that a still-room, here most importantly hyphenated, was essentially a chill room, floored in marble, housing jars by the score of bottled damsons, bottled medlars, Seville-orange homemade marmalade, pickled walnuts. All marked with the month and the year in script on sticking plaster sold by the embroidery shop, and made to original recipes (called, in this building, "receipts"). The sticking plaster was made to look exceptionally like vellum used by novice nuns under apprenticeship to monks busy copying out the Bible.



"They've properly given me an A in Business, an A in Money, and an A in Power, but somehow an F in Life!"

• •

BACK in Peter's bed-sitter that evening, after dining at Simpson's, Grania asked him to spell out what P.A.Y.E. actually was.

"Pay as you earn. Tax deducted at source to sustain the old, the ill, the educable, and the excellent state of English road paving," said Peter dryly. "In your case, exploitation of chimney sweeps to keep up the living standards of the dukedoms, the monarchy, and the Church that own England and sit on the oil under their parklands or lock their Godly doors because the valuables inside are too expensive to insure."

"Oh," said Grania.

"The insurance companies usually also belong to the dukes," said Peter, who had been reading to her from a book of Mozart's letters to his father. "What a cheerful family. Writing symphonies and letters in bumpy carriages. All paupers." Peter's views were considered to be dangerously to the left by the hefty jokers working with him in the City. They held the position that the palaces of England were imperilled by millions of witless exiles from lost islands of Empire now looking to the National Health Service for free teeth and free wigs.

Grania had won a writing prize off the cuff for a political-essay contest a year before. Fair to lousy, her winner, she thought on reflection. But a fine deal handed out by fortune, a blue note in the humdrum key of being fourteen. Having now also won the prize of her ladies'-magazine job, she learned how to write about needlework. Satin stitch loomed. So did tapestry. She proofread diagrams of petit point and gros point. She counted characters for justified captions. She grasped that an "m" is three times as large in this computation as an "i." She learned what a widow meant, and how poor it was in typographical ethics to have a widow bleeding in the gutter. The art direction of the magazine was far more interesting than the content. Whenever Grania set her Hermes to the galley width needed by the layout department—the em width—she much wished not to be writing in praise of daintiness and broderie anglaise. "Broderie anglaise edging adds daintiness to a guest towel." "A scalloped edging adds daintiness to a guest pillowcase."

TWO years later, when Grania was married to Peter and working even harder, he asked if they could rise to a cook to do something about dinner. Grania knew she often underestimated his dinner. He was tall and thin, and needed Wykehamist starch three times a day. She found a Yorkshire cook-by-the-hour who seemed to her to possess stamina, but how wrong that was. The cook weighed six stone at the most and had a deep distaste for food. Her questions about the shopping and the cooking to be done amounted to one. "Something stewified or something daintified?" Stewified involved lumps of flour in gray salt-water-based gravy. Daintified involved parsley. This word "dainty" was becoming pursuant.

In Peter's spare hours from merchant banking, which he whisked through in half the time of most, he was teaching himself about the French Revolution and about film editing. Books on both were piled in the tiny flat that Grania and he shared in Shepherd Market. The paperbacks already read were vertically arranged in the bookshelves, but books about work in progress were horizontal. Salvaged loops of film celluloid hung on strings like laundry lines across his minute study.

One evening when Peter was working till midnight Grania had painted the uncared-for white-gone-buff of his room in a brownish green, the color of old desk leather, to go with the roof moss on the little old Market shops. The shops obliterated any daylight. Sometime in the small hours after her painting sprint, still secret, Grania suddenly surfaced with the knowledge that Peter would forever see the new color of his room as khaki. Peter had been landed at Normandy on D Day-plus-1. He had rescued his squad, man by man, from a flaming half-track, and won an M.C. and bar for this and many another act that he never spoke of in the daytime. But he talked a great deal about the war in his sleep, especially about his best friend, who had been shot in the head from behind a haystack with Peter a yard away from him. Khaki is a difficult color to cover, and paint hard to find at three in the morning, but an artist friend was awake and a provider: by five Grania had turned the walls to a beautiful Florentine red, the color of the marble that Italians often call bull's-blood, soaked in sun. It took two coats to put things right, and then two hours to give a sparkling third coat (Kwik-Dri, but still not quick enough) to the white woodwork and to paint his khaki filing cabinet white.

They were happy, poorly off, interested, solitary. They mixed the cheapest dry sherry with soda as fake champagne. They were known to a kindly old friend of theirs as "the inseparable hermits." One evening, when Grania was free-lancing at more steadying things after her day of whisking through the woman's work of satin-stitch embroidery, bad pop music was blaring from a radio on the driver's empty seat inside an inert but thunderous rubbish-collection van. Grania rang the local police station.

"There's a terrific noise in the Market and my husband and I can't work."

"We can't deal with noise. How would you describe the noise?"

"Pop from a radio plonked on the driver's seat of a rubbish van that's making a din and not grinding up anything."

"And how do you know this?"

"The van gate keeps opening and closing and the machine keeps grinding and nobody's there. And nothing's there, either."

"The pubs are still open. We'll need your name and address and telephone number. We'll send a constable to see you."

"To see me? It would be more important for him to hear the noise. Would it be possible for him to avoid wanting me as a witness?"

The police sergeant laughed, benevolently. "We promise to avoid you like the plague."

BRACING themselves, the two of them sometimes had a few friends in for dinner. Nobody mixed particularly well with anyone else, and Peter's City colleagues were the worst blenders of all. A portly Harrovian with a dimpled nose like a baby's elbow once inspected the flat in the middle of dinner.

"I say, old thing. I didn't know you were keen on home movies as well as movement in the money market. There I go, I made a pun." He laughed heartily and lit a cigar.

"They're loops of silent film," said Grania, but no one paid heed except Peter.

AERIE

By following many a color-coded corridor
and taking an elevator up through the heart of the hospital
amid patients with the indignant stare of parrots
from within their cages of drugs,
one can arrive at the barbershop
which the great institution keeps as a sop to the less-than-mortal needs
of its captive populace, its honeycomb of pain.

Here, a marvel: a tiny room, high above Boston,
lined with Polaroid photographs of happy, shorn customers,
and the barber himself asleep in two chairs,
snoring with the tranquillity of a mustached machine.
Nor is that all: opposite me,
not ten feet away from where I stood wondering what happened next,
a seagull on the ledge outside the windows with so dazzling a view
worried at the same problem. With his beak
he rapped at the glass. Once. Twice. Hard.

We two framed the problem, two sentient bookends
with slumber's fat volume between us.
The gull evidently
was accustomed to being fed, and the back
of my neck tickled unendurably, and the tops of my ears.
One man with an oblivious mustache held the answer
to both of our problems, but until he awoke
our gazes interlocked like the strengths of sumo wrestlers too caught up
in the effort of contention even to grunt.

And the sky swooped at the blue harbor and the great green steel bridge
trembled with its traffic, and the machines
keeping alive the terrified and comatose beneath us hummed
and the icons of old haircuts grinned in fading color
and all was as the earth is, poised in space between contending wishes,
until a sharper rap from the intelligent gull, or else
a more pointed clearing of my throat, awoke
the Demiurge, who with not
a further wink sized us up
and nimbly reached for his bag of stale bread and his scissors.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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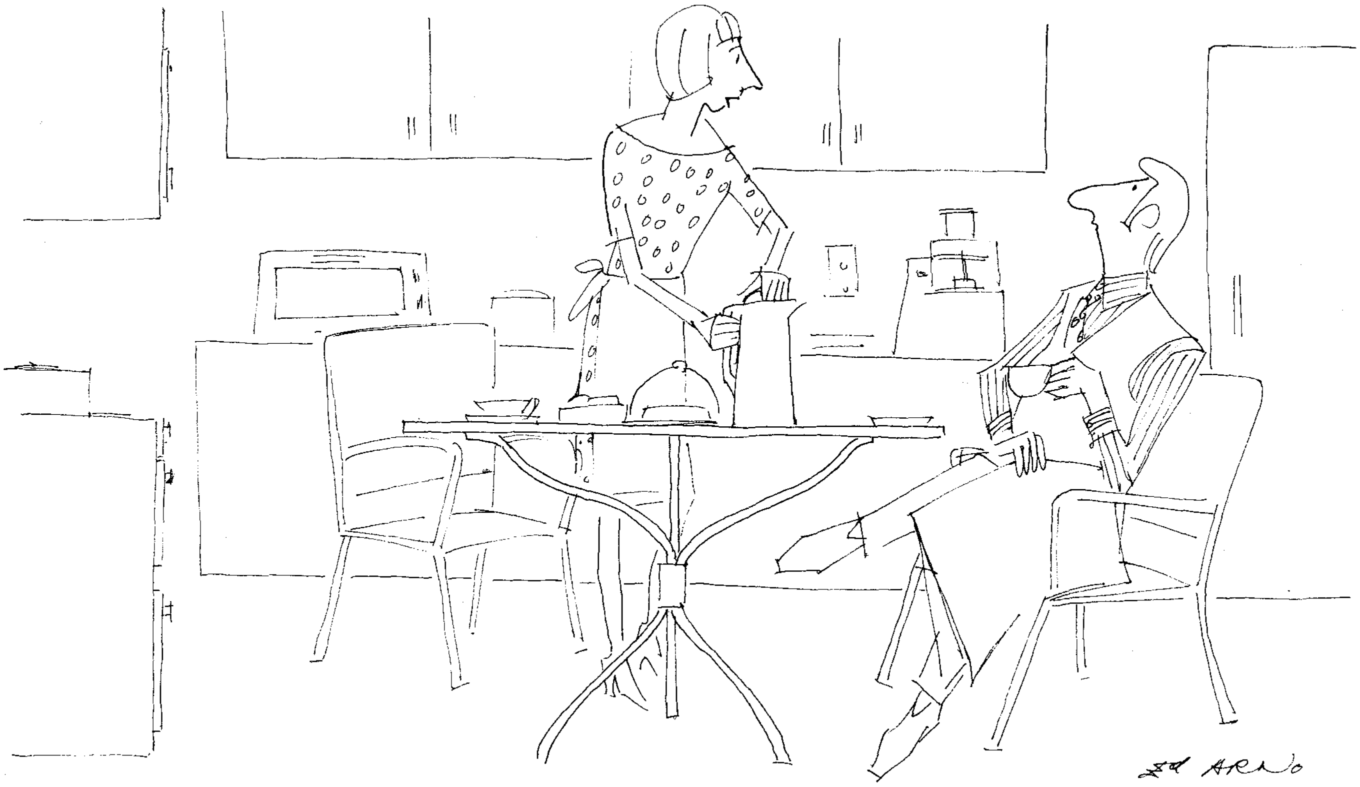


"Lest you forget, we've already talked about interest rates this morning—twice."

• •

"A man with two sides," said a City eater of the same ilk.

"And both the same," said the cigar smoker, laughing again and tapping ash into his plate of chicken risotto.

"Many more than two and not the same at all," said Grania, less quietly than usual.

"Didn't Shakespeare say that women should be seen and not heard, or something?" said the cigar smoker.

"Not remotely something like that," said Peter.

Hours later, after the intruders had gone their baying course to the street, Peter said to Grania, "It really is much nicer alone, isn't it?"

"Yes indeed."

"What happens to you for the rest of the week?"

"The usual, and then the printer's on Friday."

"You enjoy that."

"They take a lot of trouble."

"With the rubbish they have to print."

"They even read it. They've given me a book on typefaces. The only magazine they really can't stand is *The Little Ones*. The head comp has two sons in the trade, young, and the mother-love editorials get his goat."

"What does he call the thing?" said Peter, forking the cigar ash away from the risotto in case a cat should get near it.

"When pushed, *Flesh of My Flesh*."

He kissed her and said, "How repulsive."

THE most alert day in any week of working for the fast-selling needlework magazine was always the day when Grania went by train to the printer's in the suburbs to O.K. the issue and put it to bed. The comps—compositors—taught her typesetting. It was of as much interest to her as the ordering of words in a sentence. The comps took her out to pub lunches and made it unnecessary for her to apologize for the nonsense they were printing with such care. She learned about muttons and nuts and bolts and leading. The head comp and she still exchange samples of new typefaces across quite large distances.

After such excellent days, the office was both tame and troubling. Miss Helm, the editor of *Fiction for Your Chaise Longue*, had developed a crippling stammer because she was in love with the editor-in-chief, onlie begetter of *Madame: The Journal with the Dainty Flower-Arrangement Covers*, a woman of unkind nature. Miss Helm tried to dress like her idol, tried to have the same hairdo, expensively dyed and set in a spun-sugar swept-up blond arrangement, but her wages were small. The editor-in-chief wore a couture toque balanced on the hairdo, but a fiction editor's ready-to-wear toque was not the same. The editor-in-chief had a crocodile bag and matching shoes, but the fiction editor's endeavor with fake crocodile was also not the same. The editor-in-chief wrote copy with a quill pen, because of her manicured long nails; the fiction editor typed on a typewriter much like a treadle sewing machine. But a typewriter means short fingernails. So no replica, no duplication held out hope. Daintified though the office was, Grania started to go about murmuring "Unkind."

"Helm!" the editor-in-chief would shout for the sharp-eared beloved above. Miss Helm would come running in her Cuban heels.

"If only Helm were an appropriate name. My second husband, who as you know died, *drowned*, looking for the buried treasure in the ancient hulks in Tobermory Bay, would always take the helm," the editor-in-chief had said once, laying down her quill pen and remembering. Miss Helm was taking shorthand, standing up.

"You should write a paragraph

about buried treasure for your next 'Bouquets in the Youngest Fist' column," said Miss Helm.

"My flowers don't enter into deep-sea diving."

"Or write a short story. A long short story about the bouquets to be found fathoms deep. A novella," said Miss Helm.

As well as being dainty, the office was stingy. After knocking off a score or two of embroidery captions to the right em width, Grania had to get coffee and Chelsea buns for the members of the staff in meetings. She brought the sustenance from the Italian café next door, which relayed disappointment that no one except Grania wanted anything except "ordinary" coffee, ruling out the café's exemplary espresso. The people in meetings regularly forgot to pay her back their fourpence per coffee plus sixpence per Chelsea bun, so her wages were further diminished.

One day Grania opened a door when she was collecting coffee orders and found there a cupboard-sized room with no windows, a naked light bulb, and a woman of gaiety knitting very fast with her eyes on a pile of long knitting galleys. She was proofreading the knitting patterns by knitting them in the cupboard. The results of the knitting proofreader's work were sold by the company at a quarterly sale from which she gained neither garb nor penny. But she remained the most blithe person in the place: as good as the comps at the printer's.

PETER, a year or so later, looking into Grania's pale face, said, "You don't look exactly gray. Just white. Why don't you leave? With all the free-lancing you do, you're working enough for two."

"I will have left as of this evening, actually. The fact just hasn't filtered through to Reginald."

"Thin mind?"

"Doesn't read."

"If you can paint a room in a night, paint it twice"—and he smiled, no fool of love—"and manage the police station, Reginald's not up to your instep."

"He makes me feel part of the furniture. He's the bailiff."

"You exist. When the Civil Service Stores go bust, you'll exist. If I'd had it in the war, you'd exist." He had thought to prompt action by being harsh, but no. She sat on their broken sofa pretending to read, but the book was upside down and she lacked the nerve to turn it round.

"What?" he said.

"I didn't say anything, I don't think."

He went out of the room, softly, like a cat. Like a cat, he appeared again and lifted her up. "You're as light as a bottom drawer of linen."

She screamed, and then yelled, "Loaves and fishes! I write about satin stitch all day and I don't expect embroidery metaphors at bedtime."

"It wasn't tactful of me."

"*Tactful!* It was *stupid*. Don't go around hitting nails on the head. I gave in my notice a month ago."

Peter kept quiet, until he was in bed and started talking in his sleep as usual. The dead best friend behind the haystack. Saddened wife, listening.

Next day, after six o'clock, she went into Reginald's precipitous office to say goodbye to him.

"I read an article of yours in a journal that is not part of this group," he said. "On politics. A free-lancer is immediately fired, even for one such misdemeanor."

"But I've been writing that column for two years. And I fired myself a month ago."

"This group forbids the writing—even once, as in this case—by any of its employees for any publication that is a nonmember of the group. So I am forced to give you the sack." He stood on his uncertain floor. "It is a sorry moment for me. We feel strongly about loyalty. But those are the rules."

"But I've already *left* work here. I came to say goodbye." Pause. "Out of working hours." Reginald was in the snooper's habit of clocking people in and out and giving black marks in his mind, and on the salary sheet, to lunch-takers.

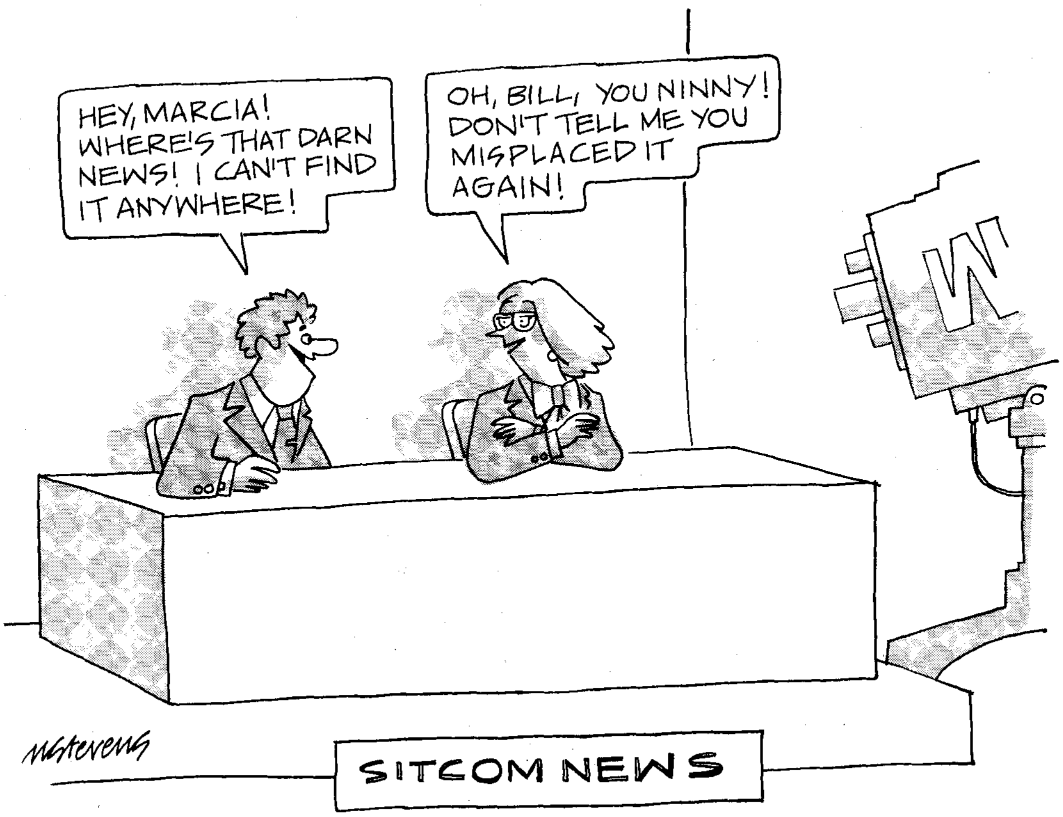
The floor creaked as he moved from foot to foot. "Let me put it another way. You're fired."

"But it's too late. I've already gone. It's after hours." Taking the initiative, because no one else was going to, she shook him by the hand and smiled and said, "Goodbye. No debts."

He led her to his out tray and yelped, "So abrupt."

The door was banged onto her nose. He had never travelled so far in seeing people out, so it was necessary for her to shout, "Don't be sorrowful."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT


HEY, MARCIA! WHERE'S THAT DARN NEWS! I CAN'T FIND IT ANYWHERE!
OH, BILL, YOU NINNY! DON'T TELL ME YOU MISPLACED IT AGAIN!
SITCOM NEWS
MStevens

A REPORTER AT LARGE

NORTH OF THE C.P. LINE

MY other self—as he might have been called in a brief, ambiguous novel—was in this instance a bush pilot, several hundred feet above Third Matagamon Lake, face to face with a strong winter wind. The plane was a Super Cub, scarcely large enough for the two of us. We sat in tandem and talked through an intercom. There is a lot of identification, even transformation, in the work I do—moving along from place to place, person to person, as a reporter, a writer, repeatedly trying to sense another existence and in some ways to share it. Never had that been more true than now, in part because he was sitting there with my life in his hands while placing (in another way) his life in mine. He spoke with affection about the plane, calling it a sophisticated kite and admitting his amazement that it could take such a frontal battering when all it was made of, essentially, was cotton.

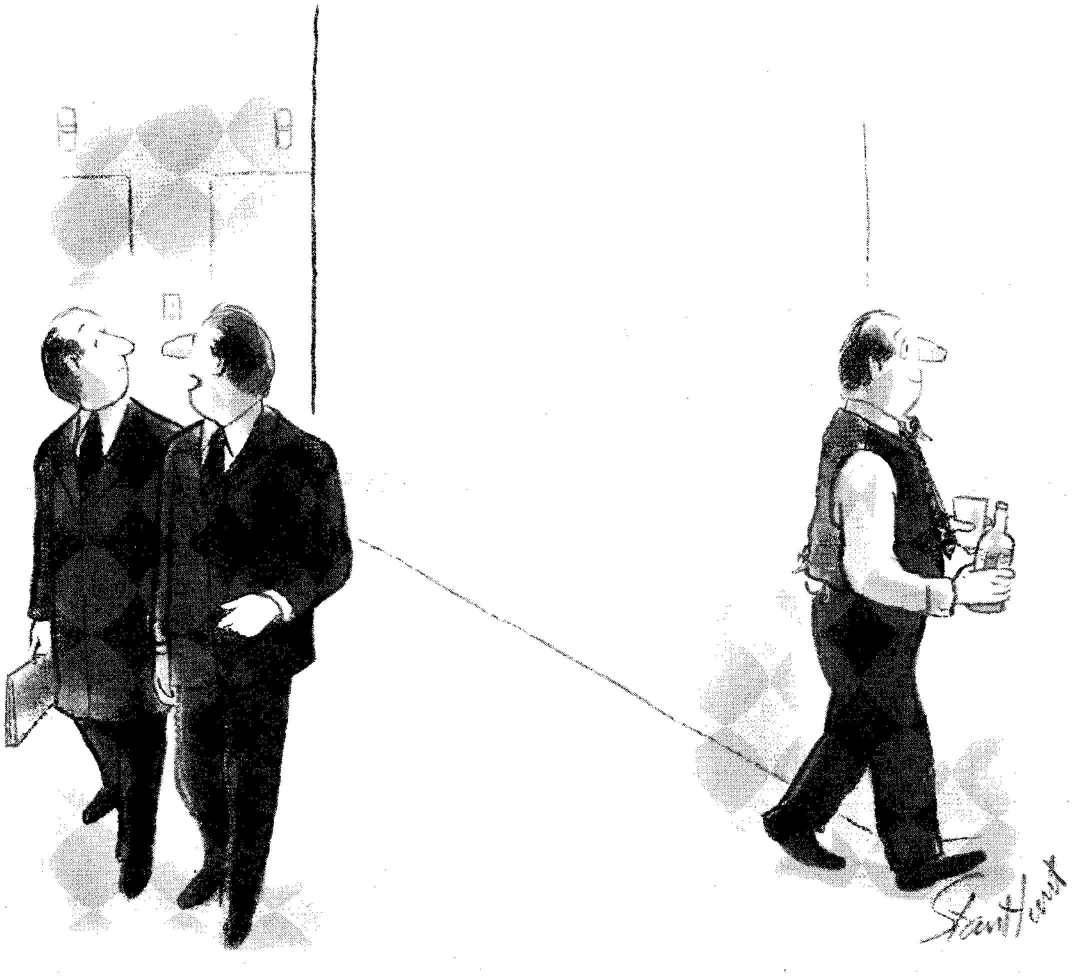
I said that was amazing, right enough—and how fast did he imagine the wind was blowing?

He said he could guess, with some help from the airspeed indicator, but one way to tell for sure was to stop the plane. Flying level, holding course, he slowed down, and slowed down more, and told me to watch the ground until the spruce did not move. A steady progression over the trees became a stately progression over the trees, and ultimately—like a frame of motion picture frozen on a screen—came to a dead stop. With respect to the earth, we were stock-still. Against the deep snow, the spruce made chevrons with their shadows. Nothing in the pattern moved. Mt. Katahdin, on our flank—sparkling white above its ruff of dark trees—did not move. The black forest reached to the horizon around the white paisley shapes of the Allagash Lakes—a scene preserved before us as if it were on canvas, while we hung there at ground speed zero.

"We're indicating forty-five miles per hour," he said. "There's your answer. That's how fast the wind is blowing."

There were snowshoes on the wing struts—two pairs. He said, "You never know when the airplane is going to refuse to go." He had skis and poles and an M-1 rifle. ("The sound of a revolver doesn't carry.") A five-foot steel ice chisel was mounted on the fuselage. There was some kero dust ("kerosene and sawdust, it burns for quite a while") and strike-anywhere matches in a waterproof steel case. There was some trail mix, but no other food. ("If I carry a lot of food in the airplane, I just eat it. I carry trail mix the way some people carry chewing tobacco.") There were goose-down warmup pants and extra down parkas that were supposedly good to seventy below zero. (They reminded me of a friend who, one Alaskan winter, took a mail-order parka to Anaktuvuk Pass and came back complaining that it didn't work.) By now, I had seen about all I wanted to of the underlying landscape without apparent motion, and I listened for the sound of an advancing throttle.

This pilot, as it happened, was an author as well, and he had written magazine pieces about the North Maine Woods—its terrain, its wildlife, and related subjects—as had I. In the spring of 1976, he wrote to *The New Yorker* and complained that I was using his name. He said, "For all practical purposes he is using my name (and I his)," and he went on to explain that the signature at the bottom of my pieces had from time to time embarrassed him in his principal occupation, as an employee of the State of Maine. He said he tended to agree with some of my thoughts—for example, about the Army Corps of Engineers and its plans to dam the St. John River—but he was not at liberty to do so in open print, because he was under oath to be neutral on public issues. And now his oath seemed to be



"Baldwin is the sleaze factor at McQuiddy & Nelson."

hanging out like a wet necktie, because right there in *The New Yorker* was a tirade worthy of Rumpelstiltskin, ranting against the people who wished to flood the North Maine Woods by building the twelfth-largest dam on earth—in a piece of writing that many people he knew assumed he had written, as well they might, for it was signed with his exact name.

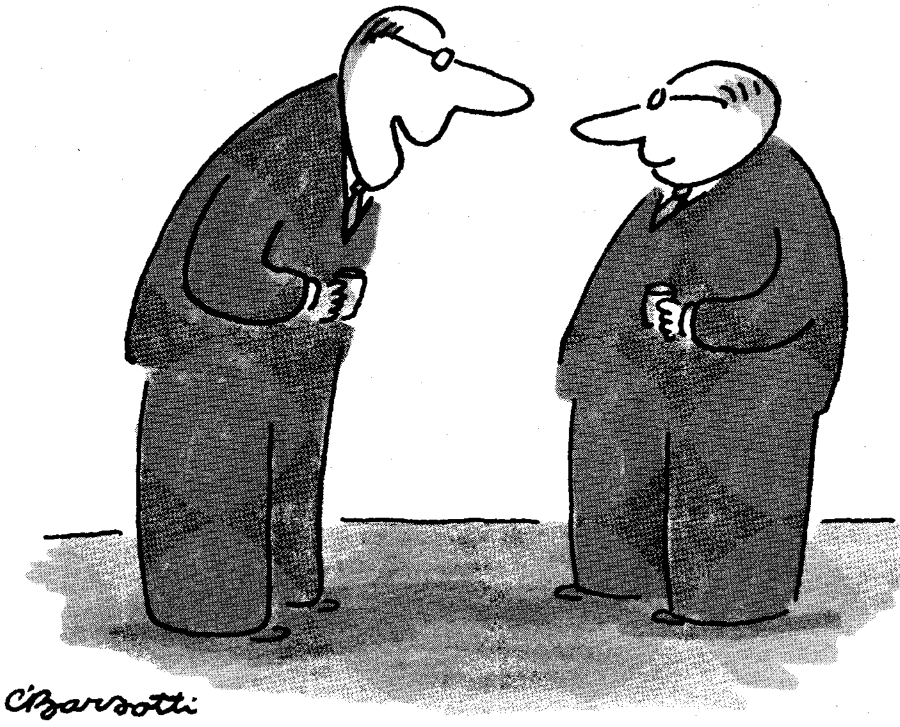
At that time, Maine had four game-warden pilots. This one was the northernmost, with seven thousand square miles of forest as his home range. In what was by then a decade of service there, he had become known as the Flying Warden of the North Maine Woods. Nonetheless, I had never heard of him. If we are cousins, we are much removed. We are related only to the extent that we descend from a clan that immemorially occupied one small island in the Hebrides, where our surname developed. Yet for all practical purposes we are indeed using each other's names, and while I had been making my own professional journeys on lakes and streams through the woods of Maine I had in my ignorance felt no twinge of encroachment and could not have imagined being over myself in the air.

I had been to the Hebrides once, to live for a time on the clan island and gather material for a piece of writing. Now *The New Yorker*, at my request, sent that piece of writing to Maine. It was not just a matter of the postage. I was in Alaska, far from home, and a copy of his letter had been sent to me up there. In a cabin near the Yukon River, I wrote a sympathetic response —a condensed autobiography, and *apologia pro nomine suo*, always endeavoring to match his graceful good humor—and soon thereafter mailed it to Maine. The warden was not there to receive it. Taking some time off, he had got into his own airplane with his father, Malcolm, and headed northwest through Quebec in foul weather, flying low up the Saguenay River, dodging wires. ("You have to be alert. You have to watch out.") Conditions soon changed to what he calls "severe clear," and remained almost cloudless from Lac St. Jean to Moose Factory (on James Bay) to Churchill (on Hudson Bay) to Yellowknife to Great Bear Lake. Landing on floats, they were fishing all the way. They followed the Yukon River through interior Alaska, and—more or less while I was writing my letter—passed above my head on their way to the Bering Sea.

When he returned to Maine, he found my letter regretting the inconvenience I had caused him, and the story of the Scottish island, which established for him our remote kinship and common history. For a year or two, there was more correspondence, but we remained strangers. His mother told him that she could not distinguish my handwriting from his.

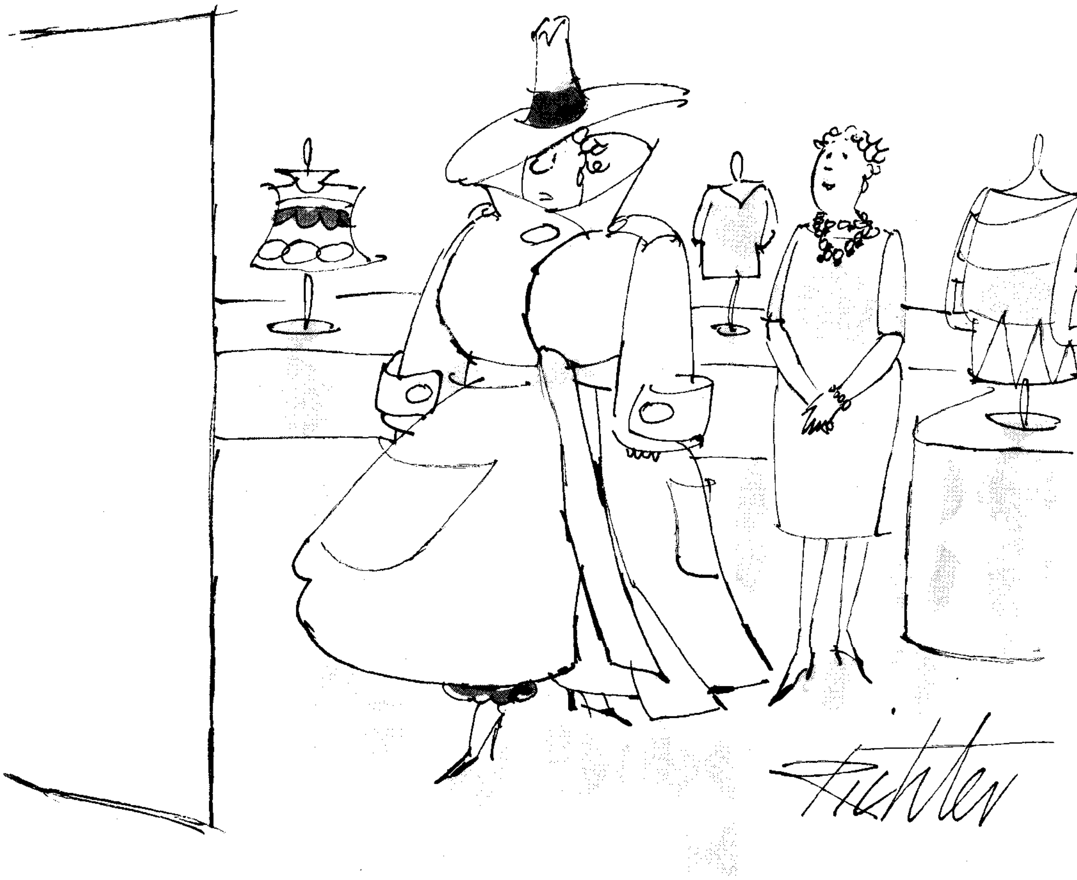
Then, just after breakup—or ice out, as they call it in Maine—a friend and I were on Allagash Lake when a blue-and-white floatplane came over the trees, went into a tight turn, and circled the canoe. Allagash Lake is one beautiful lake. Allagash Mountain stands beside it. There are forty-two hundred acres of water and a fleet of wooded islands. There are brook trout, lake trout. Allagash Lake has never been stocked. In its elevation, and among its circumvallate hills, it is the high coronet of the wilderness waterway, of the Allagash River system. Floatplanes are strictly forbidden to set down on Allagash Lake, but there is an official exception. I had mentioned in a letter the plans for that trip, and had described as well my dark-chocolate canoe. The airplane gave up its altitude, flared, and sent spray off the lake. It taxied toward the canoe. Then the propeller stopped, and the airplane drifted. We moved alongside and took hold of a pontoon. I was ninety-nine per cent certain that I knew who was inside. Even so, there was room for surprise. The door opened. The pilot stepped down and stood on the pontoon. About forty, weathered and slim, he looked like a North-West Mounted Policeman. His uniform jacket was bright red, trimmed with black flaps over the breast pockets, black epaulets. A badge above one pocket said "STATE OF MAINE WARDEN PILOT." Above the other pocket was a brass plate incised in block letters with his name: JOHN MCPHEE. I almost fell into the lake.

He was an appealing, friendly man, and he did not ask for my fishing license. We talked for at least an hour there, canoe and airplane about a mile offshore, on the calm surface of early evening. He had a quick smile, a pilot's alert, responsive eyes. He looked a lot like my cousin John and not a little like John's father, John. We talked of the backcountry—the Allagash and St. John lake-and-river country—and the creatures that live in its woods and waters. From anecdote to anecdote, unself-consciously he poured forth his knowledge—of natural disasters and human intrusions, of isolated phenomena and recurrent events, of who was doing what to whom. I re-



"Well, little Susan is not so little now. She's married, and she's in a field that's rife with jargon."

member a wistful feeling—it has not diminished—imagining the life that had produced that knowledge. We asked if he would stay for dinner. He said he was always ready to eat. We pushed away from the pontoon and headed toward the stand of white pines below which we had pitched our tents. The warden followed, taxiing dead slow—the canoe leading the airplane, tandem, cutting three wakes across a mile of water. He tied it to one of the pines.



"Do you have anything less stylish?"

SEVERAL seasons later, I went down the Allagash River in October in a party of four. They were days of intermittent snowstorms—fast-moving squalls that would come blowing through, tearing up the water, obscuring the air. Time after time, as one of those storms was departing we would hear a drone from beyond the trees. An airplane would emerge from the receding clouds, a blue-and-white floatplane with a pair of canoe paddles wedged in its pontoon cross braces. After leaning over for a look, he would vanish with a waggle of the wings.

Since then, I have come to know him well, and in various seasons have spent some days with him in the air—with the state's permission, going along on his patrols. Thus, with me sitting behind him, we have been paired—one name, two people—five hundred feet in the air, scanning the country from Moosehead Lake to Estcourt Station, the north extreme of Maine. He calls me John; I call him Jack, as people do more often than not. Flying half the year with floats, the other half with skis, he has spent so much time in the air above the woods that—despite the exercise he gets snowshoeing, skiing, paddling, and splitting wood—he has "turnpike back," from (as he puts it) "sitting all day with my knees in my mouth." His home, which is also his flying base, is in Plaisted, on Eagle Lake, a few miles south of Fort Kent. To fly from the base to the most distant corner of his district takes an hour and fifteen minutes. The entire flight is over forest and never crosses a paved or public road. Looking down, he picks through the trees with his eyes. In concentration, he has learned to ignore the interference of canopies, assembling in his mind glimpses of whatever may lie below. He could spot a tent in a tropical rain forest. To hide from his surveillance seems impossible in Maine. ("You can tell about people by the way they camp. If they go to a lot of trouble to be out of the way, they're Sneaky Petes. They have something to hide.") In his district are seventeen ground wardens, their names reflective of the region where they live: Gary Pelletier, John Caron, Rodney Sirois, Phil Dumond. For them, Jack is another pair of eyes, with long perspective.

"Two Two Five Two. Two Two Six Seven. I'm over the St. John near the Big Black Rapid, eastbound. Is there anything we can do for you while we're here?"

The voices of wardens come up from the woods. A hunter near Seven Islands has lost his bearings, has no idea where he set up his camp. Jack has a look and finds the camp. A party at Nine Mile is missing one hunter. Jack hunts the hunter and finds him walking in a brook.

"We've been in the air five hours," he said one afternoon. "This is when you've really got to buckle down if you want to do this work. After five hours, your eyes might begin to skim the tops of the trees. You've got to look between the trees and see what's on the ground, or you'll miss something. I think that is why I'm sort of addicted to coffee. It helps me in the afternoon."

In winter, as he cants the airplane and studies the sign in snow, he is careful to breathe in the middle of the cabin—or the Plexiglas fogs up, the vapor freezes, and the rime obscures his view. When he lands and goes off on some mission on skis or snowshoes, he first gets out three blankets and drapes them over the engine, as if he were wrapping a horse. He tucks them up snugly, and crosses one blanket over the air intake like a scarf protecting a skater's mouth. In warm weather, he drops into tiny ponds, landing in space that a loon could not get out of, space that would make a duck think twice. Some of these ponds are in the high intervales of small connected mountains and are extremely remote. Jack keeps canoes up there, hidden in the brush. In this place and that, for purposes both professional and private, he has thirteen canoes. "I'm addicted to the backcountry," he remarked one day on the edge of an isolated pond. "I definitely am just an outdoors person." After stashing a canoe, he gave the plane a shove toward the center of the pond, leaped after it, landed on the end of a pontoon, and walked on it like a river driver walking on a log. Swinging into the cockpit, he made a downwind takeoff within a hundred yards. On the ground as well as in the air, he does indeed seem most in his element when he is out in the big woods, where he spends nearly all his working time and a good bit of whatever remains—"out in the williwags," as he refers to the backcountry. A williwag, apparently, is a place so remote that it can be reached only by first going through a boondock.

In certain lakes and ponds—McKeen Lake, Fourth Pelletier Pond—there were large dark patches, roseate bruises in the water. He said they were "boiling" springs. Trout hung around them in crowds. And the springs were not discernible except from the air. Deer in the woods looked like Dobermans, and he would be counting ten, eleven, twelve before I could separate even one from its background. Cow moose, up to their knees in water, stood motionless, like equestrian statues with missing riders. Bears were everywhere—bears in the understory, bears on the gravel bars of the St. John River, bears on the timber companies' tote roads, bears on the lawns of Jack's neighbors near the base. Flying into the sun above one shallow lake, we followed a plume of mud that something had stirred up in the water. In the caroming glare, we could not see anything at the head of the plume. "Watch," he said through the intercom. "Watch as the light flips over." We passed the plumehead and glanced back. A bull moose was walking through the water, trailing mud. There were blue herons in white pines, male mergansers in the Currier Ponds, a beaver busy in a pond of his own. "There's a beaver working. He's going to splash." With a mighty slap on the water, the beaver disappeared. Jack knew the pH of the Hudson Ponds, and the geology that had caused the high number. The geology was very evident, sticking up in the air. "That's a nice little chunk of rock," he said, swinging past it on a day when the woods were brushed with mist.

"We call these scuddy conditions," he went on. "Like that over there where the cloud is on the ridge. Flying it is called scud running—right on the deck. When some people talk about scud running, they mean thousand-foot ceilings. When I talk about it, I mean fifty-foot ceilings. That's what we often have here." All over the undulating forest, clouds lay on the ridges, and we flew in the valleys of rivers, streams, and brooks. A cold rain was falling. The outside air temperature was forty-two degrees. "This is a condition for carburetor icing," he commented. "Sometimes the old carburetor looks just like you were hand-cranking ice cream."

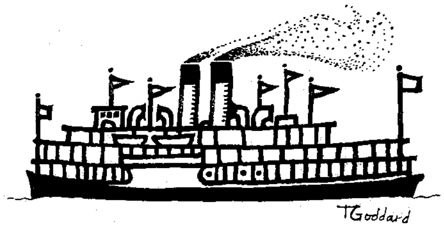
On the radio we heard Jimmy Dumond, a ground warden, calling the state-police barracks in Houlton. Off in the woods by one of the logging roads he had found a small car with the license plate Y WORK. He asked the police to tell him whose it was—names and addresses being useful clues to what may be happening in the woods. The car belonged to Fred Callahan, of Auburn, Maine, and his apparent purpose was unspecific recreation. Dumond, somewhere near the outlet of First Musquacook Lake, then called Two Two Five Two, asking for reconnaissance of a nearby ridge.

"I'll have a look if I can stay under the scud," Jack replied, and we went up the ridge with the pontoons close to the trees. Over the intercom he said to me, "In these same conditions, if the temperature drops, the visibility is considerably less."

"Why is that?"

"Because the air is full of snowflakes."

He remarked that in scuddy conditions he always feels comfortable if he can see ahead, because he knows ev-



LEAP OF FAITH

No less fabulous than the carved marble inner
Ear of a lost Michelangelo & more
Blinding than the multiple courts & interior facets
Of a black diamond held up in broken moonlight

This final geography acknowledges its trunks of
Ebony & its boughs of summer rain

Though there at the gate where Dante burned his
Initials into the face of the oak shield
I hesitated before following the switchback trail up
To the precipice overlooking the canyon the abyss
So relished by philosophy & when I saw you
On the opposite cliff in your long cape & gold
Shoes with frayed thin ribbons snaking up your ankles

Like anyone approaching from the foot of a bridge
I simply stepped toward you & below the bones
Of the fallen shone in the lightning & the prayers

& certainly it was there in that country
Braced between twin brackets of stone I saw only one
Belief remains for a man whose life is spared by

A faith more insupportable than air

—David St. John

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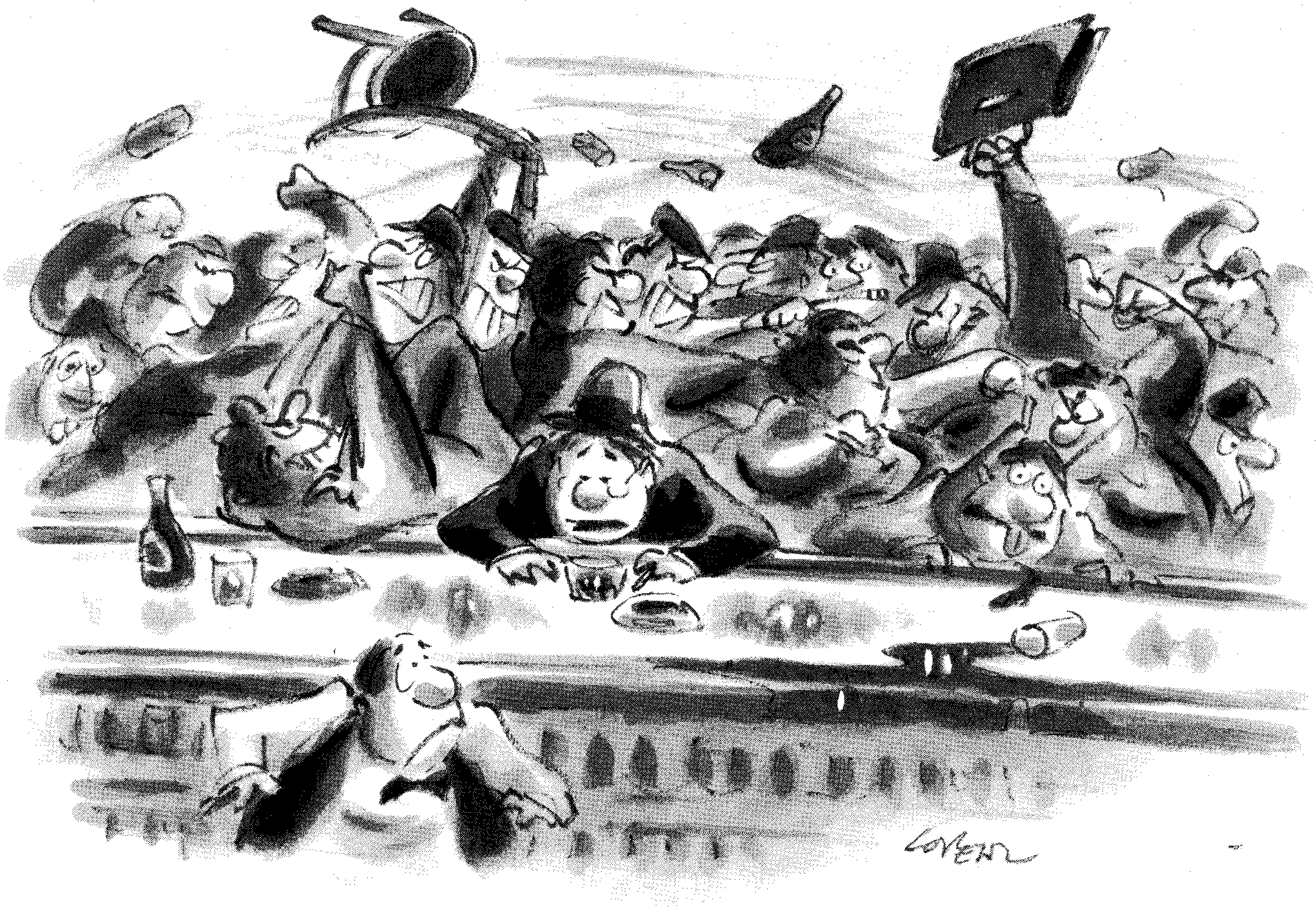


"What ever became of the comity once deemed essential to civilized discourse?"

• •

ery valley and where it will lead—he knows "the way the land lays," he even knows "most of the trees"—but in snow he cannot see ahead. He said it was important to know the country three ways. To the unaccustomed eye, severe clarity could be just as misleading as low scud; and then, of course, there were certain emergencies requiring that he fly at night. At night, he said, he flies "like the old-timers, on instruments"—the instruments being his compass, his wristwatch, and the altimeter. Sometimes he flies that way in daytime. "I do it quite often," he said. "It's not recommended policy, but sometimes it's the best way to get around. It's actually safer than being right down on the trees and catching a wing on a dead branch you don't see—which is the sort of thing that has happened to an awful lot of bush pilots."

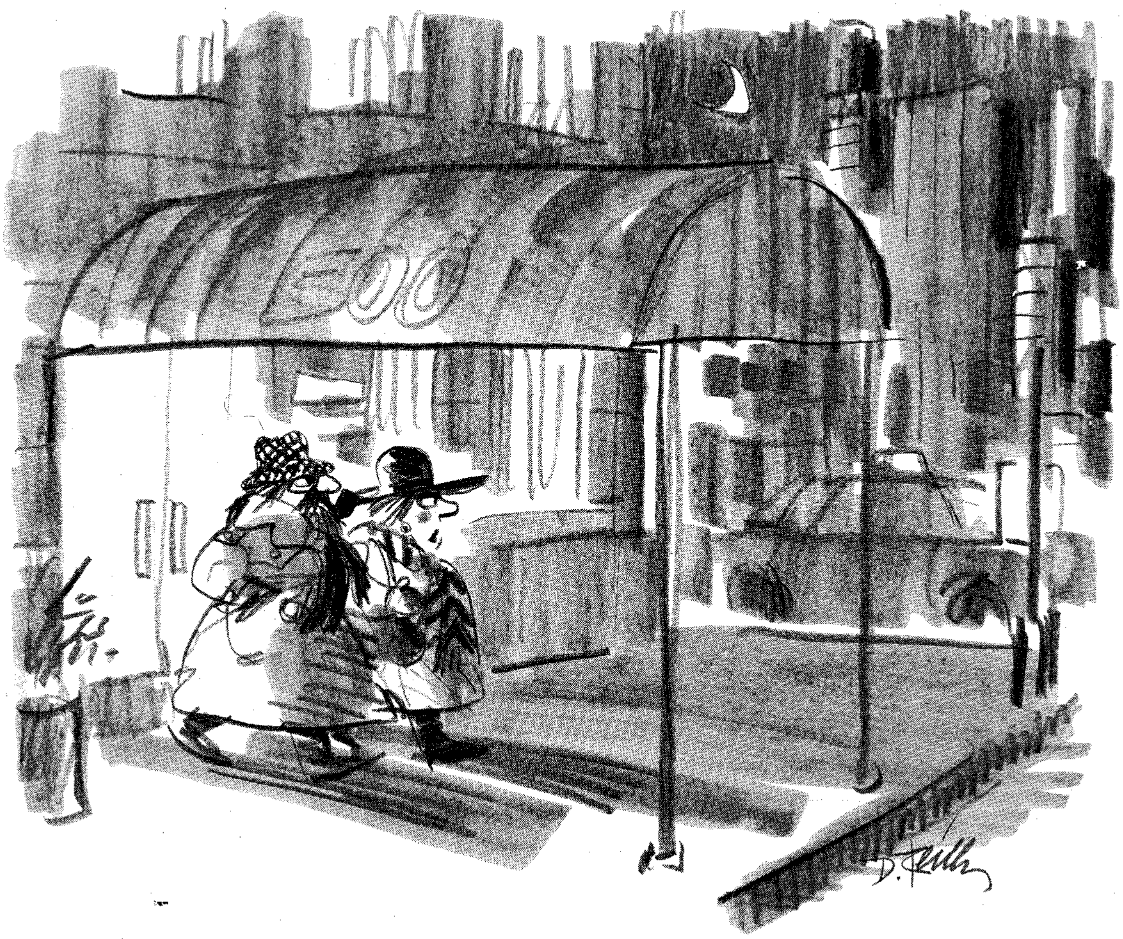
He also said that he had no desire whatever to tickle the dragon's tail—his expression for flying in extremely marginal conditions. He never wants to tickle the dragon unless he feels he has to. On a day of heavy gusts, when he could lose control of the plane on takeoff or landing, he does not fly unless something happens that makes a flight compelling ("unless there's an emergency, or I'm out here when the gusts come up").

One afternoon, I noticed that both fuel gauges, which were above his head and somewhat behind him on either side of the cabin, were registering empty. Trying my best to sound unconcerned, I said slowly, "How's the fuel supply? Have you got a lot of fuel?"

He did not need eyes in the back of his head to see me noticing the gauges or to read the anxiety in my face. He said he would never trust either one of those gauges—especially if they said the tanks were full. On the back of his hand he had written in ink the number 15.2—the last digits on the tachometer's engine-hour meter when we took off from the base. The meter now said 18.4. He had put 5.5 hours of fuel in the airplane before we left, and we had used 3.2. Also on his hand were three small hash marks, one for each elapsed hour. He was drawing on the wing tanks an hour at a time.

SPRING, summer, deep into the fall—if the Allagash is not frozen, there are canoes on the river. People were standing in them, poling. They sometimes missed the wildlife we could see from above. We saw moose in a slough close by the river, where eight canoes were passing, screened from the moose by a narrow hummock and a fringe of trees. "More people use the Allagash each year than in the year before," Jack remarked through the intercom. "What's here is some of the last of what can be found on the East Coast. People are really flockin' to it, despite the fact that some of us who live here might say that it ain't what it used to be."

The North Maine Woods have been advertised as "the Last Eastern Frontier," and, indeed, almost nowhere in the United States below Alaska is there such a large forest with virtually no structures except a few



"You have rebuttals but no friends."

• •

cabins and some logging camps—this lacustrine, riverine world, independent of paved roads. A couple of centuries ago, when Maine belonged to Massachusetts, surveyors began making a checkerboard of the map of Maine, dividing uninhabited land into square "townships," normally six miles on a side. The townships were numbered, and (in various tracts at different latitudes) renumbered—always from south to north. A column of townships was called a range. Township 1, Range 12. Township 2, Range 12. Township 3, Range 12. Through time, as populations grew, townships incorporated and took on names. Maine is half of New England, and to this day nearly half of Maine consists of nameless unorganized townships, so extensive are the north woods. Township 14, Range 12. Township 15, Range 12. People who work in the woods think in numbered townships. When one warden asks another what "town" something is happening in, he is referring almost always to twenty-three thousand acres of unpopulated forest. Township 16, Range 12. Township 17, Range 12. The ranges reach aggressively far into Canada—as far north, for example, as latitudes of Newfoundland. Township 18, Range 12. Township 19, Range 12. Big Twenty Township is the top of Maine.

The remarkable preservation of so much land does not owe itself to the environmental movement. The lakes that Henry David Thoreau paddled through in 1853 and 1857 look today much the same as they did when he was there. Among the rare human artifacts are small dams that were built before Thoreau's time to raise the levels of lakes, the better to float logs to sawmills downcountry. The surrounding forests are owned, as they were in the eighteen-fifties, by companies that harvest trees. As ever, the people who own the trees are saving the forest; the people who own the forest are cutting down the trees.

Until fifty or sixty years ago, horses twitched logs from their stumps to the waterways, and red-shirted river drivers moved them southeastward through the otherwise detentive forests. In modern times, logs are assembled by diesel-powered machines, and river drivers have been replaced by truck drivers. Logging roads began penetrating the woods many years ago, and the principal ones, like the American Realty Tote Road, have checkpoints where public users pay a modest fee. A new feature of the Maine woods, however, is that the tote roads have much increased in number and extent. Areas remote and previously inaccessible are now in the network. Moreover, the new roads have been built with enough sophistication to enable even a low-slung Presidential limousine to glide over gravel to the corners of the woods. Demand is high for pulpwood and lumber. There have been technical advances in tree-harvesting equipment. There is urgency in salvaging trees that have been attacked in recent years by spruce budworm. As such factors have coalesced, there has been an acceleration of the rate of timber cutting. The result is a variety of perspectives. They depend on who you are and where you sit. If you rest against the thwarts of a canoe, the woods are much the same as ever. If you climb Allagash Mountain, you look across a broadloom of hundreds of square miles of trees—and if you have come from the megalopolis you cannot help being impressed. If you sit in a Super Cub, however, and crisscross the forest, you may suffer recurrent attacks of myocardial ambivalence. As you look to the horizons, the vastness of the evergreen forest—the great volume of unpopulated space—has lost none of its effect. Small wonder that canoes appear in navies, and tents come up like mushrooms in spring. To look down, though, at the patchwork landscape is to see and to sense something else. While the warden pilot has the most comprehensive view of his beloved backcountry, it is also in some respects the least encouraging. In many places, from the air, the terrain now looks like an old and badly tanned pelt. The hair is coming out in tufts. The new logging roads reach to amoeboid apertures in the

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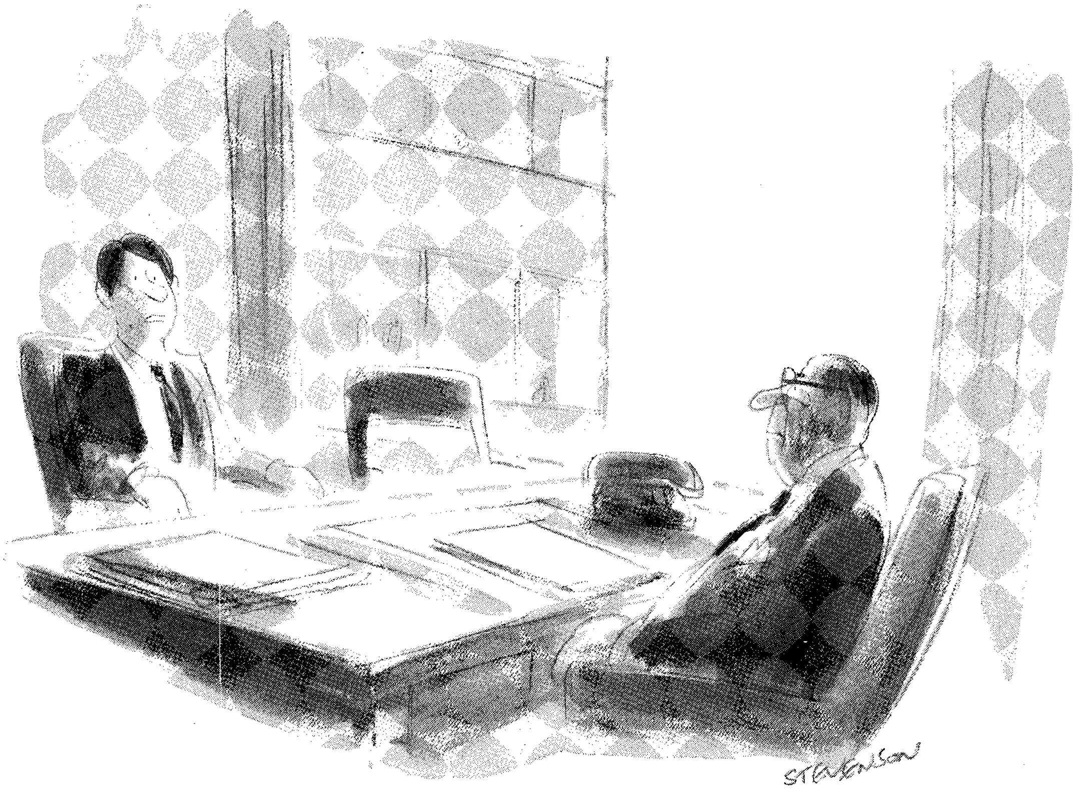
WE'RE AIMING EVEN HIGHER



"Would a requisite for the job be to take pride in the product, sir?"

• •

woods, big clear-cuts on their way to becoming as numerous as the obsolescent lakes. Jack said on the intercom one day, with studied equanimity, "It's not a woods so much as a crop that is also used for recreation. Where the companies cut selectively, they cut a lot. They go for the big spruce and fir." The results lay below us—swaths of largely denuded ground, with the spruce and fir gone, cedars and birches standing. "The companies don't want the cedar and the birch," he went on. "We're not at a point in this country where we efficiently harvest the timber." Birches, left on their own, were fragile, and in many places had been blown down by windstorms. They looked like stubbed cigarettes after a teen-age party. There is some tension between the timber companies and the Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife, employer of game wardens and wildlife biologists. The state is empowered to protect its animals, and words can become brittle when, for instance, deer have yarded up under ripe timber. "That's a new road down there, by the Little Black River," he said. "They'll come in here and cut heavily. The last time these woods were cut, the logs were twitched out by horse. With the equipment they have now, they'll take it out in a hurry. These people have to make a dollar, though. You've got to be reasonable, be willing to compromise. The land *does* belong to them." The American Realty Tote Road makes its way across the woods from one side to the other, and Jack, like everyone else in the region, calls it the Reality Road.

LIKE the long cry of the loon, the presence of moose authenticates the northern forest. Early in this century, their number was in steady decline, and by 1936 so few were left in Maine that moose hunting was declared illegal. The state animal was leaving the state. Recently, though, as clear-cut acreages have increased in the wild woods, the number of moose has increased, too. Moose seem to prosper where people knock down trees. "Moose and deer do not do well in a mature forest," Jack said one autumn day as the Super Cub crossed an area where moose and deer would do well. Generally, after a cutting, seedlings have not been planted. Natural succession functions on its own, and among the first plants to spring up are red and striped maples, and birch and raspberries. Not even Ralston Purina could come up with anything more acceptable to moose and deer. "The amount of cutting has made more food, and thus more deer and moose," he continued. "Deer, in fact, are sometimes so impatient that they go to active cuts. The loggers like to say that while a chain saw is working on one end of a tree deer are browsing on the other."

I will believe anything about deer. Deer, in my opinion, are rats with antlers, roaches with split hooves, denizens of the dark primeval suburbs. Deer intensely suggest New Jersey. One of the densest concentrations of wild deer in the United States inhabits the part of New Jersey that, as it happens, I inhabit, too. Deer like people. They like to be near people. They like beanfields, head lettuce, and anybody's apples. They like hibiscus, begonias, impatiens, azaleas, rhododendrons, boxwood, and wandering Jews. I once saw a buck with a big eight-point rocking-chair rack looking magnificent as he stood between two tractor-trailers in the Frito-Lay parking lot in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Deer use the sidewalks in the heart of Princeton.

I was not prepared to receive, however, the message that was coming through to me on the Super Cub's intercom; to wit, that moose also thrive on the presence of man, that the moose of Maine have returned in great numbers in direct proportion to the felling of the forest, that the mighty symbol of the Great North Woods apparently salivates at the sound of a chain saw. Jack repeated, as we looked down into a timbered cut, "Moose eat striped maple; they eat red-maple sprouts off stumps; they eat the beech saplings, the young birch—the broadleaf hardwoods that spring up after the cutting. The bigger the cut—the more open the cut—the more it favors moose over deer."

Moose are better off where deer are scarce. Deer carry a brain worm that is almost harmless to them but fatal to moose (just as spruce budworm, ironically, is fatal to balsam fir but not to black spruce). Moose pick up the worm by inadvertently eating snails that have eaten deer feces. The worms go to the brain and destroy the moose.

"Moose have long legs," Jack went on. "They get around easier in deep snow. They can reach the canopies of the saplings. They are hardier, generally, than deer. Often, they can get to the food and the deer can't." The inference seems inescapable that when chain saws open up a landscape for high saplings and deep snow they are working for the Sierra Club. They are contributing to the survival of a vaguely endangered species.

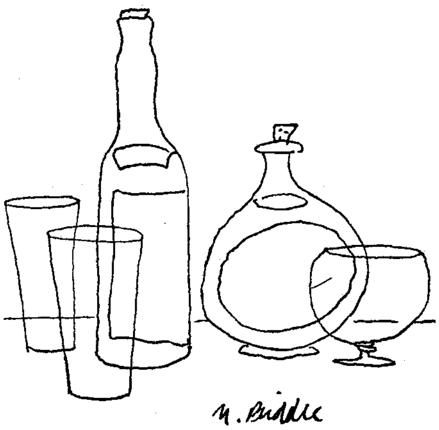
"Beaver eat the same stuff," he said. "They eat the vegetation that appears when the forest has been cut. So beavers have been thriving, too; and they dam brooks, and that produces ponds, and the ponds produce aquatic plants—reeds, cow lilies, bullhead lilies—and moose love aquatic plants." The consensus guess is that Maine in 1936 was down to two thousand moose. Now, about fifty years later, biologists are guessing anywhere from twenty thousand to sixty thousand moose. Suddenly—or so it seems—it is about as difficult to find a moose in Maine as it would be to find a dairy cow in Wisconsin. "Look at that baby!" Jack said, hanging the airplane up on its side for a good look at a dark enormous bull—thirteen hundred pounds at least, and with a five-foot rack—in slow, stately motion on a tote road. Township 13, Range 11. A few miles up the road, a yellow Jeep Wagoneer was slowly cruising. In Maine for six days in early fall, moose are hunted by a thousand permittees, who have won the opportunity by lottery. Since 1980, when moose hunting resumed, three thousand and seventy-six moose have been killed, tagged, and taken out of the woods to official weighing stations. Thus, a cycle that was set in motion by the chain saw is controlled by the rifle.

In last year's lottery, fifty-five thousand hunters paid three hundred and twelve thousand dollars merely to throw their names in the hat. An alien or an out-of-stater—in Maine the terms are synonymous—had to put up twice as much as a citizen of Maine. Aliens and out-of-staters received a tenth of the permits. Permits and licenses cost sixty thousand dollars more. All other hunting was suspended for the six days, so that no one entering the woods without a moose-hunting permit could legitimately claim to have mistaken a moose for a bear, a grouse, or a porcupine.

The woods below us were full of Jeep Wagoneers, Ford pickups, Mazdas, Toyotas, and Hondas. Y WORK. A great many of them cruised the tote roads. To be sure, there were hunters walking the woods, doing it the old-fashioned way, but my impression was that of the thousand permittees nine hundred and seventy-five were trolling on the roads. The law forbids hunting from a motor vehicle. It forbids hunters to carry loaded rifles in a vehicle. But the law can hardly forbid hunters to ride from one place to another—or to get there faster than at ten miles an hour. The expanded network of tote roads has made rolling reconnaissance all the more comprehensive for a new generation of Orions. No longer do they need the Maine Hunting Shoe, invented in Freeport by Leon Leonwood Bean. A calfskin wing tip will do.

When the hunters see a moose, they are legal if they get out of their cars before they shoot. Over Township 12, Range 9, we saw a hunter standing in the back of a pickup, leaning on the cab roof, with his rifle in his hands. The vehicle, advancing, looked like a unit of the Fifth Army entering the streets of Salerno. Over Township 12, Range 13, we saw a man with a rifle in his hands leaning out a window of a van. In Township 14, Range 10, two vehicles were cruising together. "It's obvious as hell what they're doing," Jack said as he observed from above; but there was not much he could do. He could describe the vehicles to ground wardens, which he did. But each ground warden was covering about four hundred square miles. Moreover, the hunters in the vehicles were legal unless bullets were found in their guns.

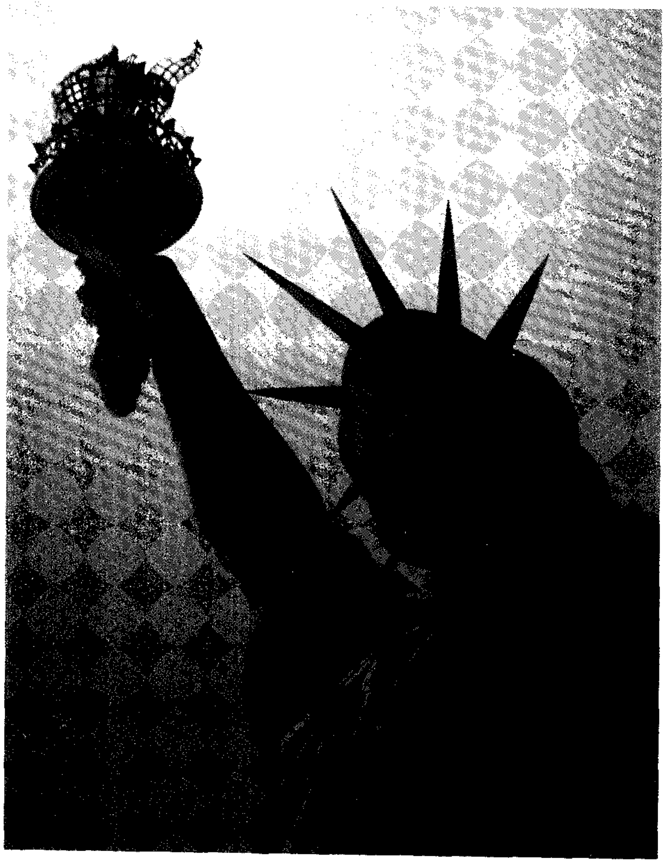
Jack had a great many more things to spot than rifle barrels bristling from Toyota wagons and Oldsmobile sedans. The brooks-and-streams trout season had long since ended, but now that wardens could be presumed to be preoccupied with moose, trout fishermen were fanning out into the woods. A moose permit, of course, was only a permit, and not a guarantee. Among the frustrated hunters would be some who were tempted to steal another hunter's moose. Flying down the long straight southwest-trending United States–Canadian border—over Township 19, Range 12—we came to the Little Black River. It comes into Maine out of Quebec, and the boundary there is unmistakable, because trees have been cut and all other vegetation has been mowed in a swath that separates the nations. Close by the Little Black River in Canada was a moose stand sixty feet high—as Jack described it on the intercom, "a Hilton up on stilts." He said it could sleep twelve. Canadian hunters who know the art of calling moose call moose out of the United States and bag them in Canada as they walk below the stand. Sometimes the calling fails to attract the animals, in which case the Canadian riflemen have not historically been shy about invading the United States. "You can put down ninety-eight per cent of that sort of thing by making a flight a day with this airplane," Jack said, adding that his border flights sometimes turned up more than poachers. Certain Canadians enter the United States to grow marijuana in old beaver ponds where the sun is good and the silt is rich. They carry the leaves home and cure them in microwave ovens.



Poaching, of course, has no season. Poachers are wont to choose, say, a stormy night at Christmastime or, if they are Canadians, the eve of an American holiday. Poachers tend to run in families, as do game wardens like the Pelletiers and the Dumonds; and in successive generations for more than a century the warden families and the poaching families have gone into the woods on the two sides of the law. They are friends. Some may be Americans, some Canadians, but all are people of the Valley—the St. John Valley—whose habitants have more in common with one another than they do with the people elsewhere in their own countries. Nonetheless, they hunt, and are hunted, in their perennial and various ways.

(In the Valley, the first language of many people born and raised in American towns—St. Francis, Fort Kent, Madawaska, Ouellette—is French. But the Valley's language is essentially its own. The name Pelletier is sometimes pronounced "Pelsey" and at other times "Pelkey." Sirois is pronounced "Searaway." The late Henry Taylor, celebrated hermit of the lower Allagash, was born Henri Couturier,

INSIDE & OUT



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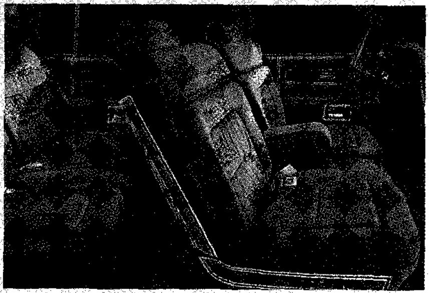

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but he translated himself many years ago.)

A large percentage of the timber cut in northern Maine goes to Canada to be sawed. Canadian loggers working in Maine and Canadian truck drivers who haul the logs have at times coöperated in the simultaneous removal of moose. The meat is packed in fifty-five-gallon drums. The drums go onto the beds of trucks and are covered with fifty tons of logs. If a game warden suspects that a barrel of moose meat is under such a load, the warden has to take the logs off and put them back as well.

There is a practice known as hunting moose with a motor vehicle, which is a far more serious crime than hunting moose from a motor vehicle. The hunter—invariably a poacher—is behind the wheel, and he kills the moose by running it down. Technique is required, or the vehicle can be totalled, not to mention the driver. People who hunt this way have referred to their methodology as an art. The fine is five hundred dollars. The driver spends three days in jail. A second offense costs a thousand dollars and ten days in jail.

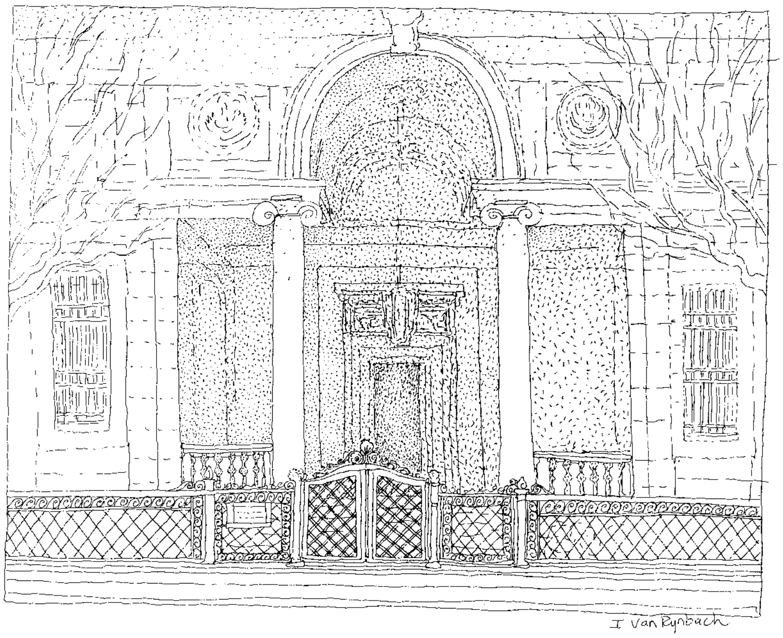
ONE evening, on the ground, we went into a small pond near the Allagash River and tried to call a moose. For all his deep and varied woodcraft, Jack is a novice at calling moose. We had even gone together for a lesson—into a township of Range 6 where moose were said to be as concentrated as anywhere in Maine. The person who said so was Perley Eastman, who has spent many hours in the air with Jack making population studies of wildlife. He is employed as a "wildlife technician," but he can be more accurately described as a trapper, a woodsman, an indigene of the unincorporated townships. Thirty years ago, when logs were still being driven down the Aroostook River in spring, Perley worked the drive. A man of considerable strength and endurance, he is now well along in middle age, and he has a list of medical problems ranging from hiatus hernia to hypertension and a pulse of a hundred and thirteen. Nonetheless, he participates in an annual long-distance canoe race on the river and to this date has never lost. He has his dreams. He senses that the country he prefers in Maine multiplied by a hundred is Alaska, and he has obtained an enormous photograph—eight feet high and thirteen feet long—of the Tanana terrain somewhere east of Fairbanks. The picture completely covers one of his bedroom walls. The day he put it up, he piled campfire ashes on the floor and slept that night in a down bag beside the ashes and the picture. Outside his bedroom window, the view is sweeping—across a meadow framed by the evergreen woods. The black things in motion in the meadow are bears.

With a rolled megaphone of birch bark, Perley calls moose. The call is a bovino-ungulate psychosexual grunt. Moose have pursued Perley and tried to get into his car. The call is scrapingly nasal, and is presented in metric components: two long, two short—which in Morse code is the number seven, as any moose can tell you. On the night of our lesson, Perley had moose in cavalries circling the periphery of a bog. The rutting season was still some days away, and they lacked the lust to come get him.

And now, at sunset on the pond in the Allagash woods, moose were being called by two people who themselves were accustomed to answering to identical sounds. The horizon was orange and was broken by black jagged spruce. We stood side by side. His grunts and my grunts seemed to me to be indistinguishable and therefore equally inept. Not one moose responded. It seemed to me, as we called and called again, that a bagpiper was more likely to answer.

Hunting for moose, or for anything else, is forbidden on Sundays in Maine—a law that is frequently ignored. To deal with such violations, wardens have procedures that are known in their vernacular as "working Sunday hunters." Working Sunday hunters is how the Federal Bureau of Investigation might describe its approach to the United States Senate and the House of Representatives. The warden pilot spots a hunters' camp, picks up a ground warden, and drops him off about a mile from the camp. The ground warden advances through the forest with a sixty-power spotting scope and sets it up where he can observe the hunters. The warden pilot, who has returned to the air, now lands at the campsite, checks licenses, talks weather, drinks coffee, and flies away to look for other hunters while the ground warden, through the spotting scope, watches what happens next. The hunters go into their tents. They come out loading their guns. They head into the woods. The ground warden follows and makes arrests.

The symbiosis is complex between hunter and warden. Even with the tote roads, and the topographically guiding presence of lakes and streams, the Maine woods are so vast, the trackless areas so broad and numerous, that various people—hikers, campers, fishermen, and particularly hunters—frequently become lost. Even timber cruisers employed by the proprietary land companies sometimes get lost. An International Paper Company cruiser failed to return on the night of November 11, 1976. A skeleton discovered a few years later was thought to be his. In the autumn hunting seasons, Jack seeks and finds a lost hunter almost every day. Search-and-rescue is the most rewarding—and often, of course, the grimmest—aspect of his work. He seeks the corpses of people who drown in lakes and rivers—more than thirty in the past year. He has learned how to read a body under rapids. He is so accustomed to lost hunters—so used to their



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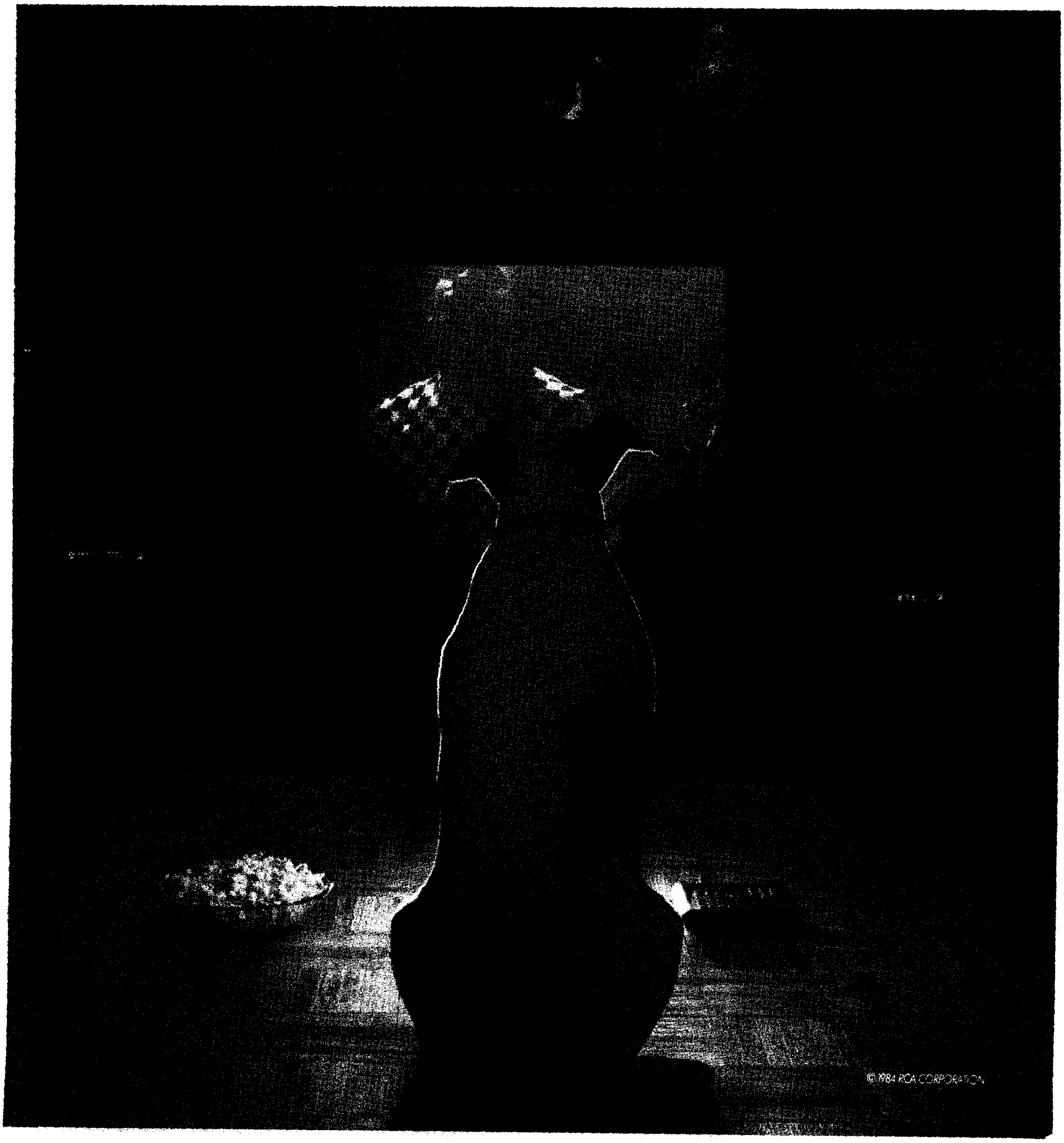

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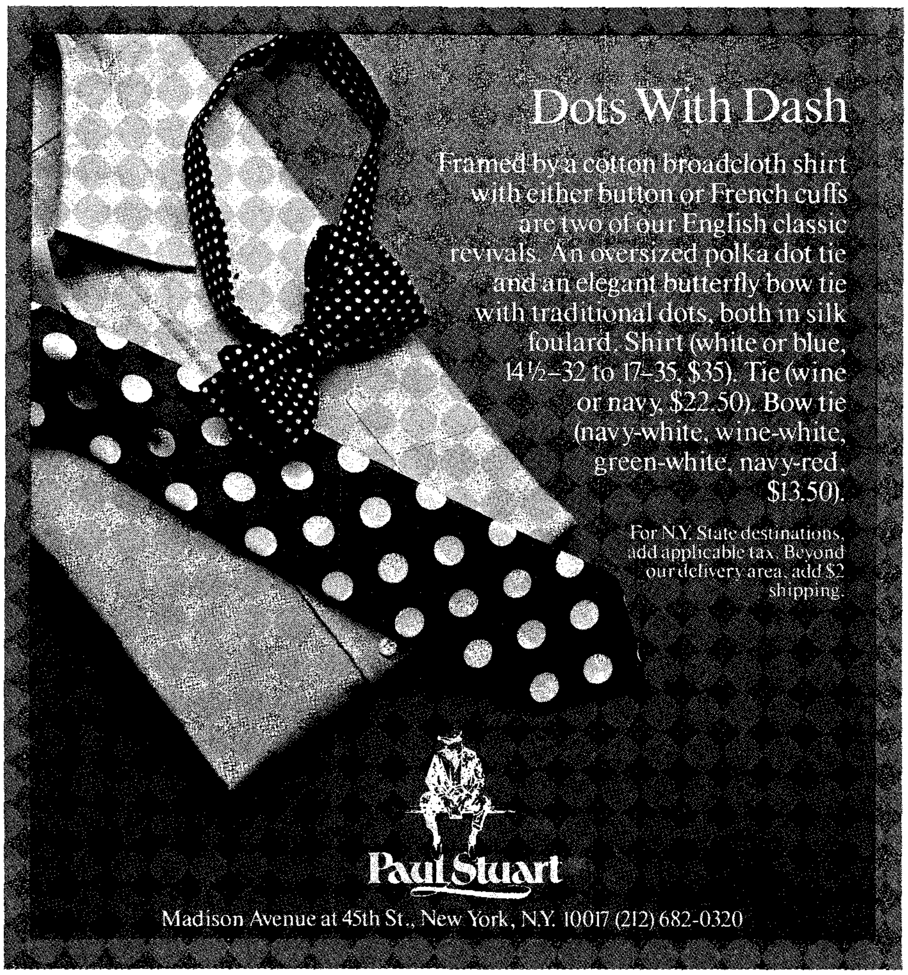
patterns of gradual disorientation—that he sometimes knows just where to go to find them. For example, there is some very good moose, beaver, trout, deer, and lost-hunter country in Township 16, Range 6. He often gets calls informing him that a Ten-Sixty—a lost hunter—is somewhere in that terrain. "It's a tangle down there," he said one day, flying over it. "There are so many beaver flowages, and no landmarks. Hunters get lost, and they head the wrong way. They almost always end up in the same place, though. The configuration of the woods gradually funnels them into it." He has found more than a dozen hunters there. "One purpose of the airplane is hard-core search-and-rescue," he went on. "If you save one life a year, it's worth it. If someone is lost, optimism rises when the airplane comes. We are ninety-nine per cent successful. If a lost person is out more than three nights, the success ratio goes down markedly."

On November 16th last year, a deer hunter named Newton Sterling went into the woods in Township 15, Range 13, a little west of the St. John, between Seminary Brook and the Big Black River. Something like four inches of snow was on the ground. The walking was easy. Sterling, his brother, and two younger relatives had seen what appeared to be a trophy buck, and they were following a plan to take him. Their intent was to make this first early-morning foray a brief one. So Newt Sterling had contented himself with a cup of coffee, postponing the rest of his breakfast. He had also left behind his backpack, thermos, candy bars, and survival blanket. He established himself on a ridge, alone, and awaited the appearance of the biggest stag in Maine. Snow came instead, and, soon, a whiteout, with a squirrelly wind blowing thick wet flakes. He heard two rifle shots, signalling him to return to his brother's pickup. He lingered—hoping for a blind-chance encounter with the buck—while the fast-falling snow filled and eliminated his tracks. A compass was pinned to his lapel. He rubbed it, and squinted at it. He had left his reading glasses behind as well. The direction he had come from was east. He misread the compass and walked for two hours west.

By now, the snow was a foot deep, and the walking required effort. He was not yet uncomfortable. He was wearing three pairs of light wool socks, waterproof leather boots, insu-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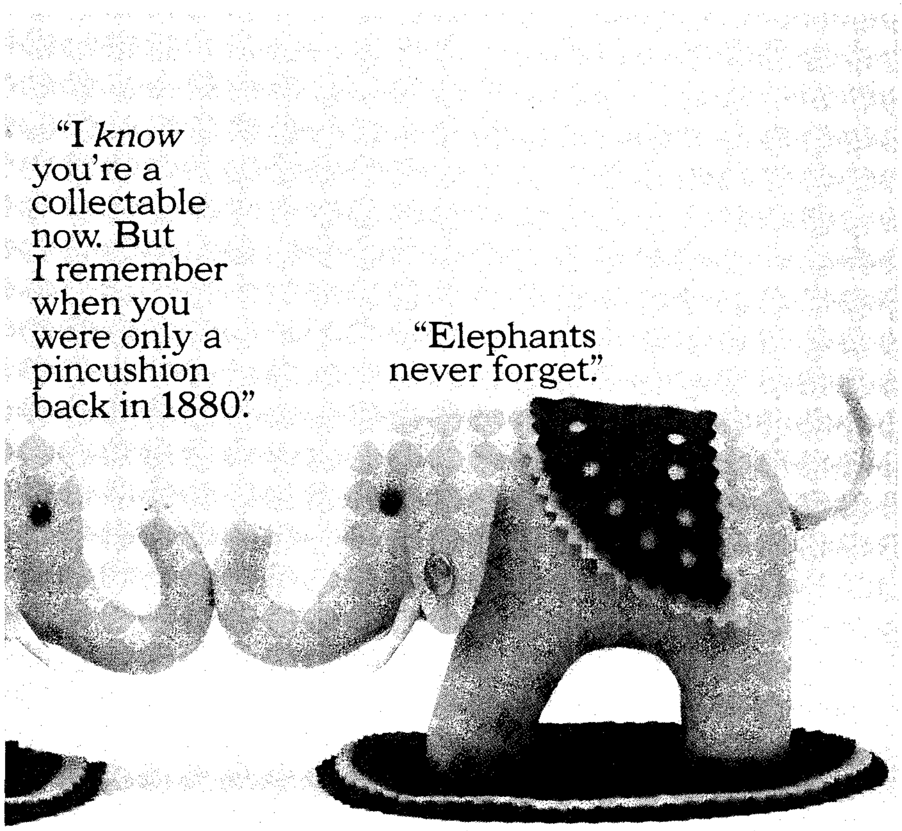
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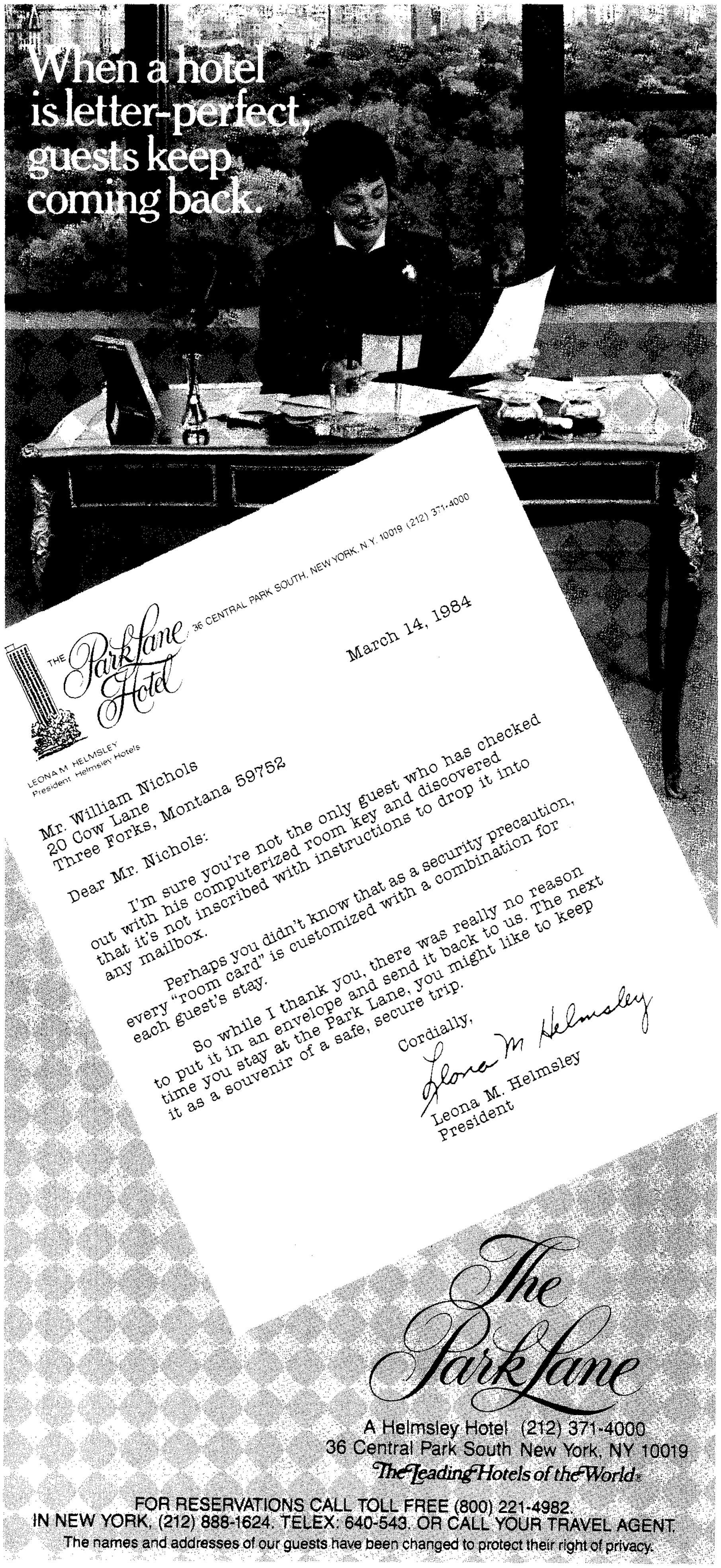
lated underwear, wool trousers, canvas hunting trousers, two wool shirts, a down jacket, an orange cotton hunting jacket, an orange wool hat, and fingered wool gloves. At last sensing a problem, he removed the compass from his lapel, rubbed it clear, and studied it closely. He set his rifle aside, where its metal could not affect the magnetism. When he saw his apparent error, he laboriously dug into an inner trouser pocket and came up with another compass. Its needle was stuck, and it was useless.

Returning the first compass to his lapel, he hung his rifle on his shoulder and began to retrace his way east. Some minutes later, he glanced down to check the compass and saw that it was gone. Evidently, he had failed to close its hasp, and the sling of the rifle had knocked it away. He turned to retrace his steps but realized with a glance that in all the accumulating snow he would never find the compass. He turned again, and tried to backtrack by following his westbound footprints, but soon they were faint and then invisible.

He kept going, reasoning that if he walked long enough he would come out somewhere. Sleet alternated with the snow. After going downhill for a time, he got into muskeg, soaking his legs and feet. The swampy ground frightened him, made him wonder if he could ever get away from it, because his clothing gradually became completely soaked, branches hit his face, and deadfalls blockaded him. One step would put him on solid earth, the next in thigh-deep water. After what he judged to be two hours in the muskeg, he saw in the snow a set of human footprints. He felt a rush of relief. People were looking for him. Help must be near. His steps quickened as he followed the footprints—for five minutes before he realized they were his own.

Sterling was making his fourth trip to the North Maine Woods. He was a mason-carpenter, fifty-eight years old, a small independent general contractor from Port Republic, New Jersey, in the eastern Pine Barrens. Now he followed an imaginary line intersected by two trees. He sloshed and struggled some distance, and then lined up the first pair with another tree. In this manner, he established and maintained a straight course of travel. He lengthened it a tree at a time—hurrying, and thus weakening himself, because dusk was coming down and he was still in the muskeg. Eventually, he beat



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the night, escaping to high ground.

He tore bark from a paper birch. He found a hollow tree, and with his folding knife cut out hunks of punky cortex. His matches—book matches—resembled a book of cold pasta, but he was carrying a small butane lighter that he had bought on impulse in a general store on his way into Maine. If he could get a fire going, he would owe his life to—among other things—the fact that he smoked cigarettes. His brand was Salem Lights. A pack of them was mush in his pocket. The wet bark fizzled and would not ignite.

To report him lost, his nephew had driven nearly fifty miles by tote road, and darkness had come before a searching flight could be made. Phil Dumond, the border warden from Estcourt Station, told the rest of the party to try to get some sleep, but they drove the tote roads through the night, firing their rifles, in hopes of a reply. Newt Sterling heard nothing. In the sleet, the wind, the thick wet snow, he could not have heard a howitzer a mile away. He knew that he was in for the night, and that he had to build a fire. From his wallet, therefore, he removed ten twenty-dollar bills. He crumpled them up, and leaned against them, like kindling wood, his plastic credit cards. He imagined them more flammable than they would prove to be. He added his weatherized Maine hunting license. He added twigs, and dry punk from another hollow tree—and he flicked his butane lighter. The two hundred dollars burned. The cards melted. The hunting license was even less flammable than his MasterCard. The twigs glowed. And everything went dark.

Midnight approached. The snow, intermittently, turned to rain. Oddly, he could see. So he moved on, knowing that if he stayed too long in one place he would chill and die. He did try resting from time to time, but the cold went through him quickly and he got up and moved. He found a pair of ruts—a long-abandoned track from the era when horses twitched logs from the woods. He followed the old road and came to a wide, rampaging brook. Opposite, the road broadened, climbed, looked like an avenue rising through the trees. Clearly, it would lead to safety, but he feared drowning, and waited until morning to ford the stream. All night, he walked back and forth on the old road, his hips in pain from lifting his feet above the deep snow. Suddenly, a bull moose came thrashing out of the woods and rushed by him, followed by two cows. A little closer and they would have killed him. They returned, and passed him several times during the night, breaking trail for him in the snow and improving his ability to walk. He felt no hunger but enormous thirst. When he took off his gloves and drank from a gully, his gloves froze. He thawed them in his armpits. Thereafter, he ate snow from a stick and ate so much he burned his mouth.

HEAVY rain became snow again. The first gray light appeared, and within minutes Jack was in the air. There were clouds on all ridges. In varying densities, fog was everywhere. His first destination was Township 9, Range 10, and, flying alone, he picked his way toward it through gaps in the scud to search for another lost hunter. The man was found by ground wardens while the plane was on its way. So Jack turned and headed for the St. John country north of the Big Black River. He was there by seven-thirty. The lost man was in one of two "towns," somewhere in forty-six thousand acres, and finding him would not have been a particularly difficult assignment on a day of severe clarity, but the choice today was to fly on the treetops or fly in cloud. The snowstorm, with its hindering opacity, stopped rarely. He could see the white ground streaming along below him, and little more. Flakes were largest over the ridges. Elsewhere, he encountered some light rain. Unsuccessfully, he hunted for more than three hours—a hit-or-miss succession of closeup glimpses. Rodney Sirois, the border warden of St. Pamphile, came into the area to assist from the ground, and his first suggestion was that his colleague in the air go home. Speaking into his transceiver, he said, "Jack, if I were you, I'd leave." The conditions, in his opinion, did not even approach the marginal. Sirois himself is a pilot. Jack replied that he felt comfortable enough, because the St. John River was only a few miles to the east. He was much too socked in to see it, of course, but he could feel it there, and was sure that he could get to it, and knew that he could go down it, if necessary, just above the water, and follow it to Fort Kent, and then go up the Fish River to his home—as he had done on many a foul day.

During most of the search, he was so far away from Newton Sterling that Sterling did not hear the plane. After dawn, the hunter had forded the brook, figuring that if he fell it was the end. He was too discouraged by the sight of deadfalls and rapids to attempt to follow the brook to safety. Instead, he climbed the "avenue" he had seen in the night, but it narrowed and grew fainter and curved along a ridge and ended in a clearing. It had been built not as a way out of the woods but only to bring logs to the brook. Horses had once been kept at the clearing, in a cabinlike structure, which was now in a state of collapse, parts of it protruding above the snow. Sterling found some dry tarpaper, some dry grasses, weeds. From the old timbers he cut slivers with his knife. After he had constructed what he hoped would become a fire, he held the flame of his lighter below a piece of tarpaper—and went on holding it until the fuel was fading and his fingers were burned. Tar is petroleum, after all. Slowly, a drop welled up on the old dry paper, rolled off one edge, and blazed in the flame. The paper ignited. The grasses and the weeds ignited. He had a fire.

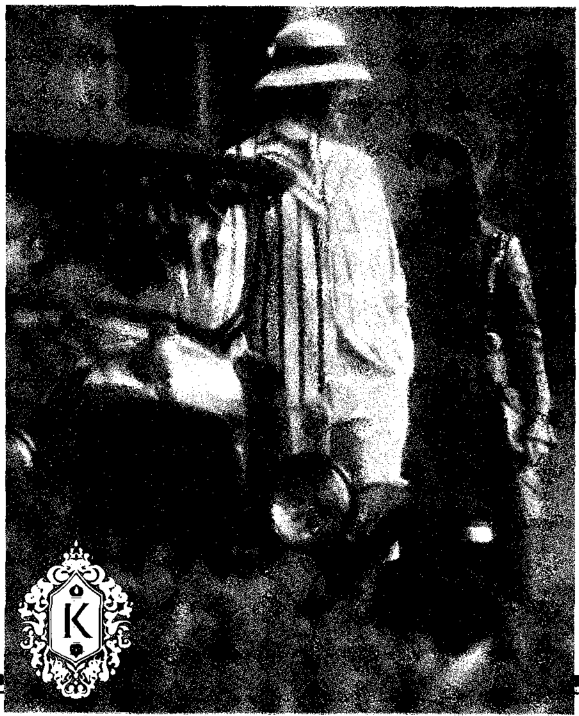
Since cloud was on the deck everywhere but in the little valleys, Jack for the most part stayed in them, trying to see ahead through a layer of condensation that was just above the trees. He flew on a time-distance formula, making many turns on instruments, holding his altitude and watching the rotation of the compass. In one of the valleys he saw what he thought must be the biggest buck he had ever seen in the state of Maine, and, passing the time of day, he told the ground wardens about it—Phil Dumond, Rod Sirois, John Caron. It was all he had to report.

He felt a strong need to set the plane down. Hours had passed since he drank his morning coffee. So he followed a compass heading for Lac de l'Est, the nearest large lake, where, in a manner of speaking, he could take a coffee break. The route took him past a ridge in Township 15, Range 14. Something in the fog on the ridge arrested his eye. He thought he saw "a slight difference in the cloudiness on the trees, a rich oaky look in contrast to the standard gray fog, a subtle difference—something you could look at for a while and decide, 'It's nothing.' " He altered his course for a close look.

"I didn't think anybody would be up flying," Sterling would say months later. "When I heard that airplane, it really surprised me that one was out there. It was just bad flying weather—at any moment, a whiteout. All at once, I saw a plane go just over the treetops." He would not remember what kind of plane it was, its colors or size, or even if it was equipped with floats. What he would never forget, though, were the canoe paddles, the incongruous canoe paddles wedged in the cross braces, a pair of canoe paddles passing over his head. The plane disappeared, turned, and came over him again. The wings dipped, and his eyes filled with tears.

Sirois drove his pickup to the nearest point of road and walked an hour and a half into the woods, sometimes in beaver flowages with water up to his chin. Dressed in State of Maine polyester—a uniform that Jack has described as "sapping heat away from you like a wick"—Sirois lost so much body heat that he thought it possible he would also lose his life. He walked a line traced by the airplane repeatedly passing overhead. Sirois, whose knowledge of woodcraft and wildlife is even more extensive than Jack's—Sirois, who with his wife, Judy, had raised two sons and two coyotes in a warden station so remote it is sixty feet from Quebec—had no idea who Sterling was. He had no idea that a Sterling Drive had been cut into the forest in New Jersey, and that Sterling had built nine imaginative homes there, one with a spiral staircase rising into an octagonal den. He didn't know that after the casinos came Sterling had built houses for Goldsmith of Playboy, Duberson of Harrah's. He didn't know that Sterling drove a diesel Olds with air, or that he also possessed an Indy 600 three-cylinder liquid-cooled snowmobile, which he had driven at speeds up to ninety miles an hour. Sirois, whose own history had become as endangered as Sterling's, didn't know any of that, nor did any of it matter. A man was lost, and another meant to save him.

The weather turned colder, snowier. An even higher percentage of cloud touched the deck. When Sirois had entered the clearing and was a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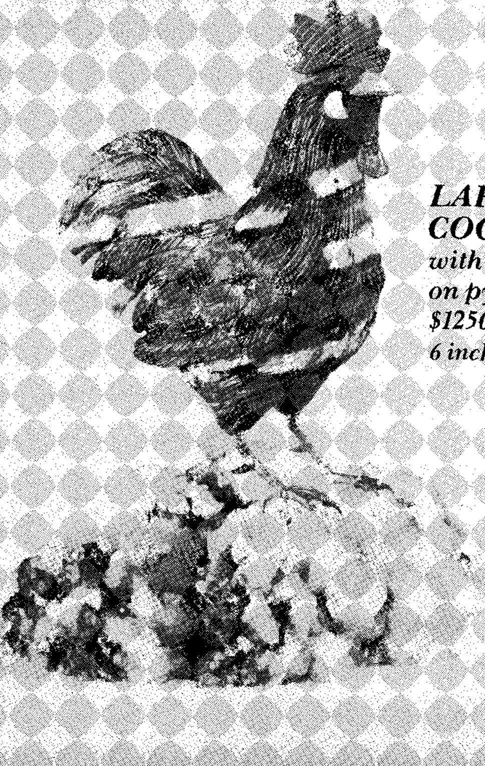
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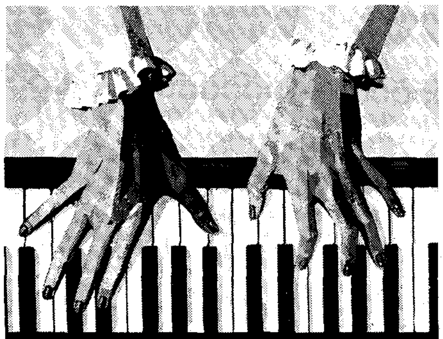

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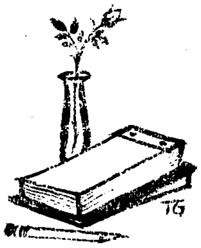
hundred yards from the hunter, Jack banked away and sought the St. John.

JACK himself once had a compass fail him—long ago, when he was a ground warden assigned to a district in the southeastern corner of the woods. In a snowstorm in November of 1964, he and another warden walked for several hours trying to find a lost hunter in the woods of Princeton, near the St. Croix River lakes. They did not find a track. Now and again, they tried a rifle shot, but there was no response. Toward midnight, they sat down on a big rock, rested for a time, and decided to give up. In a technical sense, the wardens themselves were lost: they were depending on their compasses to get them out of the woods. "Well, let's go," one of them said, and they stood up, each with compass in hand, and walked away from the rock in opposite directions. Over their shoulders, they shouted simultaneously something like "Hey! Where are you going?" Holding their compasses side by side, they discovered that one had reversed. One compass was reading south for north. The magnetic poles of the earth itself have reversed at least twenty-four times in the past five million years. No wonder it could happen to a compass. But which compass? One was new. The other had been in use for a couple of years. If the wardens were to follow the wrong one, they, like the lost hunter, would spend a long, cold night in the woods. They had to make a choice, and shrewdly they chose the older compass. After a bit of sleep at home, they went out and found their man in the morning.



John McPhee's internal compass has always pointed north. As a pilot, he once felt drawn to commercial flying, but he let the impulse go, because—as he has explained—"there was no good way to be an airline pilot and live in the state of Maine." Earlier, as an undergraduate at the University of Maine, in Orono, he had studied electrical engineering, but had dropped it like a hot wire after the thought crossed his mind that an electrical engineer would almost surely have to live in a city. Shifting into a combination of mathematics, science, and English, he earned his bachelor's degree in education. ("I knew that as a teacher I could live in Maine and survive. I did not want to leave the state of Maine.") To fly in military service, he considered first the Air Force and then the Marines, but their sort of flying would not be relevant in civil aviation and would thus be useless in Maine. In the Army, he could fly Cessnas, de Havilland Beavers—the bush aircraft of the North. So he flew in the Army. Afterward, he tried teaching school for a time in Bath, on the Kennebec estuary. ("I liked the teaching but not the indoor environment. I had to get outdoors.") Born in Rhode Island, he had moved when he was in junior high school to his grandparents' town, Patten, Maine—next to Township 4, Range 7. His wife, Sharon, grew up in Patten, her father a fish-and-game warden in the North Maine Woods. When Jack gave up teaching to join the warden service himself, he started in Washington County, near Calais and Lubec and the Moosehorn National Wildlife Refuge—the easternmost county in the United States, and a fine landscape, but not for him (or me) the quintessence of Maine. His Maine of Maines is not the bold-headland coast, and not the drumlin farmland under maples that blaze in the fall. His Maine of Maines is north of the C.P. line.

If you enter Maine at Kittery, as most people do who are coming from the south, it's a couple of hundred miles to the C.P. line. People in Florida say that if you draw a line across Florida at the latitude of Daytona everything south of the line is Northern and everything north of it is Southern. By the C.P. line Maine is even more pronouncedly divided. The C.P. line is where the Canadian Pacific Railway, encountering the obstacle of northern Maine, overcomes the inconvenience by crossing the state—in one side (Jackman) and out the other (Vanceboro). When people of the north country use the term "downcountry," they are referring to everything south of the C.P. line. Above the line rise the Kennebec, the Penobscot, the Allagash, the St. John. Above the line is the Great North Woods. That is where Jack, as a new member of the warden service, hoped someday to be flying, and his chance came in 1967.

Since then, he has spent fifteen thousand hours above the North Maine Woods—hours equivalent to nearly two full years in the air. He will fly for a month and not once get into his car. Typically, he might land

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outside his home at noon, drink some coffee, eat a doughnut, take off, and return to the woods. Actually, he has two homes. One is a big cabin on leased land in the Allagash country beside a body of water variously called Allagaskwigamooksis and Macannamac and, on most maps, Spider Lake. By the dock at Spider Lake, near a rack of canoes, two airplanes are often parked nose to nose—his own and the state's, both Super Cubs. In his time off, he works as a flying woods guide, or fishes on his own, or roams the backcountry. Of the various canoes he has scattered through the north woods, one is on Peaked Mountain. It would not be unfair to say, I suppose, that only a McPhee would keep a canoe on a mountain. Walking back one evening after a visit to one of his canoes, he said, "Mother Nature has been good to us today, giving us three fish. For our part, we didn't do anything, particularly, except show perseverance."

His principal home, the airplane base in Plaisted, is on Brown's Point, in the lowest of the Fish River lakes. Sharon works as a dental hygienist in Fort Kent. Their two daughters are for the most part away now—one in college, the other working for a paper company as a chemical engineer. The base belongs to the State of Maine and consists of a three-bedroom house, a small barracks for the use of wardens, a garage, and a Butler hangar—all under birches and spruce on an acre that juts into open water, which in winter is capped with four feet of ice. He lands on skis, and taxis up the lakeshore to the hangar, where a power winch lifts his airplane while he spins it around with one hand. An eighteen-foot wood-and-canvas river canoe stands on end in the back of the hangar. "The rent isn't the cheapest," he said ruefully one evening as he finished closing the hangar and moved between high snowdrifts toward the glow of his house. He pays two hundred dollars a month.

Brown's Point is actually the delta of a small stream that enters the lake beside the hangar and spews nutrients to crowds of waiting fish. Boats collect in summer; and as soon as the lake is hard, fishing shacks arrive and remain through the winter. Fishing shacks tend to be heated, furnished, close to civilization, close to paved and numbered roads—shantytowns platted on ice, and clustered where fish are likely to be. In architectural style, at

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Polly Benedict

FROM THE IMAGINATIVE WORLD OF
DAN RIVER™

CELANESE FORTREL

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Brown's Point, they range from late-middle Outhaus to the Taj Pelletier, a ten-piece portable cabin with nearly a hundred square feet of floor space, red-curtained windows, cushioned benches, a Coleman stove, a card table, a hi-fi spilling country music, and hinged floorboards that swing upward to reveal eight perfect circles in the ice through which lines can be dangled from cup hooks in the ceiling. If the air outside is twenty below zero, the air inside will be a hundred degrees warmer, while men in shirtsleeves interrupt their cribbage to lift into the room a wriggling salmon. The principal participant in this enterprise is Melford Pelletier, of Wallagrass, Maine—as a sign above the door, by law, attests. He is a big, friendly man, a school math teacher, who grew up, with his three brothers, in the warden cabin at the Nine Mile tote-road bridge over the St. John River, one of the remotest places in the United States east of the Hundredth Meridian. Melford, hence, is an American Romulus, and his fishing shack is what he heard in the call of the wild. His brothers are wardens. His patriarchal father, Leonard Pelletier—the old warden, father and grandfather of North Maine wardens—set up his own shack last winter on Square Lake (Township 16, Range 5), and we dropped in on him while we were flying ice patrols, but Jack did not check his license. A benign giant in insulated shoepacs and layers of thick red wool, he was the warm and voluble center of an otherwise gelid tableau, in a windchill so far below zero that its number had ceased to matter. Stinging needles of lake snow were blowing past his windbreak. Abundant cordwood was neatly stacked beside his shack. His axes, his pack baskets, his shovels, and his peavey leaned against the cordwood. All in the middle of the lake.

As we flew from fisherman to fisherman, lake to lake, we crossed a black-and-white world of bright light and long shadows. On St. Froid Lake (the *nom juste* if ever one has been chosen), a shivering woman said, in nine syllables, "Hello, John," as Jack emerged from the plane. She had caught a seventeen-inch salmon, which he weighed and measured. It had no fin clips, which signified to him that it had not been stocked.

On Cross Lake, two men were much relieved that all we wanted was to see their catch. One said, "You had me worried. My brother is really

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Invite A Few Friends.

The Campari-Goes-To-A-Party Contest is open to everyone of drinking age. All you have to do is invite some friends and have a Campari party. Tell your guests, "Pay attention now, because we're all going to win a trip to Italy!"

The idea of the Campari-Goes-To-A-Party Contest is to tell us what you and your guests think of Campari drinks. Here are a few hints (remember: to make a good drink you should pour at least *1/3 Campari* over ice in each glass):

- *Campari is refreshing with club soda and very interesting with tonic*
- *Campari is delicious mixed with Orange Juice or Grapefruit Juice*
- *Campari is delightful with ginger ale or Seven Up*
- *Campari is intriguing in a Shakerato (see back of Campari bottle).*

Enjoy in moderation!

Here's How You Win.

To enter our contest, we ask that you answer just three questions:

1. How did you and your guests enjoy the Campari drinks?
List the drinks you served and everyone's rating for each drink, on a scale of 1 to 10 (10 being the highest), as well as the name of each guest.

2. What do you think of Campari?
After you and your guests have tried Campari, write a sentence or two that, in your opinion, best defines Campari—in 25 words or less.

3. How many times does the word "Campari" appear on the current Campari 750ml bottle?
To win one of the 651 prizes, you must answer all three questions.

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Grand Prize. . . The entrant who, in the judges' opinion, submits the most interesting definition of Campari will win a 15-day expenses-paid, deluxe trip to Italy for his or her whole party, up to a maximum of eight people!

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1. To enter, complete this official entry form and hand print or type your answers to the contest questions on a separate piece of paper (no larger than 8½"×11"). For prize consideration, you must answer all three questions, with your answer to question 3 being correct. Mail your entry and question answers to the address indicated above. Entries must be received by January 31, 1985.
2. Answers to question 2 will be judged on the basis of sincerity (50%) and originality (50%) by D.L. Blair Corp., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final.
3. The answer to question 3 may be obtained by looking at a current 750ml Campari bottle at your liquor store, bar, or restaurant.
4. The Grand Prize winner will receive an expenses-paid deluxe 15-day trip to Italy to major cities of interest for his or her whole party, up to a maximum of eight people. The trip may be taken at any time in 1985 but the entire party must travel in a group at the same time. Transportation, food, and lodging are included. Departures are subject to availability.
5. All prizewinners will be notified by mail. Prizes are non-transferable, non-redeemable and cannot be substituted. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prizewinners. Limit, one prize to a person.
6. Participants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home states. All prizes will be awarded. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. Contest is open to residents of the continental U.S., Hawaii, and Alaska. Employees (and their families) of Campari USA, Inc., Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., licensed wholesalers and retailers, and advertising agencies are not eligible. Contest void in Ohio, Oklahoma, and Texas and where restricted or prohibited by law. All federal, state, and local laws apply. All entries become the property of Campari USA, Inc.
8. A list of prizewinners may be obtained by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Campari Winners List, P.O. Box 4997, Blair, Nebraska 68009.

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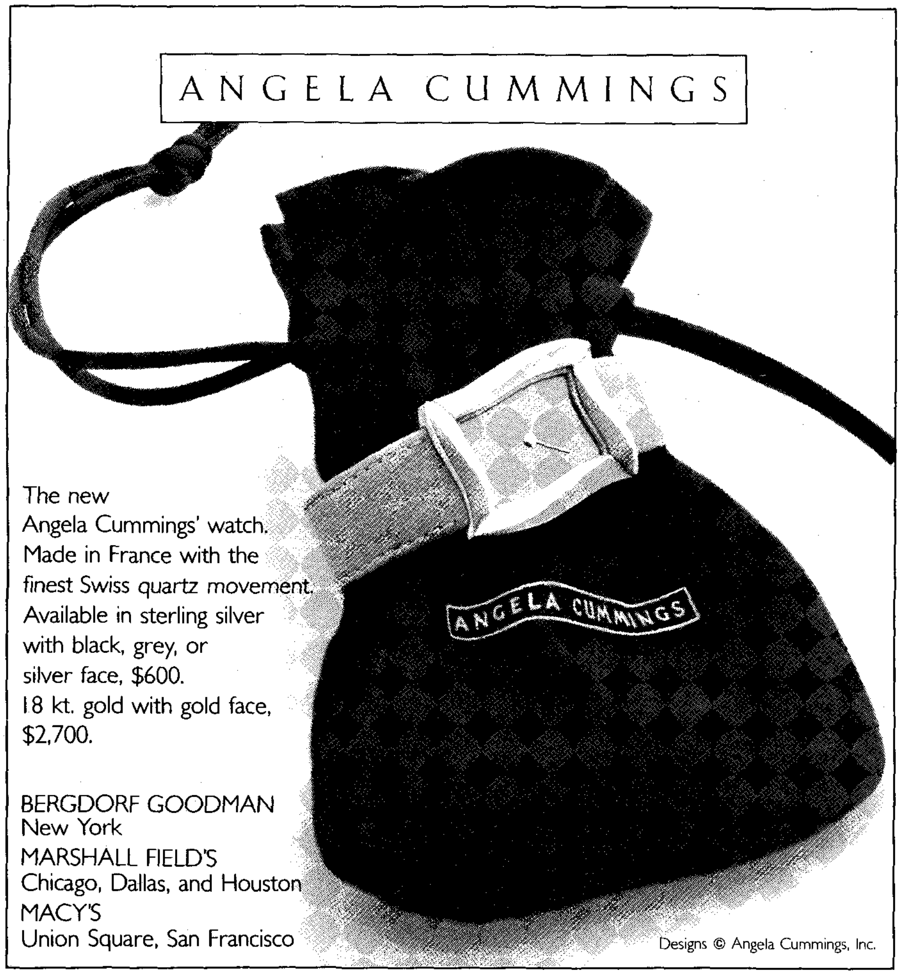
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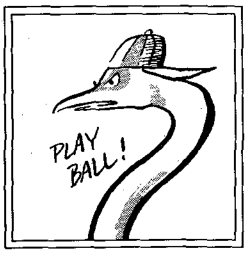

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sick. I told my wife if anything happened to call the warden. I thought it was an emergency."

Spread out radially from most of the fishing shacks were set lines called traps. On most lakes, five lines are permitted per license. Holes are dug with gasoline-powered augers that can penetrate in moments the four-foot hide of a lake. A spring-loaded flag is placed at each hole. When a fish gets on the line, the flag goes up and a fisherman comes out of the shack. Wind can trip the spring, sending up what is known as a wind flag, symbol of false hope. One of the many skills required of a warden pilot is an ability to taxi to a fishing shack without sending up a garden of wind flags.

"This ice fishing has a lot to do with the emotional stability of people in a place like this," he remarked over the intercom toward the end of one patrol. "Fifteen, sixteen years ago, people dreaded winters here. It was a terrible long haul after Christmas. They did a little smelt fishing in December, but that was all. They used ice chisels or hand augers. There were no power augers. Snowmobiles were just coming in then. Slowly, there was a changeover. Winter became less of a locked-in ordeal. Snowmobile clubs began to form. They made groomed trails. And soon there were interlocking networks of trails, involving one club with others. They started cross-country skiing. Always, it was a family affair—a big thing up here, under the heavy French influence. The fishing shacks are heated now. The snowmobiles have heated handlebars. People now say, when the winter comes to an end, 'I can't believe it's all over,' whereas fifteen years ago they could not wait for it to end."

Minutes later, coming in on final to land at the base, he found that he was on a collision course, descending toward a youngster on a snowmobile who was travelling over the lake ice in the same direction and—in the racket of the snowmobile's engine—had not heard, or looked around and seen, the plane. "Snowmobiles have done more than anything else to get people out and facing the hardships of winter," Jack had been saying. "They're a big thing up in this corner of Maine. Families with ten-year-old rattletrap cars will have three four-thousand-dollar liquid-cooled snowmobiles." Now he added some flap. "With this wind," he said, "I can slow the plane so that it will go slower than the snowmobile." It did. He waited to

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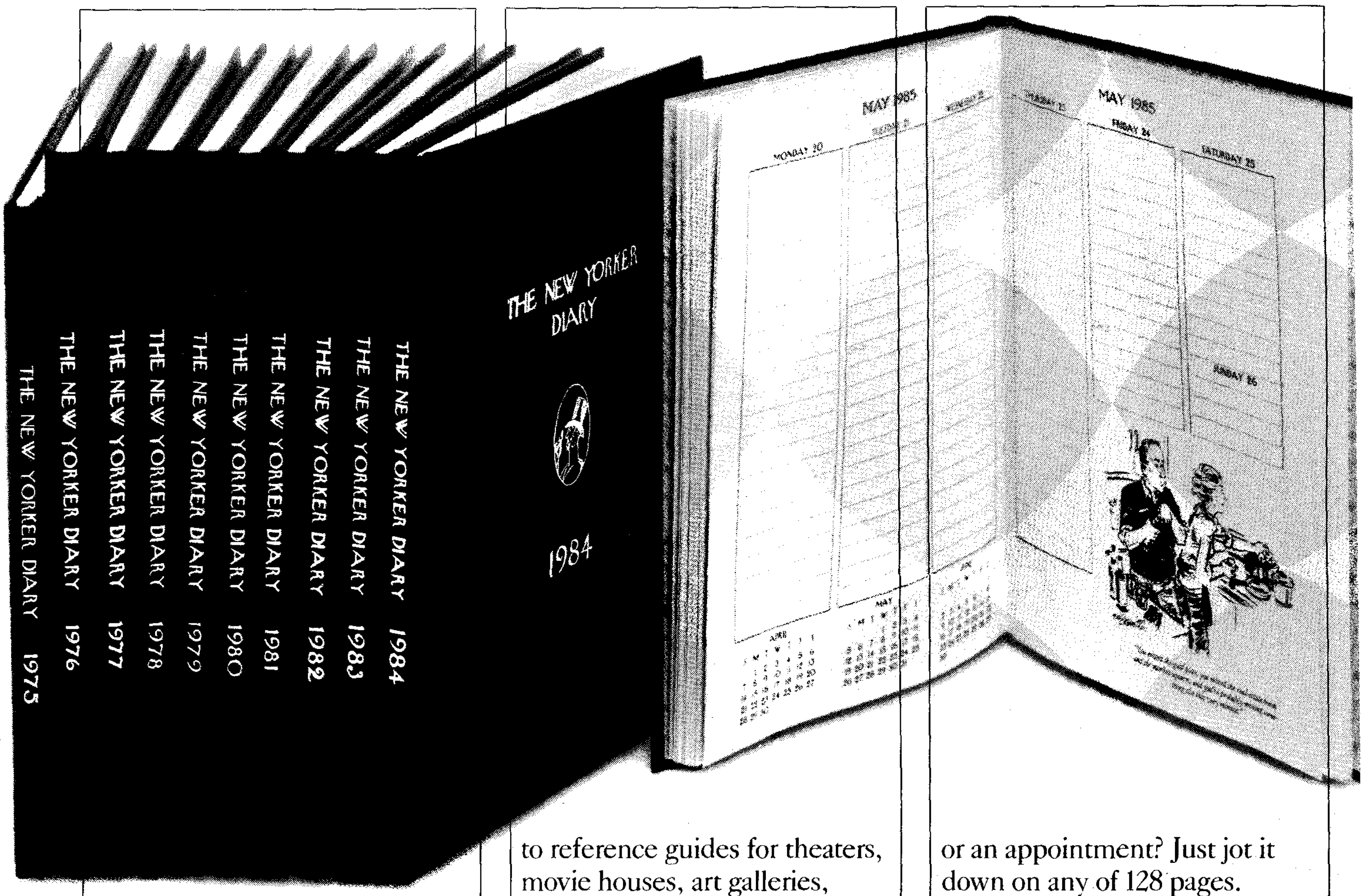

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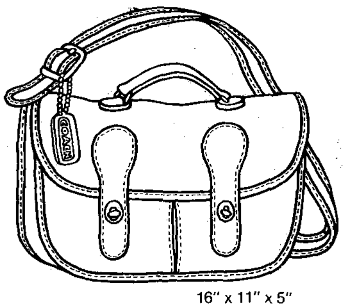

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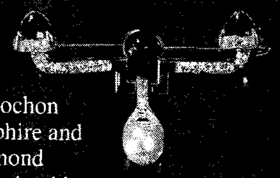

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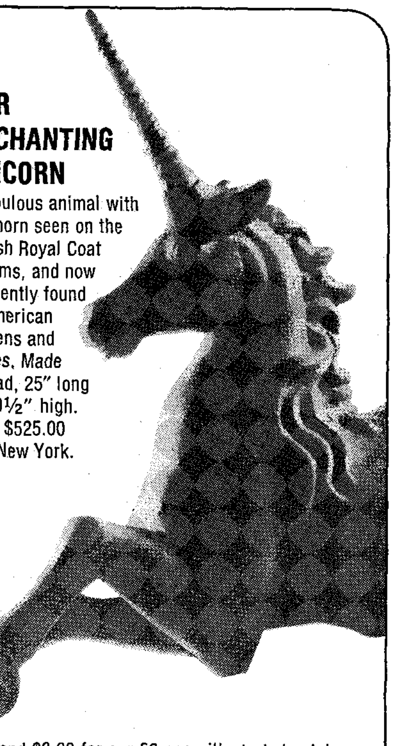
make his landing while the kid on the machine ran on in front of us faster than the flying airplane.

CHECKING licenses and catches, and gathering biological data on fish, we flew various itineraries. The more remote they were, the more things differed from flights near the small valley towns. There were poachers and smugglers to watch for among the S-bends and oxbows of the St. Francis River, which serves as a segment of the international boundary and so much resembles tangled rope that it grossly confuses the jurisdictions. The snow would tell the story, though, if there was a story. Jack said, "In winter, these people who are crossing, for whatever reason, kind of have to leave a track. It gives you a clue as to what is going on." What is going on is sometimes nothing more than Canadians crossing the line to snare rabbits—an illegal practice in Maine. He called the tracks of snowshoes floats.

Few tracks, of course, were human. "Reading sign from the air is quite a technique," he remarked one day while we were flying low and northwest up the Machias River, in Township 12, Range 8. (There are two Machias Rivers in Maine, this one the lesser known—about forty miles north of Mt. Katahdin.) "Those are pretty good-sized canine tracks," he said, noticing some loops in the snow. "My guess would be those are coyotes. This is mating season for them. They go around pissing on sticks. From the air, a rabbit track, a white-tailed-deer track, and a coyote track are pretty much the same. I get fooled still, from time to time. There—see how far apart those tracks are on the river? Something was really moving. But what? A coyote chasing a deer? Whatever it was, it was right flat out. This is a nice, rich river: a lot of things to see." A bend or two later, we went over what was left of a coyote-killed deer, and Jack put us on our side for a tight, close look. Blood was spilled and spattered from one bank to the other. With the exception of some hide, the blood was about all that was left of the deer. "Amazing!" he said. "Amazing! An animal that weighed a hundred and fifty pounds—and in two or three days that sucker is gone."

The Eastern coyote is larger than the Western coyote, probably because it is a former Western coyote that came across Canada and acquired on the way some wolf. For many years,



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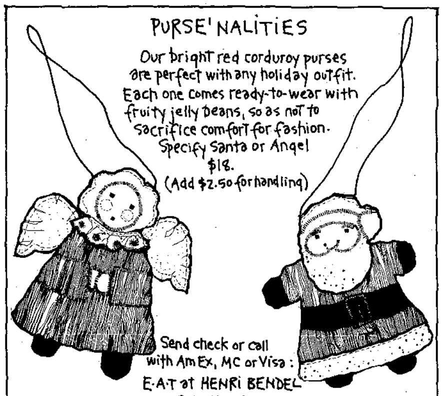

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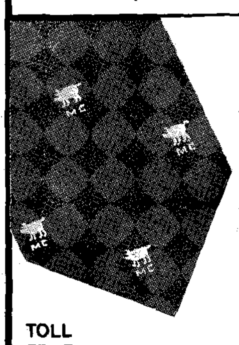

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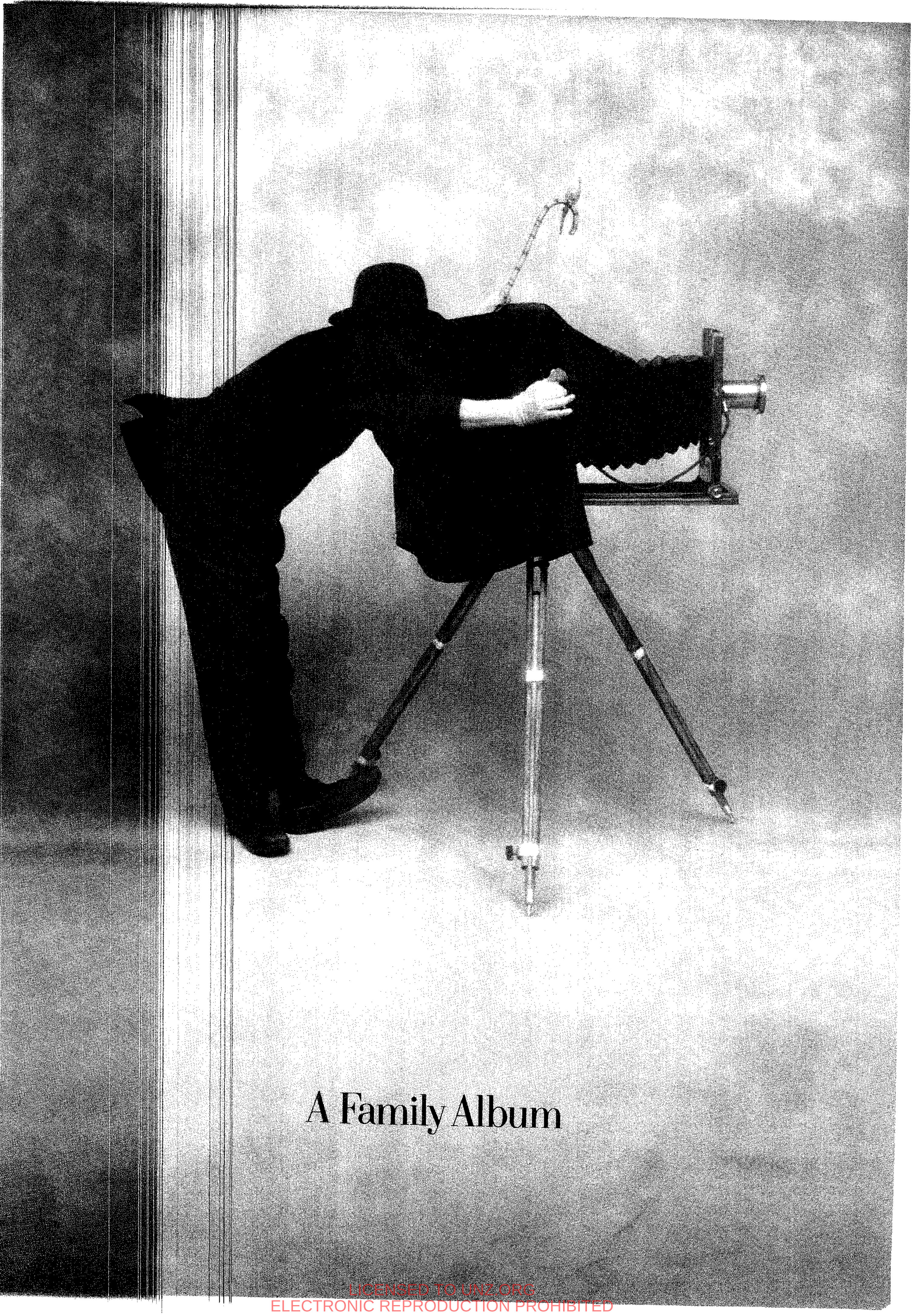

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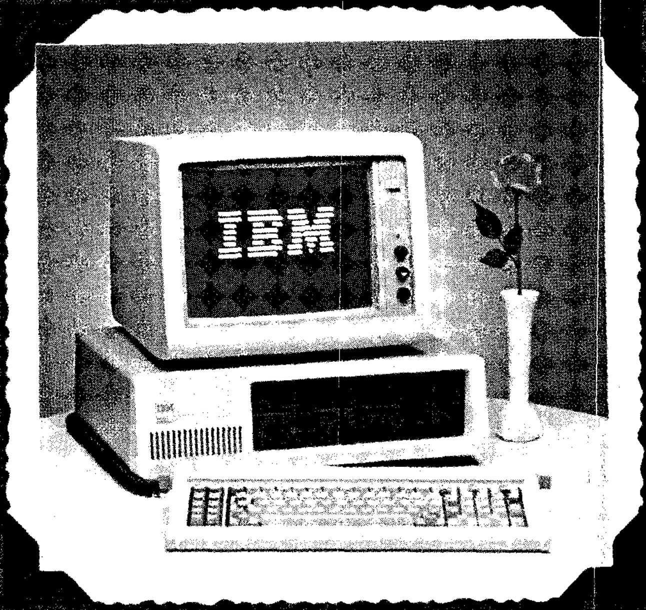

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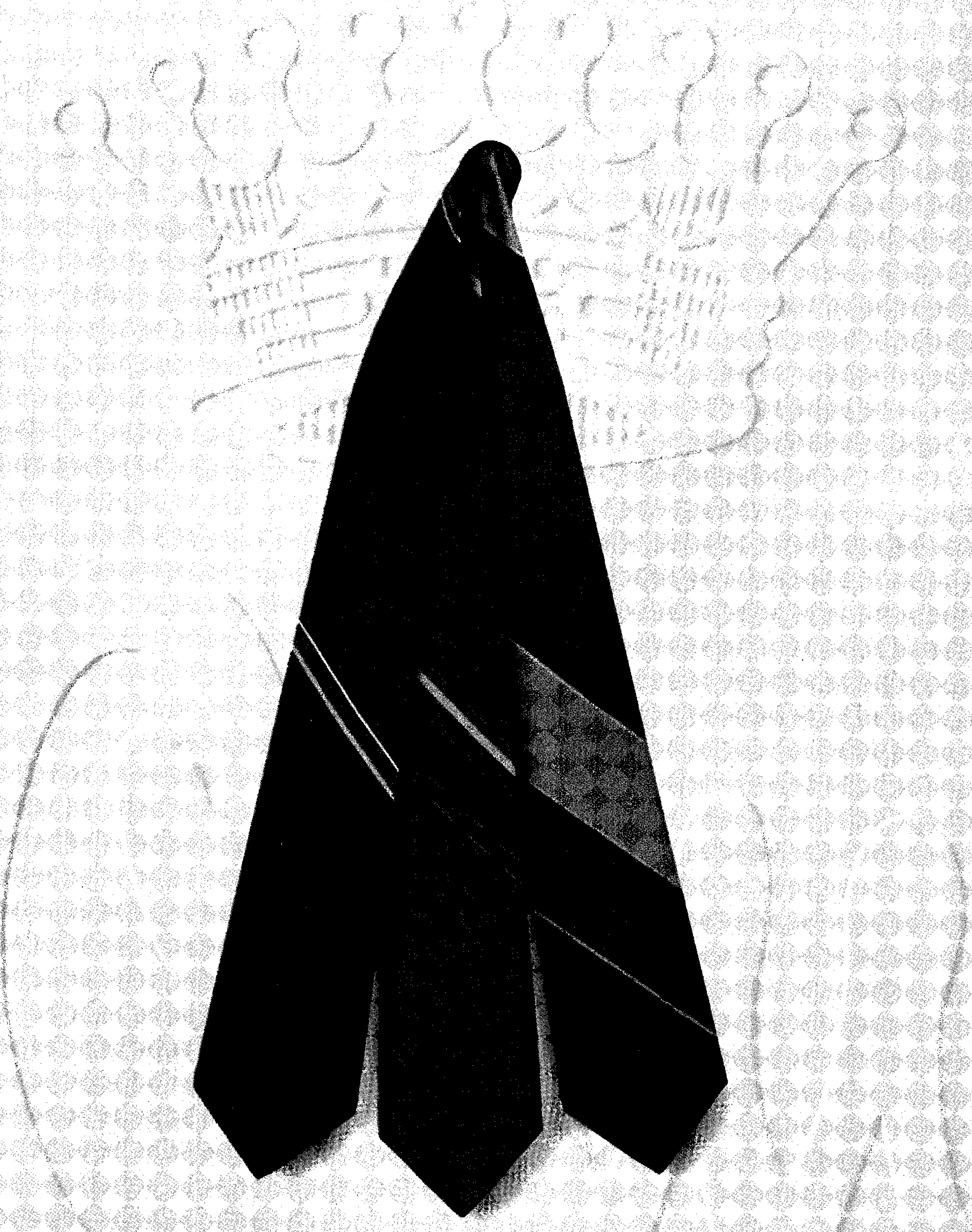

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biologists noticed that some Eastern coyotes appeared to be part dog, hybrids they described as coydogs. Since then, the hybrids have all but died out. The pelt of an Eastern coyote has long, lupine fur and will typically measure five feet from the muzzle to the tip of the tail. Nothing about it suggests a domestic dog, and meanwhile its size confirms that it did not come off some little Western canine that bays at the moon.

Out in the backcountry, nothing differed so much as the style of the fishing. Jack was taking a kind of census. "Party of three. Second Musquacook Lake," he said, making notes. "An awful lot of people just don't bother with shacks up here." True, most of the fishermen on the Penobscot and Allagash headwater lakes were moving around, despite the cold, like fishermen in summer, trying this good spot or that—too mobile to be encumbered by something as unwieldy as a shack. Needless to say, they were fewer, and farther apart.

Party of five on Second Musquacook Lake. No shack. Party of five on Clear Lake. No shack. Party of two on Big Eagle Lake. No shack. The air temperature was seventeen degrees below zero. The fishermen were catching togue, brook trout, whitefish. "Whitefish are probably the best eating," Jack said. "They have sweet, white, flaky flesh. They're what a flounder would taste like if it lived in fresh water."

We saw two sleds, tandem, bucking the north winds of Chamberlain Lake in what seemed to be running smoke. I remembered fighting three-foot waves with canoe paddles, getting nowhere, in the same place. We saw a lone figure with a pack basket making his way without snowshoes across two miles of lake. Thick caps of snow sat on the boulders in the Chase Rapids of the Allagash River. A few miles away, we found a party of two, far out on Churchill Lake. Each man had his own airplane and his own folding lawn chair. Between the planes, at seventeen degrees below zero, the two men were sitting on the lake in the lawn chairs watching flag-loaded holes in the ice. "It's a different kind of activity working a lake fisherman than a brook fisherman," Jack commented. "A lake fisherman you can watch with a sixty-power scope. Like working Sunday hunters. Ground wardens watch ice fishermen taking more than their limit. They watch them hide the fish by burying them in the snow. Then they move in for the

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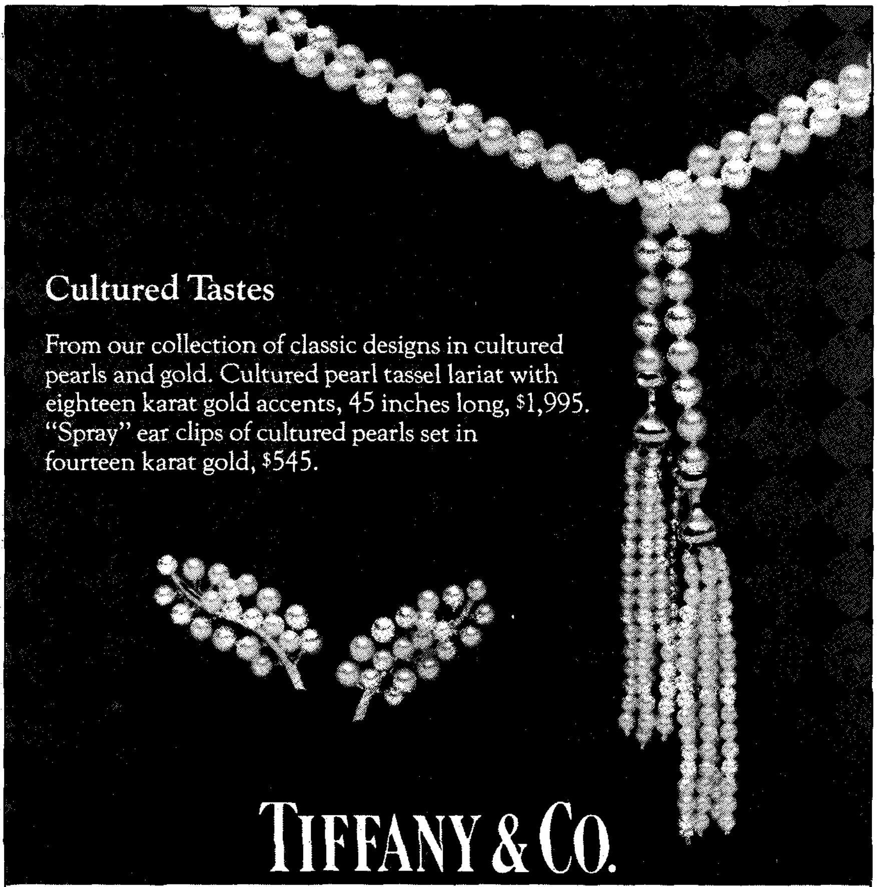

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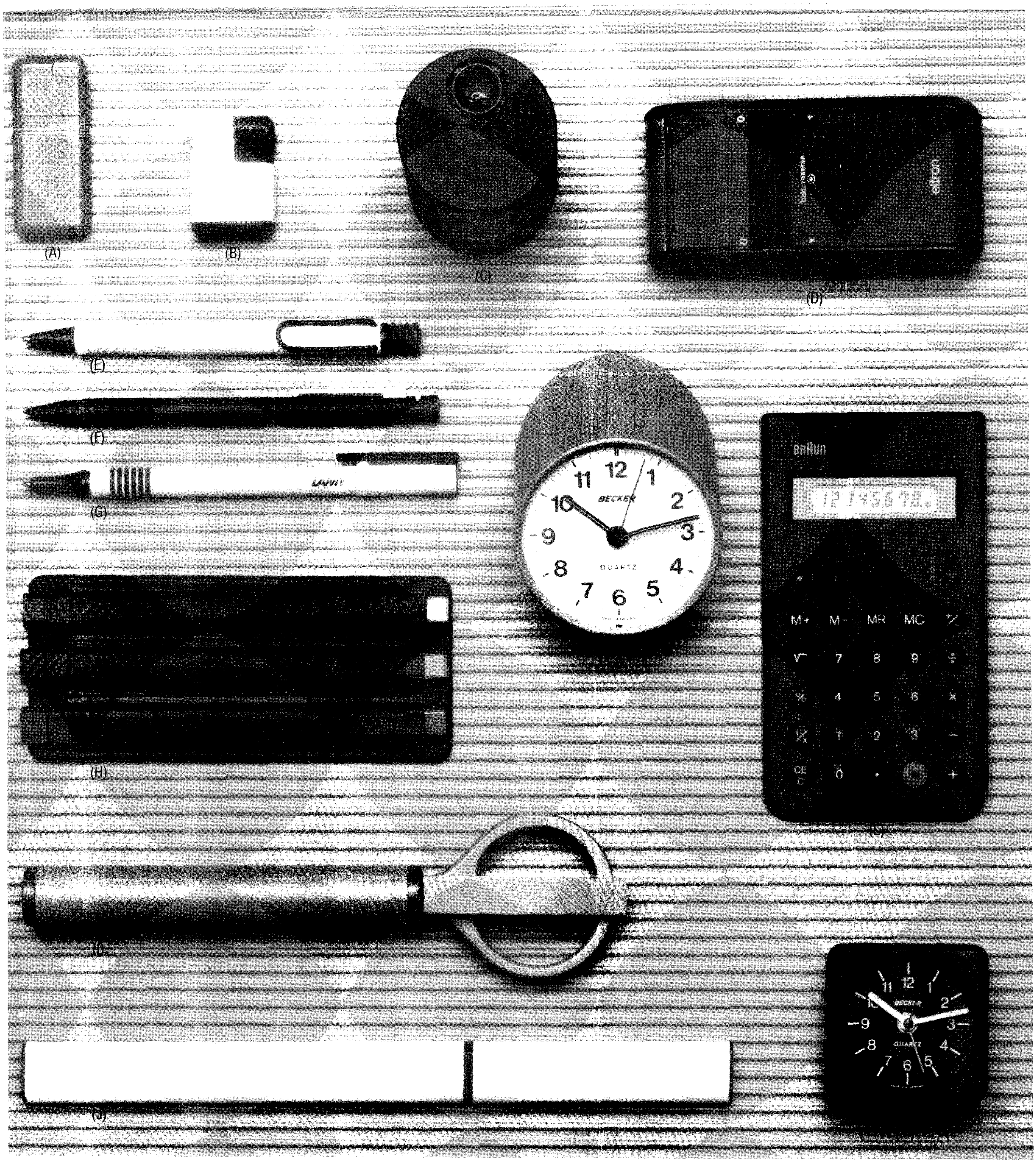

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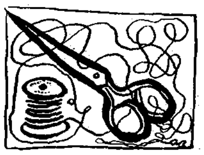
arrest. To work a brook fisherman, you have to get on your hands and knees and crawl very close. It's easy to dump fish if you're a brook fisherman. The Frenchmen from across the way, they just love to brook-fish. Maine people generally fish the lakes. I key in when the fish are biting. As a warden pilot, I don't get concerned about a fisherman who is not going to catch any fish."

At the edges of certain lakes, brook trout will go into a feeding frenzy when the ice recedes from the shoreline. The situation attracts "avid ice-out fishermen," and the wardens key in on them. Spring, after ice out, is the supreme time for what Jack looks upon as "fun fishin'." Fish are near the surface—even, to some extent, the togue (as lake trout are called in the region). "You can even troll with a fly rod," he said. "In summer, you'd have to use a lead line to catch a brook trout. In spring, the fishing gets good when the leaves on the alders are the size of a mouse's ear."



On the shore of Pillsbury Island, in Big Eagle Lake, we saw more sign of coyote-killed deer. The yards of Pillsbury Island were four feet deep in snow, a miring depth for deer. (When Thoreau travelled the Maine woods in bark canoes, Pillsbury Island was the northernmost landmark he reached.) Three or four miles up the lake, two coyotes had killed a moose earlier in the winter. Now there was nothing to be seen there except a party of four, who had taken shelter from the wind beside a small and treeless island. We descended in their direction, flared, and were about to touch down on the snow-covered ice when I said, "Don't scare the fish. You'll annoy the fishermen."

The skis rumbled, and Jack said, "Quite often, they get a bite when the plane lands."

The party of four was from Presque Isle, eighty miles to the east, and consisted of two women and two men, who had caught one wretched-looking and now frozen cusk—a soft-fleshed bottom-feeder, and all they had to show for a long cold day. The two women were huddled in a small nylon lean-to that appeared to be lowering the windchill by one degree. The two men were brothers, Dale and Dana Buck. They walked around in puffy jumpsuits watching their lines. The women—Dawn Nelson and Lisa Nickerson, who had never before found themselves in such a situation—had agreed to come along in order to see what ice fishing was all about. They had come. They had seen. They said as much, and added, with emphasis, that they were never coming back.

We taxied half a mile toward the middle of the lake to check another party of four. They were all men, and all from Ashland, about fifty miles away. They had runcible skimmers, ice chisels. One had icicles hanging from his beard. That they knew what they were doing was evidenced by two big togue lying on the ice. Each fish was about twenty-eight inches long, and their combined weight was sixteen pounds. As bait, other parties had been using chubs, shiners—so-called roughage fish. With chubs and shiners, other parties were catching nothing. These men were using smelts, and they were fishing the upper water about fourteen feet below the ice, in a total column of sixty feet. While Jack was measuring and weighing the togue, he said to me, "At this time of year, smelts are gearing up for their spawning runs, getting ready to go into shallow water, so they're up near the surface of the lake, and togue are up there feeding on them."

Vincent Malena, forty years old, was kneeling on the ice attending to a fish that had come onto one of his lines. Hand over hand, he would gently haul the line, and let it slip away when the fish decided to run. He knelt facing north—directly into the unabated wind—and to deliver the fish onto the ice with proper care he was working with his hands uncovered. Up, down, he patiently moved the line. The temperature was holding at minus seventeen degrees and the windchill factor was fifty below zero.

Malena was also known as Ashland One—a reference to the fact that he was the police chief of the small community that has now and again been called the capital of the North Maine Woods. Ashland One leads a force of three. At last, and with obstetrical competence, he brought the fish to the lower surface of the ice, and in the augered aperture the head became engaged. Lake ice varies in thickness from month to month and winter to winter, depending on the frequency and extent of thaws. Relatively speaking, this was thin ice—scarcely more than two feet thick—for the winter had been almost unremittingly cold. Firmly but without damaging force,

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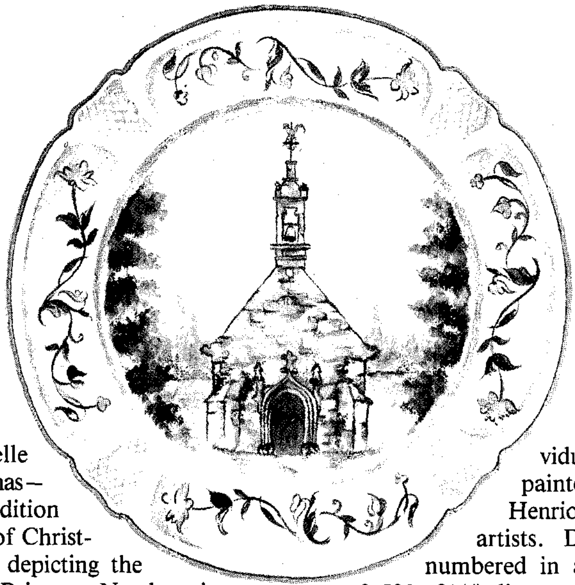
Malena moved the head up into the shaft, his fingers flexible, his whole being evidently unaffected by the bone-cracking cold. It was 4 P.M. There was no shack, no protection of any kind from the wind. I asked him how long they had been fishing. Malena answered, "Oh, since about eight o'clock this morning."

The situation had become particularly delicate, and all eyes were concentrating on the now visible face in the cylindrical interior of the ice. I remembered Melford Pelletier telling me about a togue he'd had on a line that broke: he thought he had lost him, but the head was slightly wedged in the hole in the ice. Pelletier reached down, put a hand in the fish's mouth, expanded the hand like a toggle bolt, and brought the fish to the surface. Malena, for his part, was achieving a safe, normal delivery. The head moved toward him a centimetre at a time. At last, he slipped his fingers around the gills and lifted the creature into the world. Eight pounds four ounces. Male. Its length—twenty-six inches—exactly matched the thickness of the ice.

Jack and I took off. "In as nice a way as I can, I like to remind fishermen that the fish they are catching are, in a sense, as old as they are," he said. "There are togue in these lakes more than twenty years old. A lot of fishermen don't realize that. If we tell them, chances are sooner or later one of them might decide to throw a fish back. Those men have nearly twenty-four pounds of fish there. Chances are all three togue will end up in a freezer."

AND now, on my last day (for a time) in Jack's backcountry, we were looking down on Third Matagamon Lake, and the spruce did not move. "We're indicating forty-five miles per hour," he said. "There's your answer. That's how fast the wind is blowing." We hung there some moments longer before he advanced the throttle. The plane was full of skis, poles, boots, paper towels, peanut butter, and other supplies off the shelves of a valley store: Mélasse de Fantaisie, Pure de la Barbade; Scott Tissues; Sirop d'Érable Pur, Produit du Québec; Ivory Liquid Detergent. After completing an ice patrol, we unloaded the airplane. Then we skied across the lake and into the woods. We went out onto the ice of the shallow pond where, months before, we had tried calling moose. Our double



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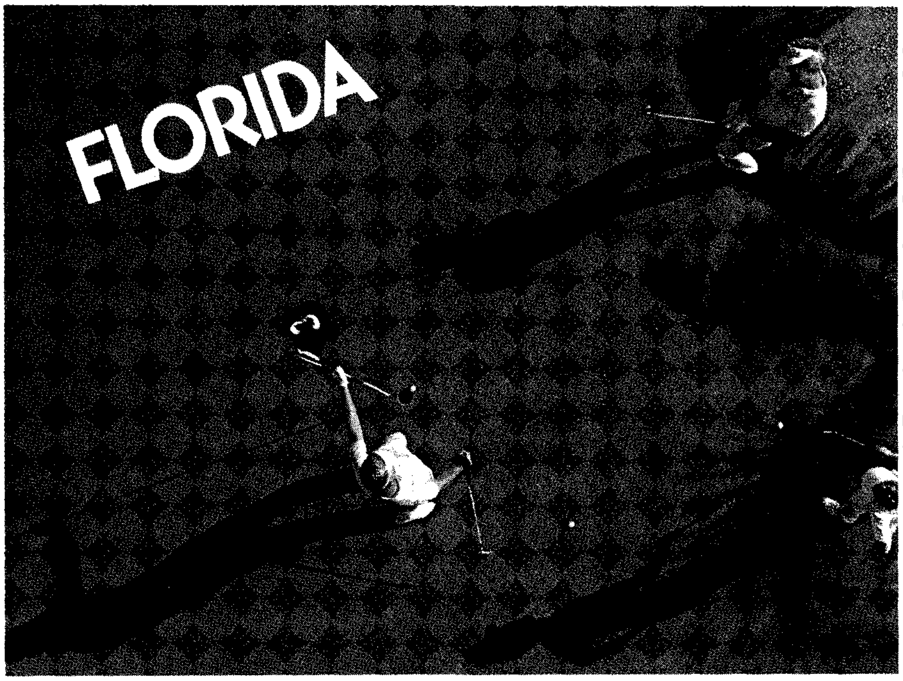

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track, one trail, extended through the otherwise untraceried snow in a silence we left unbroken. An hour or two later, with the sun dropping fast, we flew the seventy-five miles to the nearest commercial airfield. As we were landing there (on wheels below the skis), a pair of red foxes ran across the runway in front of the plane. The late, slanting sunlight transilluminated their fur. I watched Jack take off, watched his plane until it was out of sight, and then, like a walking swastika, carried my skis and poles to a twin-engined Beechcraft. Thirty bucks to Bangor. Mt. Katahdin, backlighted, stood black in an orange sky.

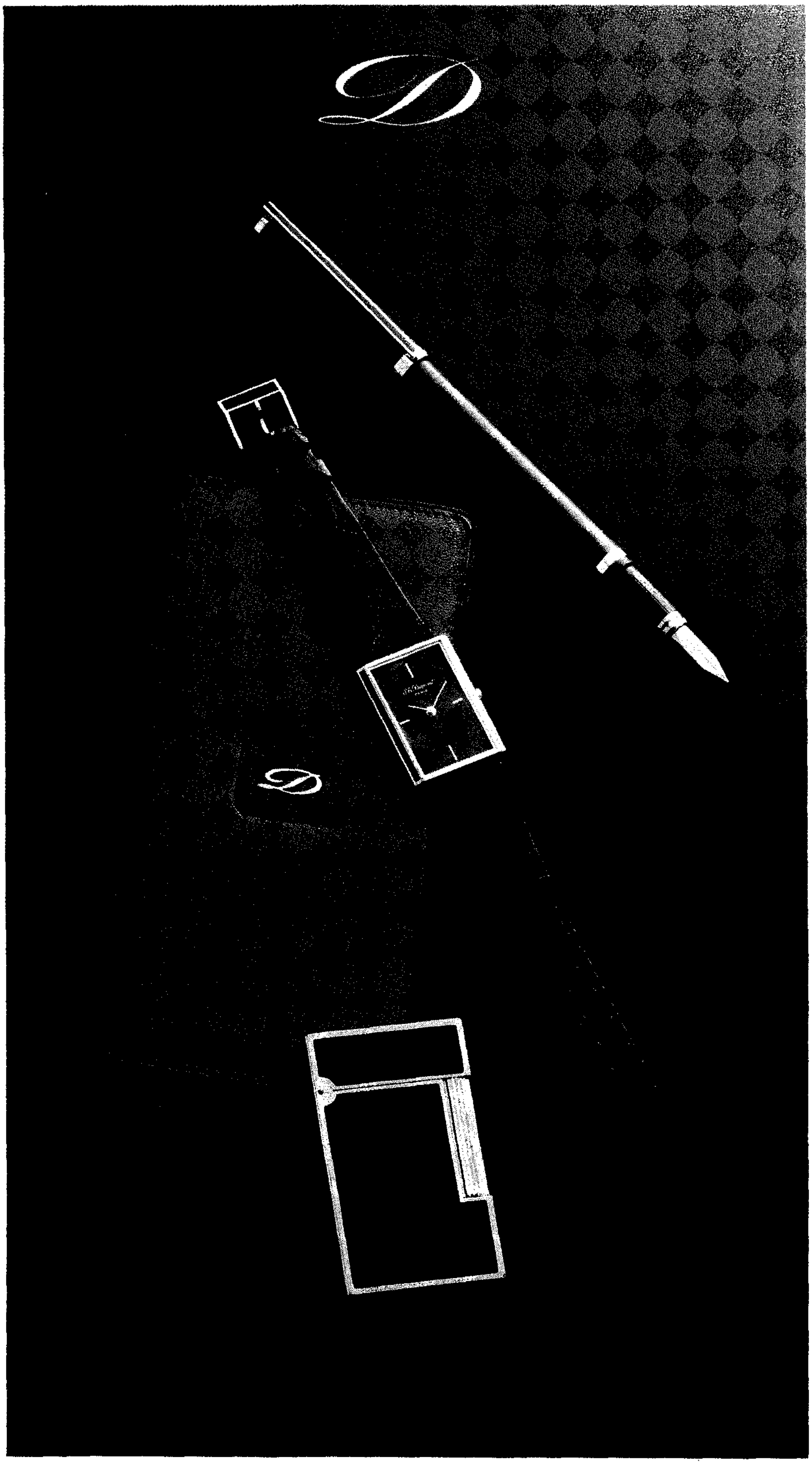
The correspondence continues. "I was thinking probably the only reason we met was that article you did on the St. John," he wrote not long ago. "You know, I really didn't believe you were possible, because I was John McPhee."

We are not altogether the same. He is John Malcolm, son of Malcolm, son of John. I am John Angus, son of Harry, son of Angus. He is a pragmatist of the north woods. I am a landscapist of the Suppressed Mudjekeewis and Muttering Hemlock School. I have seen him carry briquettes into First Currier Pond. I have seen him start a campfire with gasoline from the wing of his airplane. (I learned something. In a paper cup, gasoline burns quietly and does not blaze up in your face.) Whenever I think about him, however, I feel such a strong sense of identification that I wonder if it is not a touch of envy—an ancestral form of envy, a benign and wistful envy, innocent of chagrin. As anyone might, I wish I knew what he knows—and wish not merely for his knowledge but for his compatibility with the backcountry and everything that lives there. I envy him his world, I suppose, in the way that one is sometimes drawn to be another person or live the life of a character encountered in a fiction. Time and again, when I think of him, and such thoughts start running through my mind, I invariably find myself wishing that I were John McPhee. —John McPhee

•

But, partly because of their zeal, partly because of the way society is changing, it is the fundamentalists who are growing in numbers while membership in the old mainline churches is swindling.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The Lord helps those who help themselves.



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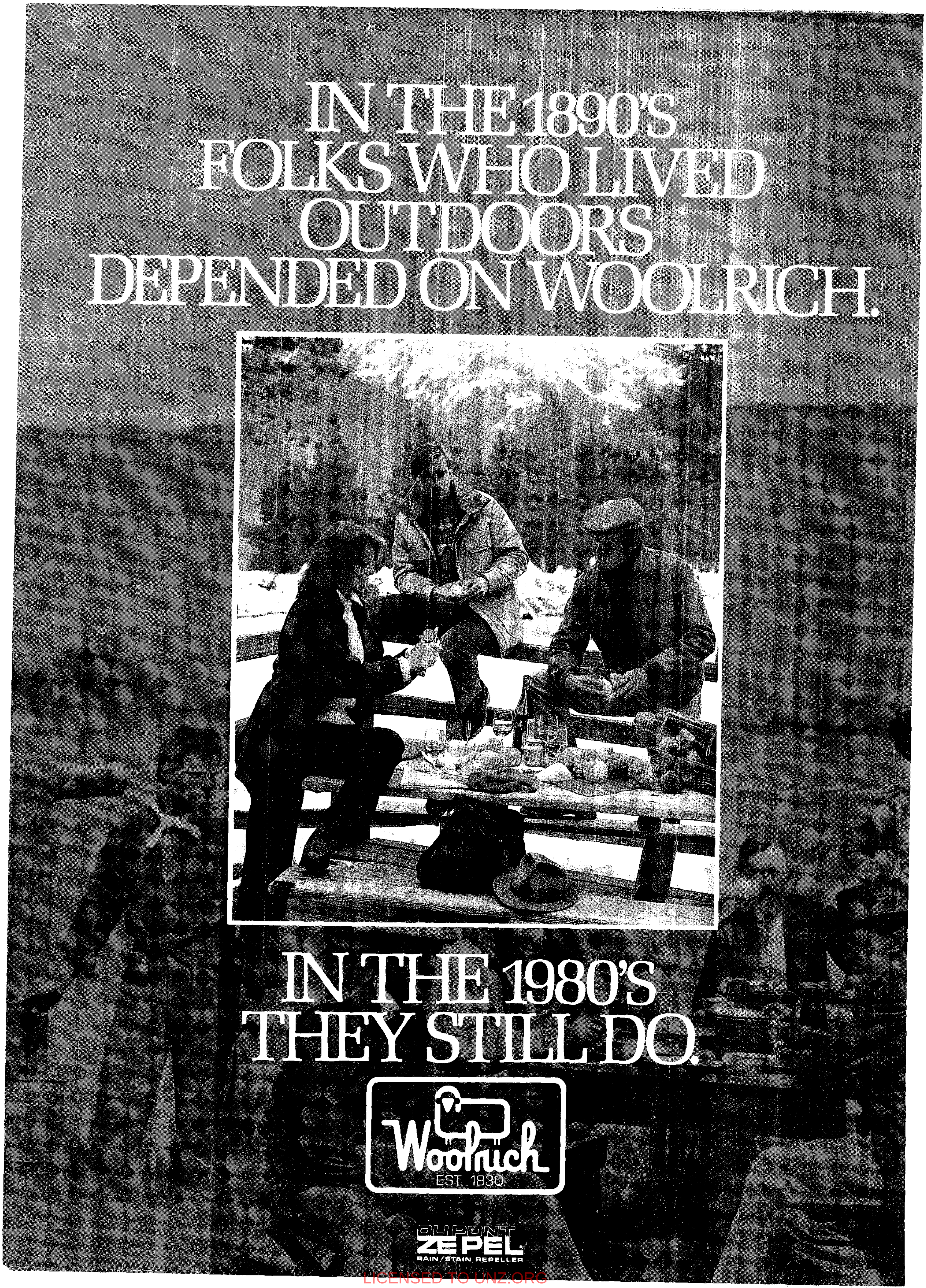
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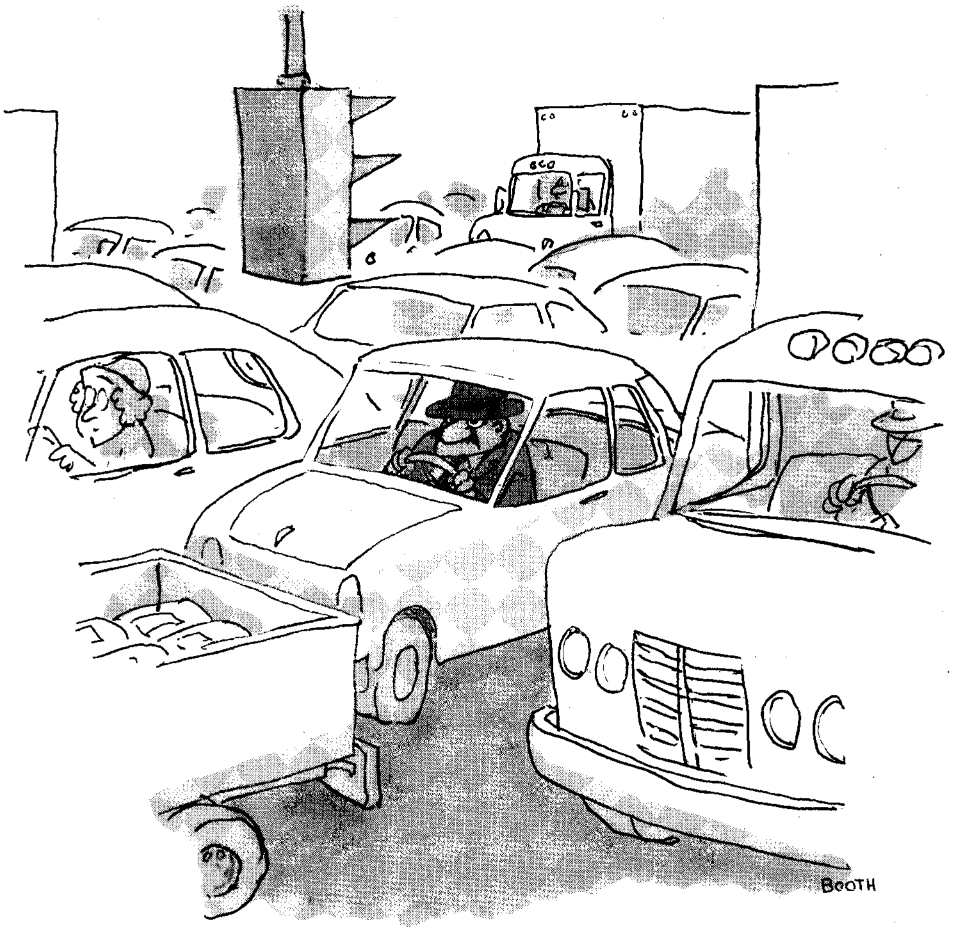
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

ONCE upon a time, in the days when shopping for a house present was a simpler matter, there were department stores, gift shops, and antique stores (and Lewis & Conger). Designs were traditional or modern; that was it. In these days of segmentation (a word used by marketers, who should know) and of anything goes, the Christmas shopper is in for it. Would Mary Louise like a tôle wastepaper basket with a hunting scene? Would Zack and Sherri like an end table with seventeen legs? Or vice versa? The following compendium of the new and the old, the modish and the traditional, we hope will help you find your way through the forest.

Artists are bursting out all over. They're making house furnishings. The trouble with most "art furniture" is an airy lack of concern with its functional aspect; there seems to be a tendency for designers to think in terms of graphics rather than use—how things will look in *Architectural Digest* rather than how they will work in practice. When it's only a question of rugs or wallpaper, it doesn't matter, but when it comes to furnishings that are supposed to be eaten off, drunk out of, or sat in, comfort and appropriateness are not insignificant factors. Swid Powell has addressed this problem, and the result is a collection of tableware, now enshrined at Bloomingdale's. Nan Swid and Addie Powell, alumnae of Knoll International, asked a number of high-powered architects—Robert Venturi, Charles Gwathmey and Robert Siegel, Richard Meier, Robert Stern, to name a few—to design some china, glass, and silver for the table (a harking back to the days of the Wiener Werkstätte studios, established by Josef Hoffmann in 1903, when architects got their hands into every phase of designs for the home). These luminaries did not lack for ideas, and eventually, after a certain amount of discussion, consultation, and selection, some sixty pieces were produced, including thirteen designs for plates. We conducted an in-depth poll of nine people, and can report that the beauty of these plates is entirely in the eye of the beholder. Occasionally, four eyes agreed on the same plate, but more frequently one man's dinnerware was another's nightmare. The only consensus was that Richard Meier's Peachtree (a white square in a peach circle) and Gwathmey Siegel's Rays (white with narrow black lines and small black squares around the edge) were the most versatile. Robert Venturi's Notebook (black and white, like the cover of a composition notebook) got two votes, as did Laurinda Spear's Miami Beach—a design that looks like a pink beach towel on which are an amorphous aqua shape, a yellow-and-orange pyramid, and a red bar across one corner. After making a choice on aesthetics alone, one must next ask oneself: How will food look on them? Fine on the Gwathmey Siegel (especially nouvelle cuisine), not so hot on the Venturi Grandmother (floral wallpaper design overlaid with black dashes). The plates are porcelain and are twelve inches in diameter; $46 to $100 each. A few have matching dessert plates and cups and saucers, and eventually there will be more. Crystal wineglasses and tumblers, handmade in Austria, are around $35 each. There are also silver-plated candlesticks, bowls, and trays. Robert Stern's are classic columns. Harmonie, a sturdy six-inch candlestick, could be used anywhere, with anything; $125. Richard Meier's bowl, with a row of openwork squares around the edge, is beautifully proportioned, and costs $350 for the larger one, $225 for the smaller. This collection is worth a side



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trip to Bloomingdale's fourth floor. It's high-spirited, and, whether or not one likes the results, they raise the consciousness, tablewarewise. Some of these items can also be bought from Frank McIntosh, at Henri Bendel.

Everyone knows about table-hopping, and some are familiar with the occult world of table-tipping, but now there is tabletopping. This encompasses everything that goes on a dining table. Swid Powell is in the tabletopping avant-garde. The more traditionally inclined can always go to Baccarat, 55 East 57th Street, where two new patterns have been added to its already vast array of Limoges: Impressions, which leans heavily on Monet's water lilies for inspiration, and Papillons, which leans lightly on generic butterflies. The former is $50 for a dinner plate, the latter $58. While you're there, look at the Christofle stainless-steel cutlery—in its way, just as successful as this company's sterling and silver plate. There are three handsome patterns, which have good weight and balance, and are therefore not to be confused with kitchen cutlery. Berry, the simplest and the least expensive, is $40 for a place setting; a dinner fork is $7.50, a dinner knife $13. Down the street at Tiffany, things seem to be pretty much on hold (except for Elsa Peretti and diamonds), but the shop does have some new Italian oven-to-table-to-dishwasher porcelain dinnerware, Stampino, which couldn't possibly offend anyone and is also attractive. The pattern is unidentifiable deep-blue flowers (and leaves) on a gray-white background. A dinner plate is $18.50, a place setting is $60. Frank McIntosh, a pioneer in tabletopping, has the glass bowl in the classic Revere shape that Tiffany used to carry; $30. This shop has always had a large supply of stylish napkins and cutlery, together with a modest supply of other carefully selected appointments for the table. Right now, it has the large Ikat napkins in more than sixty different color combinations, including a new one with a brilliant red stripe. These napkins come from Guatemala (with fringe) or India (without fringe), and look particularly good with straw placemats; $8.50 each. Some new cotton paisley tablecloths from Italy, in glorious colors, are fifty-four inches square and cost $80 apiece. Italian dessert plates, eight inches square, with a painted fruit in the middle are $18 apiece, and could be used anyplace.

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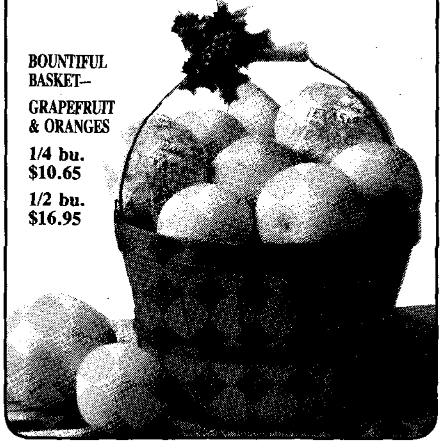

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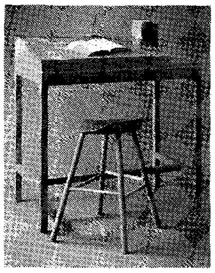

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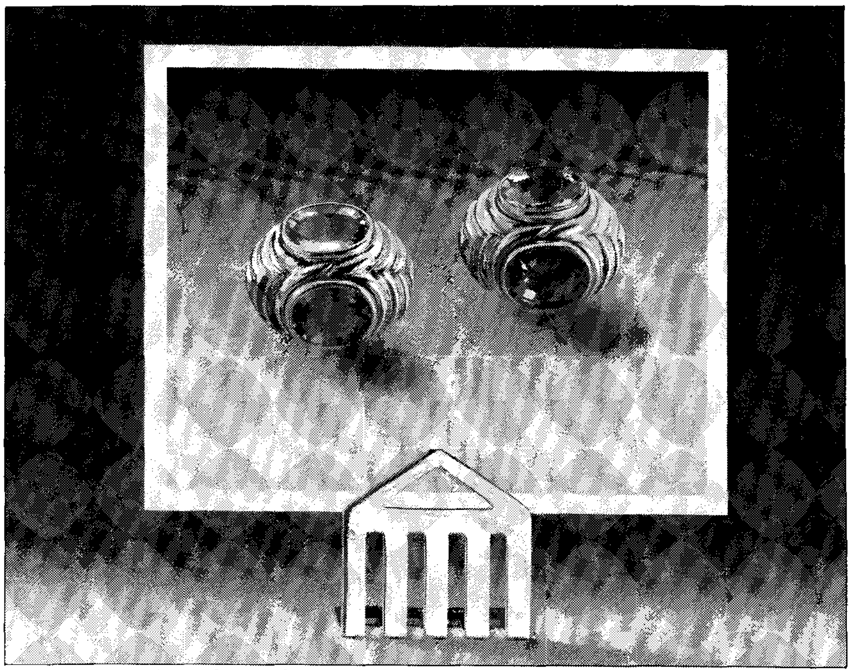
Avenue (66th), is a new store devoted entirely to what goes on the dining-room table, and we mean the *dining*-room table. The shop is run by ladies for ladies, and is stocked to its moldings with porcelain, earthenware, glass, silver, linen, and *objets de vertu*. (And ladies.) The owners spent last year buying and commissioning. Their object: original designs that would be acceptable to the gentry (or those who aspire to it). They have succeeded. Nothing in the shop will raise any eyebrows, and some of the merchandise is guaranteed to strike envy into the hearts of friends. Zero in on the tablecloths and placemats. There are some heavy beige silk ones, fringed, which are hand-painted with irregular stripes in a vaguely abstract pattern. All the colors are beautiful. A cloth approximately four feet by six is $350; a placemat is $32. Intricately quilted white placemats have narrow edges bound with white or colored borders. Each comes with a napkin; $21 a set. (The napkin is about the size of a washcloth, but the material is so unusual and pretty that one is inclined to overlook this drawback.) Handmade pewter salad servers with wooden handles are better-looking than any we've seen elsewhere, and cost $58. A small sterling bud vase with two leaves for a base is $74.50.

Chelsea Passage, at Barneys, 111 Seventh Avenue (17th), was about to bust its buttons, and has doubled in size to accommodate enlarged china, silver, and glass sections. The stock has been carefully edited nevertheless, so the customer is not faced with a discouraging number of objects to choose from. Herend, Limoges, Haviland, Pillivuyt, and Baccarat—among other big names—grace the shelves and vitrines. A thirteen-inch glass soup plate in a cool, leafy green appears shaded in certain light; it's $30, and for the same price there's a clear-glass service plate to go under it. Small tumblers in the same cool green are $13 apiece. A table set with this glassware is a treat to behold. Hand-blown tapered glasses, based on an Art Deco design, with a glass spiral appliqué around the base come in six cool colors. Colored glass, which is having a revival, is not to everybody's taste, particularly for alcoholic drinks, but these would do for water glasses, and they are remarkably good to look at; $38 each. This shop has a big supply of Moustiers faïence, in sixteen patterns, with "Pour Barneys" inscribed on the bottom of each piece; the prices



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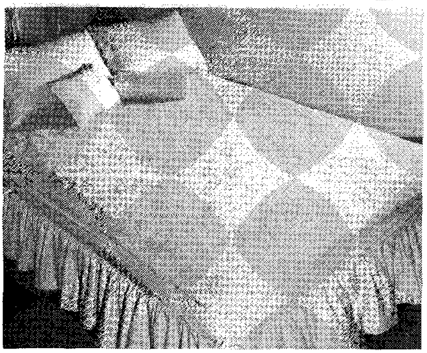

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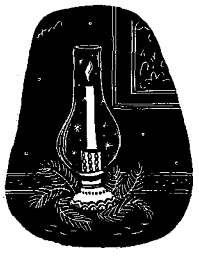
for a dinner plate range from $35 to $105. There's not a dud in the lot, and, unlike most earthenware, Moustiers is not heavy. The most sophisticated (and the most expensive) pattern is an octagonal shape with a fish-scale pattern in a faded red around the edge; the center is a faded, mottled green. Some white Moustiers luncheon plates have a very small fruit in the center and a thin band of color around the edge to match the fruit. Like the octagonal plates, these would do equally well in the country and in the city.

There is plenty of antique china around and plenty of Majolica around, but there isn't a whole lot of antique Majolica in clean colors. Hubert Des Forges, 1193 Lexington Avenue (81st), has glommed on to some old French Majolica that does not bring to mind damp houses smelling of cabbage. Flowers and asparagus are the main themes. Dessert plates cost from $50 to $100 each; pitchers and bowls, $55 to $250; platters, $150 to $300. A remarkable serving platter for asparagus, with a curved holder (it has holes in it, like a colander), is $375. To wind up the china, La Cuisinière, 867 Madison Avenue (72nd), has Limoges breakfast cups and saucers in several patterns—plain, fluted, and flowered. Aside from their good looks, the cups aren't so large that the coffee would get cold; $40 to $45 each.



THE great furniture-stripping period dates from the end of the Second World War. Everything from the maid's-room bureau to the china cupboard was given the treatment. Desiccated furniture (particularly pine furniture) sprang up like gold circle pins all over the country. Well, now they're painting it again. Painted furniture has had a revival—not straightforward painting or staining but decorative painting. "Faux" finishes—faux marbre, faux bois, faux tortoiseshell—they're called fancy finishes in the trade. In the seventeenth century, European craftsmen were trompeing the yeux of the very rich with entire rooms of marbleized wood. The American version of the fancy finish tended toward faux bois, either because the craftsmen couldn't get the veneers or couldn't afford them; or because the furniture was made of two woods, usually pine and birch—a chair seat of birch, because it is harder, and the stretchers of pine. They used fingers and homemade tools—steel combs, feathers, pounces, brushes—to create patterns. Most of this work was done in rural America, and although at first the craftsmen may have tried for exact duplication of a particular wood, they later improvised, with striking results. There are some fine examples of this grain-painted furniture at Thos. K. Woodard, 835 Madison Avenue (69th). A table painted to resemble rosewood is $10,500 (not exactly a stocking-stuffer). An 1830 blanket chest, dark red, with lacy circular designs, like saw blades in motion, is $7,500. A set of three pantry boxes—mahogany, maple, and a sort of oak—is $4,000. They make the real thing seem tame.

The English Way, 115 East 60th Street, has always had a seemingly inexhaustible source of English pine furniture, both old and new (made from old wood). Now it has engaged the services of Barbara Wrenn, who will paint anything in any finish. Miss Wrenn is both a finisher and a designer, and although she is technically able to replicate any fancy finish, she prefers to create original ones. Included in her repertoire is streaking with buttermilk stains in barn red, blue-green, green-blue, or light mustard. The desired result is a piece of furniture that looks loved but weathered, as though it had spent most of its life on a back porch. The piece is first painted with a combination of colors, then given a coat of white, and finally wiped with a cloth to expose the paint and the wood underneath. Miss Wrenn also does spattering, stencils, and a finish that's a cross between graining (wood) and veining (marble). She is imaginative, and has an eye for original colors and surprising combinations. An English chest of drawers is around $500 bare, and the painting around $300. Cupboards are from $1,500 to $2,000 bare, $300 to $400 more if painted. In addition to the pine-furniture market, the English Way has cornered the Lloyd Loom—chair market. The chairs are woven of wire wrapped with kraft paper, and were at the height of their popularity in the thirties, when they were to be found on many a sun porch. They come in a variety of graceful shapes, and under Miss Wrenn's sponge ministrations can end up looking romantic (ombré: overlapping shades of color) or chic (Art Deco). The chairs cost from $200 to $400, painted. Stephen

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Whittlesey, a furniture-maker who lives on Cape Cod, has constructed some cupboards, mainly out of wood from old houses—wainscoting, floorboards, balustrades, and posts, among other jetsam. Some of the wood is left in its found state, the rest has been stripped, scraped, and stained or painted. This is rough, solid, deliberately patchwork furniture, wittily put together so that it is almost a parody of the "country look." It is endearing, and any one of these cupboards would give a lift to a room; $1,950 to $3,100 at the Gallery at Workbench, 470 Park Avenue South (32nd). To descend—only for a moment—from this lofty plane, Zona, 484 Broome Street, which specializes in furniture of the Southwest, has a number of trasteros—rough country cupboards—sketchily painted and not too adorably peasant. They are warm and cheerful; $375 to $775.

The above-mentioned furniture is for sissies. For those willing to go out on a limb there is a new place in Tribeca: The Red Studio, 301 Church Street, founded last spring to provide a display space for functional art—i.e., furnishings made by artists and artisans. This gallery has shown the work of more than seventy artistic cutups. (All of them have clearly had a wonderful time making their functional, more or less, art.) Entering The Red Studio is like going into a room that's too noisy: you want to turn right around and go home. The colors, the materials, the shapes, the excesses are overwhelming at first. The trick is to look at each piece individually—pretend to wear blinders. Then, gradually, the possible can be sorted out from the impossible. The easiest piece to focus on is a sideboard with a streaked blue finish and a continuing landscape painted on the front of each of two drawers. It was made by a California painter named Roy McMakin, and costs $1,800. The Forest Throne, which is a twig chair made by Daniel Mack, formerly a video artist, is an armchair with a green corduroy seat and a hole in one arm "for the reigning gnome's sceptre." It's imaginative, it's calculated, and it costs $1,400. (Whimsy comes high.) Mack has also made a small twig chair, with a back constructed of a washboard and with Shaker web seating. It's called Little Queen; $200. Another painter, Claudia Fitch, has built a black lacquer dresser: a pyramid of five stacked parallelograms, each a drawer. It's on curved legs with square feet, and the effect is Steinbergian; $3,200. The day we were there, the painter and sculptor Stevan Jennis was having a show of his furnishings—a screen, a mirror, chairs, a step side table. The shapes were rectangular, and were painted with remembered boyhood objects—an ice-cream cone, a fish, a boy's knife, a candy cane. The most appealing of all was a rug, in subdued colors, consisting of four rectangles, with the outline of a rocket in one and a ship, a car, and an airplane in the others, as though drawn by a twelve-year-old boy; $500. George Schneeman's ceramic paper-towel holder has three tiles with line drawings of plump naked ladies cavorting above the roll; $160; his flower pot with a brilliant blue glaze on the outside, incised with homey designs, is $90.

For those who prefer traditional, pre-1985 furniture, such as the works of Eliel Saarinen or Josef Hoffmann or Alvar Aalto or Robert Mallet-Stevens, there is a new store called Oops, at 528 LaGuardia Place, which deals with various showrooms that carry approved reproductions, not knockoffs. Oops—an acronym for "originals on permanent sale"—takes on floor samples, the slightly damaged, the overstocked, the discontinued, and sells them at greatly reduced prices. One might find a Saarinen 1929 Blue Chair (Art Deco, with a gray-blue-lacquer-and-gold-leaf design and an upholstered seat) for around $700; an Alvar Aalto Pension Chair (molded birch with webbed seat and back), around $350; an Eileen Gray end table, around $200. The store never knows what it's going to get, and one's chances of finding a dozen matching dining-room chairs are slim. But the flaws are not immediately discernible, and the management is scrupulous about pointing them out. We were reclining in an extremely comfortable black leather sling chair (Rodney Kinsman, steel frame, matte black finish, $275) and had to be awakened and told that the chair had a slight list to port; it was noticeable only when we stood several feet away.

As for the Wiener Werkstätte, George Kovacs, 831 Madison Avenue (69th), has a collection of lamps, *scuola di* Josef Hoffmann, 1900-14. The bases are solid brass or nickel-plated brass, and the shades are hand-blown opaline glass, like mushroom caps. These are lamps of character and distinction, transcending individual taste; $550 for the simplest mushroom, $2,500 for the floor lamp. A graceful

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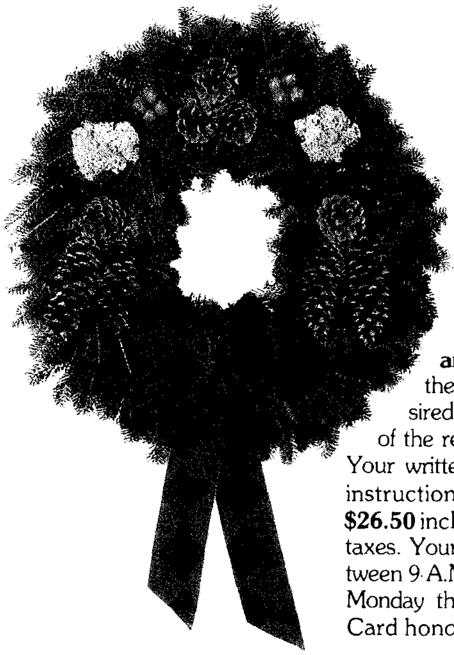

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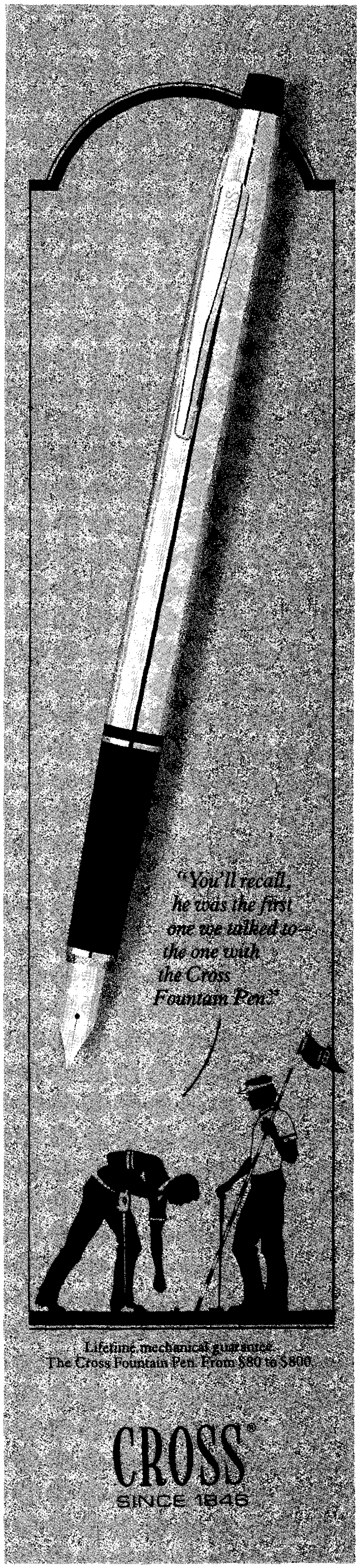
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QUESTION: How many people do you know who still drink straight-up Martinis? We know three, *all over eighty-six. Every evening* at six-thirty, out comes the pitcher. The gin and vermouth are measured (five to one), ice is added, the contents are stirred gently with a special chrome spoon, and the cocktail hour begins. For a dividend, they drink whatever remains in the pitcher. Dinner at seven-fifteen, no wine. To judge from the proliferation of Martini glasses in the stores, the straight-up-Martini drinkers are on the rise. No store with any pretension to maintaining a respectable inventory is without the classic nineteen-thirties V-shaped glass, with a long stem—the one that has to be picked up very, very carefully before the first sip in order to avoid spilling. The Pottery Barn has *three;* $4.95, $5.95, and $14.95. Of All Things, 900 First Avenue (50th), even has a set: six glasses with frosted stems, pitcher, and frosted stirrer; $60. And this is just the tip of the ice cube; the only holdouts we've discovered so far are Baccarat and Lamston's. Granted, it is the season to be jolly, but just what liquid refreshment are people putting in these glasses? Margaritas? Or is the straight-up Martini staging a comeback? What does it portend for the future of our country, not to mention cocktail parties? Arguments, that's what.

Painted glass as well as colored glass has been turning up more frequently in the stores. Royal Copenhagen Porcelain, 683 Madison Avenue (61st), has quantities of Orrefors delicately painted with small field flowers—wild rose, clover, violet, and, the prettiest of all, linnaea (named after the Swedish botanist). There are glasses, pitchers, vases, candlesticks, bowls, carafes, bells. Some of the glasses and bowls are round, some octagonal. A round bowl, eight inches in diameter, in the linnaea pattern is $95; a tumbler is $34; a candlestick with a bell-shaped base is $79. It's all surprisingly fresh-looking. Orrefors has also produced an enormous round vase, sixteen inches in diameter. It's not quite symmetrical, because it's hand-blown (that only adds to its looks), and it has a swirl finish around the neck. It would be dazzling with a branch of quince or dogwood in it, although it's plenty dazzling all by itself; $350. Sointu, 20 East 69th

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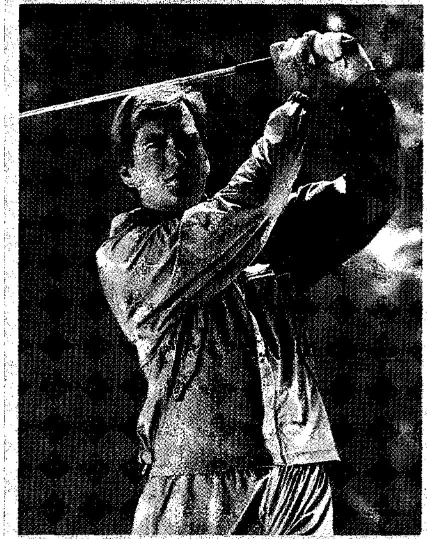

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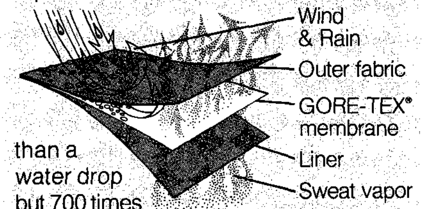

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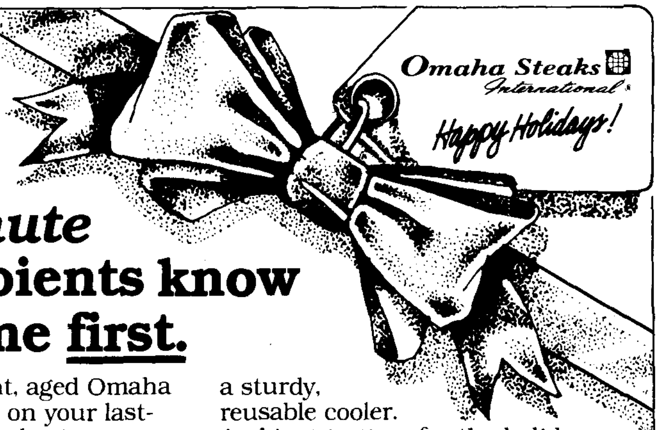
Street, has tumblers in eight different colors—blue, amethyst, and aquamarine are three. They are hand-blown by two Americans who studied at the Orrefors school and then opened an atelier in Switzerland. The tumblers are slightly flared at the top and the bottom, and one costs $28. Colored pitchers, vases, and bowls are also available, hand-blown by the same team. An opaque bowl that looks like a giant soup plate is smoke-blue and costs $125. Frosted glass, described sometimes as "satin finish," is also appearing on the shelves. Tumblers are $14, and a particularly graceful pitcher is $50. Sointu and D. F. Sanders, 386 West Broadway and 952 Madison Avenue (75th), both carry this frosted glass. (There is a certain amount of duplication between these stores. One is tiny and one is enormous, but each goes in for good modern design, stainless steel, and matte black.)

IT occurred to us only recently that the increase in the availability of antique bed linen (heavy with embroidery, openwork, and lace) is in direct ratio to the decrease in antique laundresses. All those women who had the linen done at home have regretfully decided it isn't worth holding on to if they themselves have to stand over the ironing board. The laundry problem has not been solved, and this year we have decided to write only about bed linens that (a) cost no more than an arm and (b) can be sent with impunity to a *good* laundry. The owner of Cherchez, 864 Lexington Avenue (65th), feels that there is a market for bed linens somewhere between what's available in the department stores and what's available on Madison Avenue (European division). Most of the linens at Cherchez are white, and all of them are either pure linen or fine combed cotton or piqué. There are several white-on-white patterns (bows, stripes, dots), some with straight and some with scalloped edges. The prices range from $30, for a linen baby-pillow sham, through $185, for a queen-size plain hemstitched sheet, to $310, for a white-on-white (bows) sheet of Egyptian cotton, also queen-size. There are pillow shams, sheets, and blanket covers in every size, and all of them have style. Patrizia Anichini and Susan Dollenmaier operate out of a loft in what is coming to be known as the Flatiron district. These women began with antique linens, then started im-



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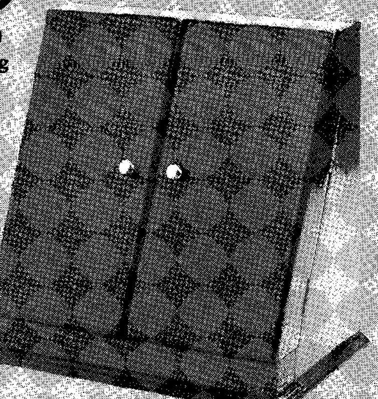

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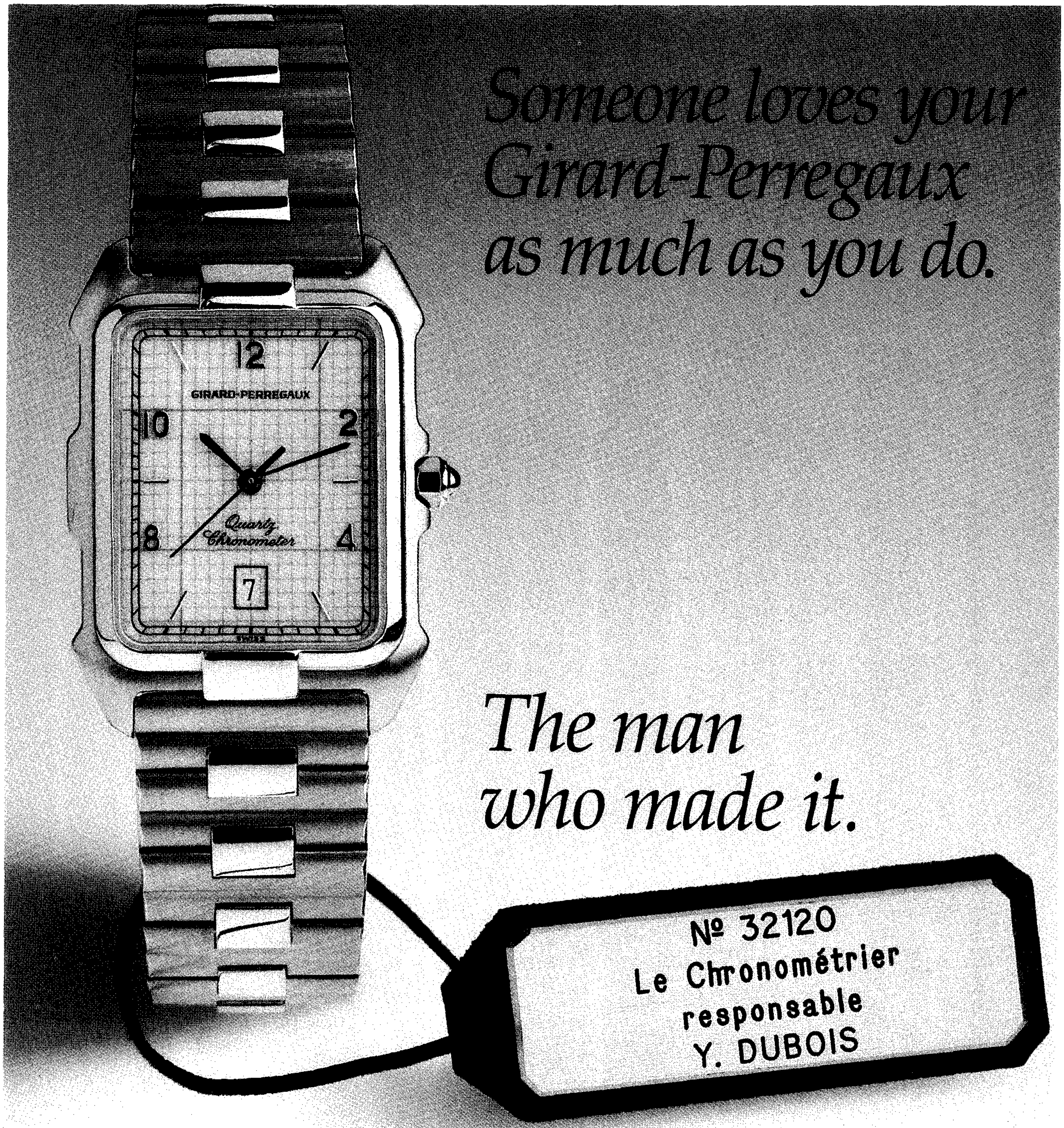
porting Belgian linen and having it made up into sheets and pillowcases. (They also bought out the entire inventory of a ninety-year-old lace importer, thus acquiring a lifetime supply of lace.) Miss Anichini then went to Italy and found a couple of small factories that were only too happy to produce pure linen and Egyptian cotton. Some of the linens here come in peach, blue, gray, and écru as well as white. The average cost of a queen-size sheet is around $200—more if it's linen, less if it's cotton. As a sideline, there are some pillows made up out of old paisley throws, with either a red wool or a black moiré backing; $50 to $125. Their French mohair blankets, in melting colors, are $250. (By appointment only; 1-212 982-7274.) Chelsea Passage has some French bed linen, all-cotton, and different, at reasonable prices (as all-cotton, different bed linens go). A white sheet with a white-on-white patterned border is $130; a sheet with a tiny blue checked pattern and a wide white border is $54; a plaid pattern (dark red, dark blue, and white) is $47.50. All these are queen-size. Several cottage industries in Wales are turning out jacquard spreads for Chelsea Passage exclusively. They are reversible, and come in a choice of three color combinations: black and white; black, red, white, and blue; and green and coral (the most unusual). They're $435. A matching pillow is $65. The steamer blankets sold here come with a strong leather harness for convenient carrying, and cost $350. Somewhat to our surprise, black bed linen that is neither sleazy nor creepy has appeared in a number of shops. Ad Hoc Softwares, 410 West Broadway, has some made of a cotton-and-linen blend (it looks like linen), with hemstitching; $95 for the queen-size. A gray cotton-chambray sheet is $110. (Whether sleeping on gray sheets is preferable to sleeping on black sheets may be a moot point for many people, but the sheets are indisputably smart.) A white, all-linen baby-pillow cover from China is $16 here, and a good value; an enormous, all-cotton, white terry bath sheet, sixty inches by ninety, with a piqué border, is $100; a fire-engine-red mohair-and-wool throw is $85; a French cotton-and-polyester panel, called a *panneau* or a *brise-bise* ("glass curtain" in this country), runs from $70 to $135, depending on size and fanciness of detail. To show that we keep an open mind about Madison Avenue linen stores, we would like to report that Pratesi, 829 Madison Avenue (69th), has a very classy set of bed linen made of what they call "angel-skin cotton," with three lines of beige hemstitching around the borders. (Also available with blue, pink, or white thread.) A queen-size sheet is $236. Ballantrae, 1078 Madison Avenue (81st), a store full of extravagances for the mansion, has chenille throws that are unctuous. The "handle" is silken and heavy. They are five feet by seven, and come in woodsy colors, except for a white one, and (brace yourself) they range in price from $950 to $1,500. Elizabeth Eakins, 1053 Lexington Avenue (75th) and 63 Thompson Street (formerly known as the Collectors Choice, and a primary source of beautiful carpets), has mohair throws adapted from its rug designs (checks, stripes, and plaids), which are more coeducational than pastel-colored throws; $300.

We are not going to discuss old quilts this year, either. We're going to mention new ones, which can be washed, and slept on or under, but are still well designed. Most new quilts sold at church fairs and the like have one problem: the fabrics and the color combinations are often ugly. A company called Hands All Around has remedied this situation. It has a group of home-based seamstresses sewing away up in northern Vermont. The quilts are machine-pieced and then either hand-tied or hand-quilted. The fabrics are a hundred per cent cotton, and there are swatches to choose from—solids, small prints, florals, and geometrics. Fourteen traditional patterns are offered, and samples of each, made up into quilts, can be inspected as well as bought. There are pillows and runners and tablecloths in addition to bed quilts, and prices run from $30, for a pillow with a corded edge, to $532, for a king-size quilt in the Vermont Star pattern. The quilting is minimal—five stitches to the inch (you're supposed to do fourteen)—but it is done by hand and can nearly double the price. A queen-size quilt in the Tumbling Blocks pattern is $352 unquilted, $656 quilted. All the bed quilts are filled with either twelve-ounce or twenty-ounce polyester batting. (The price is the same with or without the batting.) After a couple of washings, these quilts would start to look just right. (By appointment only; 1-212 533-0093.) Down in the Flatiron district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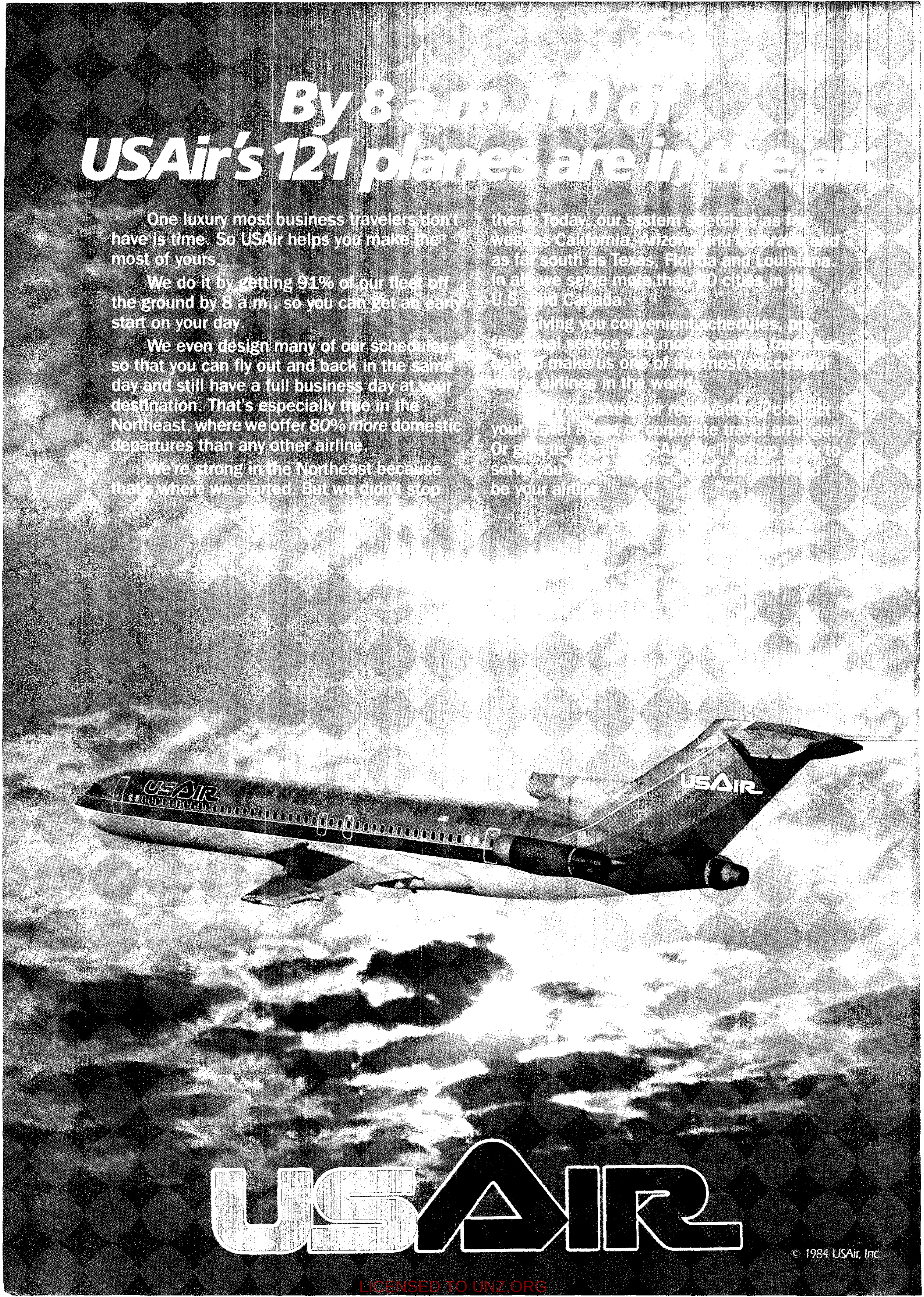

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(the Flatiron district is fast going the way of SoHo and Tribeca—i.e., up—for better or worse), the Seventeenth Street Gallery, 132 East 17th Street, sells new quilts from South Carolina. (This store also carries old quilts.) A queen-size quilt in the Courthouse Square pattern, made of red cotton (with white dots) and unbleached muslin, is $415; a quilt for a double bed which is made of four-inch squares with minimal shell quilting is $185. A Dresden Plate quilt, which looks as though it were made of small neckties sewn together, is $315.

NOW for the practical presents. A doorman's umbrella would probably be the most welcome. This is a serious black umbrella, thirty-nine inches long, with a wingspread of fifty inches, double ribs, and a wooden crook handle. It comes with a case, and costs $29.50 at Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 East 57th Street. Uncle Sam, 161 West 57th Street, also sells a doorman's umbrella, with a plastic handle, either straight or crook. Uncle Sam's comes in black or in golf-umbrella stripes, but without a case; $24. These umbrellas are large enough so that there is less chance of leaving them in a taxi or under a theatre seat, and either one of them should eliminate discussions about which is more important to keep dry—his hair or her trouser cuffs. Hammacher Schlemmer carries an even more flat-footed (but handy) item—a copying machine roughly the size of a portable typewriter. Increasingly, copies have to be made of practically every document that goes out of or comes into the house except thank-you notes. Daily trips are made to the Xerox machine up the block, or else stacks of paper are taken to the office and photocopied. The copier sold by H.S. can be operated by even the most unmechanical-minded, and comes with a hundred sheets each of legal and letter-size paper (it requires special paper) and also with a carrying case (so you can take it on your vacation); $299.50.

Every second store in New York has the Polder tea trolley, but the Museum of Modern Art has it in black, white, or red. It's made of metal, folds and unfolds easily, and can be stashed in a closet when it's not in use; $65. Also ubiquitous are the small black vases with spikes, like a frog. They are only an inch and a half high, but are weighted and well balanced, so that a flower, no matter how tall, won't fall over. Because they are simple and in-

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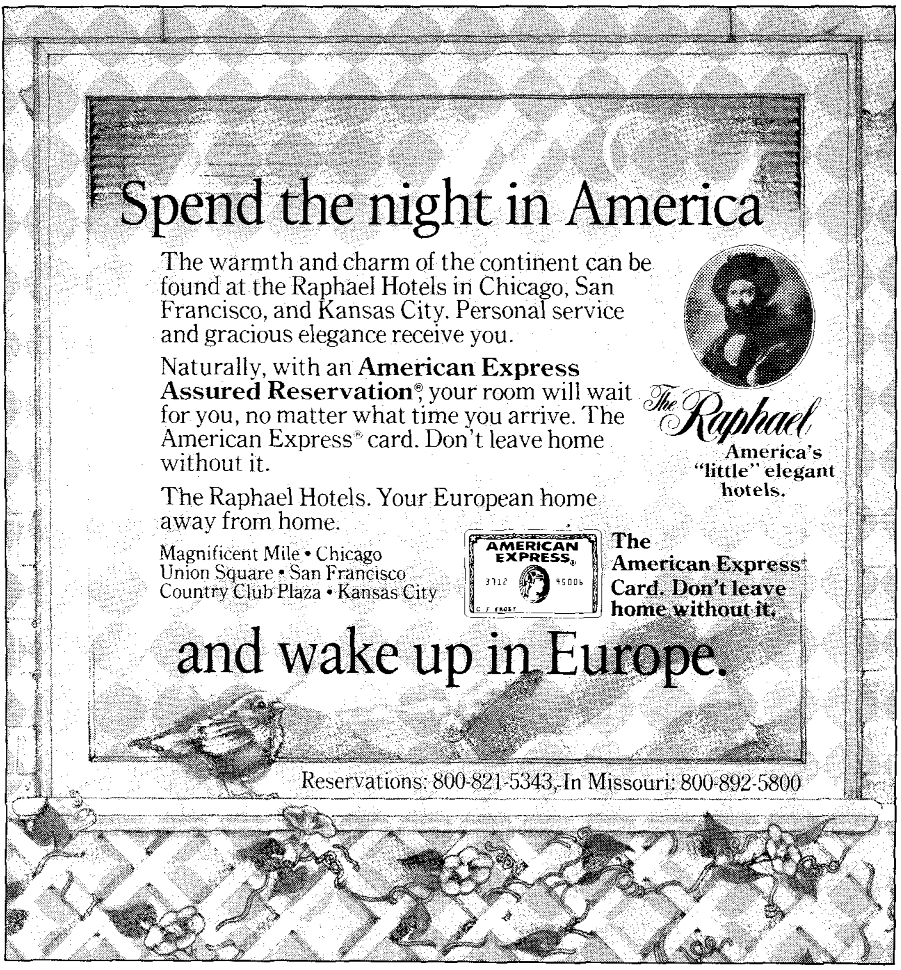
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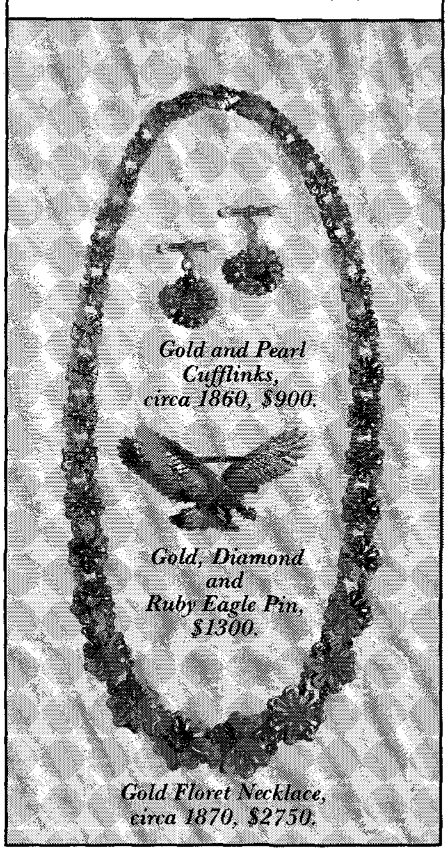
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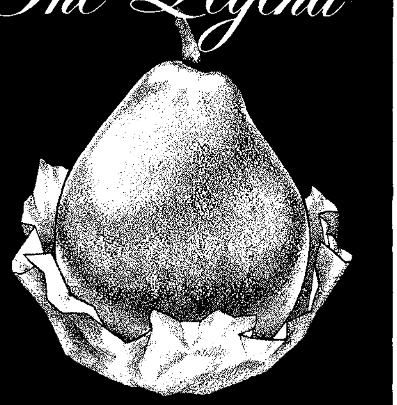
conspicuous, they make either a peony or a jewelweed look its best. Ad Hoc Housewares, 842 Lexington Avenue (64th), has seven shapes—square, round, and rectangular—costing from $21 to $50; any one of them with a flower or two in it would make a swell Christmas present. Ad Hoc also has the small Braun alarm clock that the awakee can talk back to. For a period of forty minutes a simple "Shut up!" will give you four minutes of peace until it rings again. It comes in black and costs $40. Whether or not a confiture pan is practical depends on how often you make jam. The one at Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street, is an unlined copper pan, sixteen inches in diameter, with brass handles and a rolled edge. Never mind whether or not confiture is ever made; the pan is intrinsically beautiful. It's $108. D. & D. *also has an Italian white* earthenware platter, eighteen inches square, that is a switch on the usual oval or round platter; $40. There is yet another new thermos on the market, made by Corning, in which the coffee can be brewed as well as kept hot. It's for drip coffee, has a replaceable lining, and keeps a quart of coffee hot for eight hours. The coffee is dispensed by pressing a button, so heat is preserved, and it's not a bad idea for a household whose members trickle in to breakfast or drink coffee all day long; $30 at Of All Things, among many other places. A nutmeg mill, perfect in both design and looks, slices and then grinds the nutmeg, and it comes with a supply of nutmegs, which can be stored in the clear-acrylic top. The bottom is chrome or matte black. You simply turn the handle—it works like greased lightning and is a stunning improvement on the nasty little nutmeg grater that gets your fingers as well as the nutmeg into the milk punch; $22 at Frank McIntosh, and also available at Sointu. The ne plus ultra of practical presents is possibly the sterling-silver measuring cup at Tiffany. It's a quarter of an inch higher than the one-cup mark, so that the contents won't spill over; $575.

THERE are still a few stores in New York that specialize in Gifts for All Occasions (including Christmas). M. H. Stockroom, 654 Madison Avenue (60th), occupies an aerie in a Madison Avenue high rise, and is only slightly larger than a real aerie. The owners are two women who travel frequently in Europe, keeping an eagle eye out for (necessarily)

Savor The Legend



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small oddments. Elbows tucked in, we visited their domain one morning last month, and can report that it's a miniature, upgraded Portobello Road. There are, among many other now familiar curiosities, old magnifying glasses, inkwells, lamps, prints, marble objects (real and faux), and unsafety-match strikers. There are lots of things to put things in—boxes, and objects made to look like something else which are really boxes. A large mahogany book, sixteen by twenty-four inches, is ideal for papers; $850. A hollow leather book to hold playing cards is $350, and a Victorian revolving bookstand is $800. (The owners have a fondness for bookish things.) There is a French file, leather-bound to resemble a book, for Victrola records; the word "Disques" is on the spine. This is $300. Four seventeenth-century architectural prints—façades of Roman palaces, nicely framed and matted—are $600 each. A small lustreware pitcher is $40. The shop has botanical prints, and the day we were there one entitled "A Non-descript Goose from Falkland Island in The Royal Society, Feb. 16, 1775" (by one Peter Brown) was to be had for $300. The feeling around this shop is that the owners know what will sell, but also buy what they like and won't be devastated if it doesn't sell. (It's best to call first: 1-212 752-6696.) James II Galleries, 15 East 57th Street, is very much the same sort of place as the Stockroom, except that it has more room and, understandably, a greater range. A pair of brass student sticks, c. 1870 (like student lamps but with a candle-holder rather than a light-bulb socket), with double holders is $635. Small mirrors, with both distortion and normal glass, to put anywhere a small mirror is needed (by the kitchen door) are $300 and up. A mah-jongg game in the original leather case, c. 1910, is $385. This shop has an extensive supply of old carving sets and fish servers, for putting on the dog when company comes. The carving sets have handles of horn, bone, or ivory, and some are three-piece (i.e., with sharpener); $350 to $600. Silver-plated fish servers are around $250. Edwardian hatstands are $175 each. The French Country Store, 35 East 10th Street, has some French hatstands of wood or brass, or both. A four-foot brass hatstand with six adjustable branches is $1,250. A single hatstand, two feet high, is $38. Any of these in a front hall would be useful *and* decorative.

Besides all the pine furniture and

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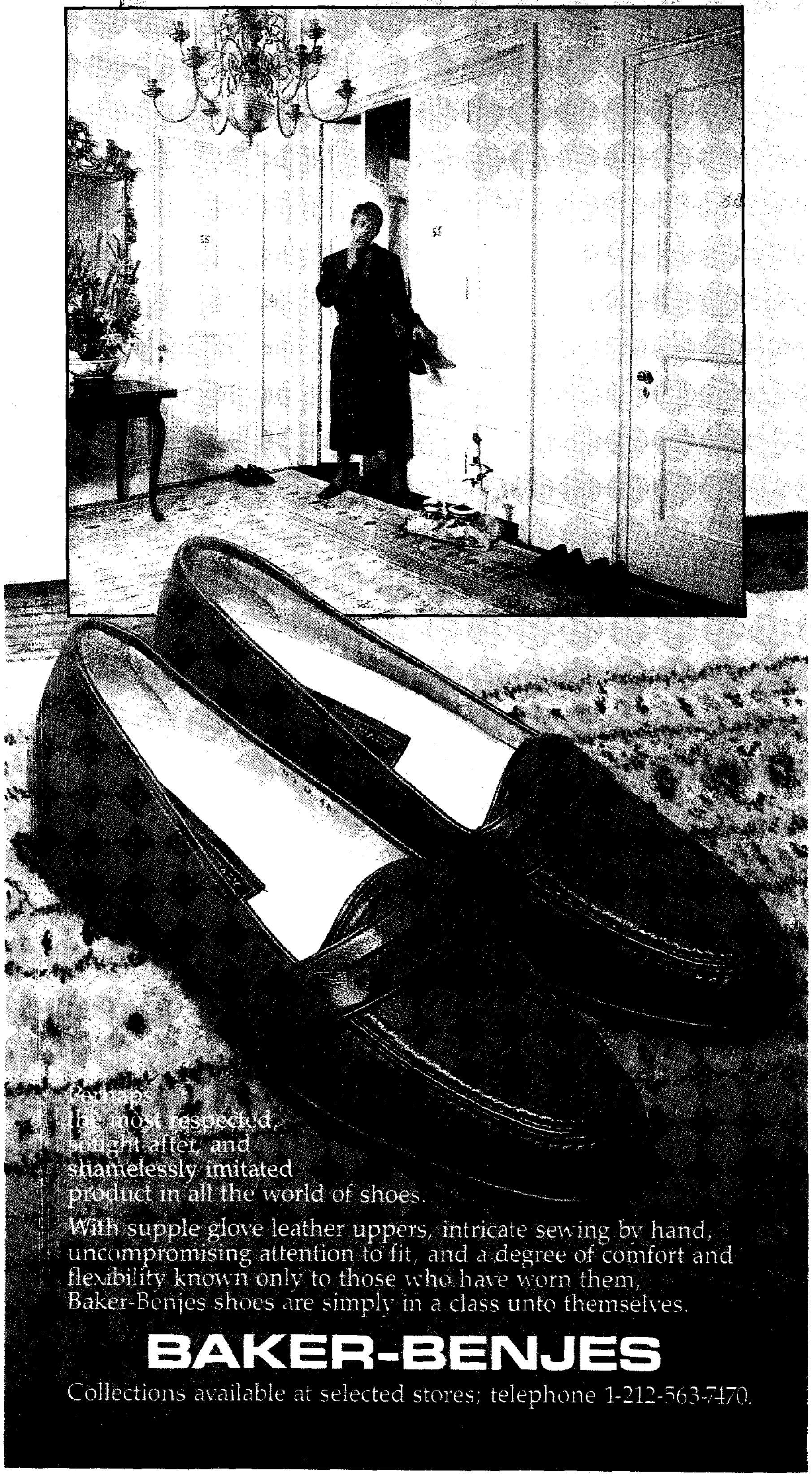

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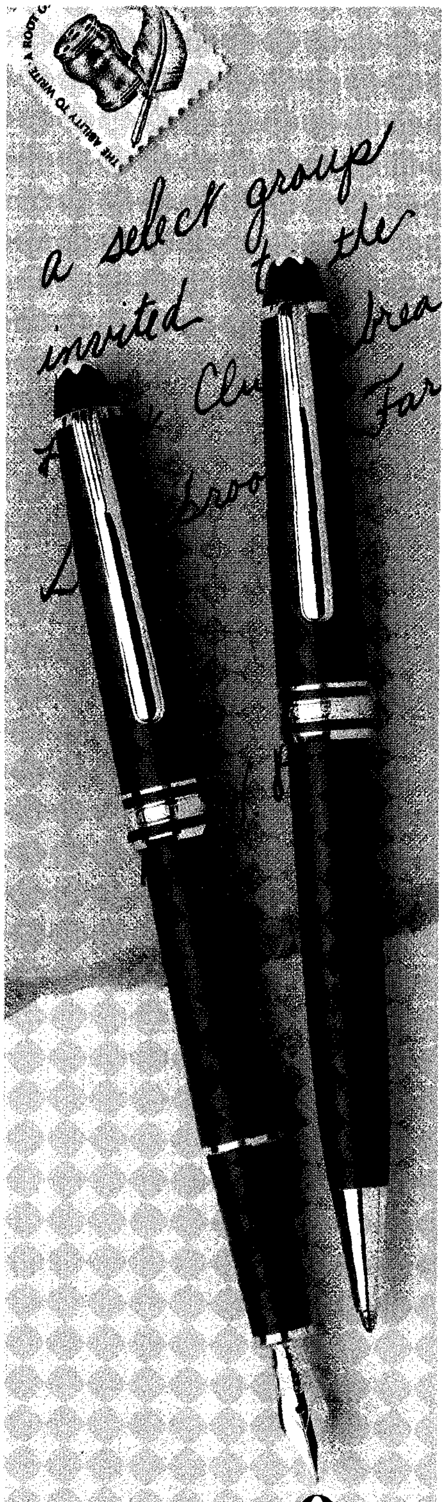

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the Lloyd Loom chairs, The English Way has a collection of earthenware cream jars—in which clotted cream was delivered in England until about 1920—and they would make perfect small vases. (In the process of building a highway near Birmingham, workers hit upon a dump where the jars had been tossed. No deposit. No return.) Most of these jars cost from $3 to $8, although one saying "Rich Thick Cream" on it is $90. A nineteenth-century mahogany frame consists of a long rectangle with seven openings for photographs of loved ones—a round one for Mum, and three square openings on each side for the rest of the family. The edges of the frame are routed, and it is unusual as well as decorative; $300. A 1901 Ping-Pong set (the game was called Gossima then) comes in a leather case, and consists of four paddles made of drum skin, with lacquered wooden handles, and a rule book; $400. Nineteen-twenties English watercolors of un-grand country-house scenes are from $250 to $500—for instant family background. Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Avenue (81st), has everything from four Thonet chairs for children to a neo-Picasso ceramic plate. The bentwood chairs have been re-caned, and they're all winners. The bench, with a loop back, is $950; the rocker is $650; the armchair is $450; the straight chair is $350. (The only problem with owning one of these is that they are not so small that an adult of reasonable size can't sit on them, and there are certain adults who always make a beeline for the smallest chair in the room.) The large ceramic plate (from the Albright-Knox museum, in Buffalo) is white with bright-colored squiggles, curves, and eyes. It is arresting and cheerful rather than subtle; $75. A double sconce of flowers and ribands that looks as though it were made out of rusted metal is $49.50. Two of the sconces with candles on a dining-room wall would look much better than electrified sconces. This store has managed to latch on to copies of the silver frames that decorate the table in the opening shots of Masterpiece Theatre. It's a wonderful collection, ranging from the ornate Victorian, through Art Nouveau, to the simple; $65 to $190. Zona has branched out from its early days of English garden benches, Smith & Hawken gardening tools, and Soleri bells. It now has serious furniture, handmade in Taos of Ponderosa pine, and twig chairs, made by

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Daniel Mack, that are less fantastic than the Forest Throne over at The Red Studio. They have Shaker webbing seats and cost from $350 to $450, depending on size. A six-foot ladder, also by Mr. Mack, made of roughly cut maple with the bark still on is $120. (The rungs are mortise-and-tenon, not nailed on, but one suspects that these ladders are more for decoration than for use; they could be used, though, if someone stood by in case of emergency.) Terra-cotta pots range from $6.50, for a narrow trough eleven inches long, to $300, for one two-feet square. Heavy woven cotton rugs in Ikat patterns, forty-two by seventy-two inches, are $60 and $65. An extremely tough marine-canvas duffelbag, with a strong zipper, is $48. A standard backyard croquet set (two posts, nine wickets) for four, hand-built, has mallets made of northern rock maple, with brass ferruled tips and ash handles. A rule book is included, and the whole caboodle comes in a bright-green canvas case with leather handles; $180. A holloware vase, a blend of oxidized brass, copper, nickel, and bronze, that looks like a big verdigris button on edge (it's supported by four tiny brass nails), is $110 if it's seven inches in diameter, $70 if it's five inches. Four curved skewers of aged steel with a decorative bracken-fern design on one end are $30. Aside from looks, they make more sense than straight skewers, because they follow the curve of the plate. For $10 more, there's a holder in the shape of a half circle; set up, it looks like a piece of sculpture. A heavy checked cotton picnic cloth (not French-café checks), sixty by ninety inches, is $28. Four fat white candles in glasses nine inches high are $8. Zona is a serene, inviting store, where it would be a pleasure to do all one's Christmas shopping.

SLIGHTLY less expensive presents that some people might like to receive: Sointu has pillar candles (they not only do not require being but cannot be put in candlesticks) in Tuscan, Ionic, or obelisk forms; they are twelve inches high, come in white or black, and cost $18 a pair. Tapered candles, three feet long and in black or white, are handmade, burn very slowly, and neither smoke nor bend; $47 for a set of six. (These candles are also available, in other colors, at Of All Things, for $8.25 apiece.) Heavy silver-plated candleholders, two inches high, with a collar to catch the drip

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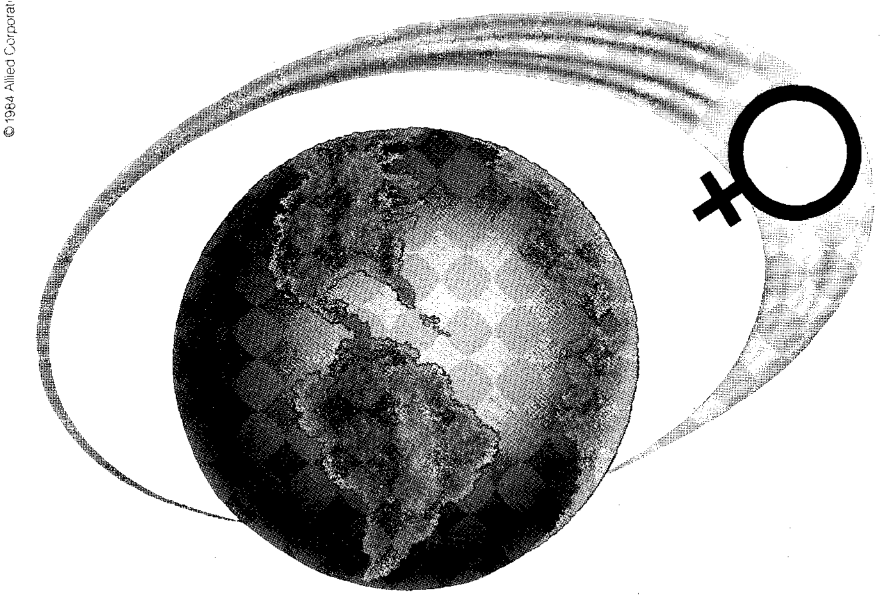
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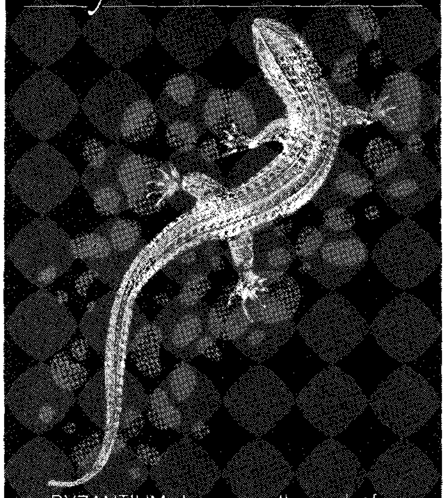

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are $36 a pair at Sointu. A fourteen-inch black glass plate would make anything that's put on it look good—goat cheese, three cigarettes, one pea. It's $38. The Pottery Barn has some earthenware that is a lovely French blue outside, with a finish like a salt glaze, and a pale blue inside. There are pitchers, bowls, and casseroles. The pitcher handle is at right angles to the pouring spout, as on a chocolate pot. Two opposite edges of the casserole are bent in slightly, to form a grip; $4.95 to $8.95. Cylindrical vases twelve inches high come in white, black, or a gray-blue, for $6.95; $1.95 for matching saucers. Three handsome glass pitchers from Poland, in a one-, two-, and three-quart size, are $10.95, $12.95, and $16.95, respectively, at Conran's. Also at Conran's: a fluted-glass pendant lamp, for $35; a knockoff of the Asiatic Pheasant china pattern, in a pretty faded blue, at $5 for a dinner plate; grow kits for parsley, mustard cress, fines herbes, and the like, for from $2.75 to $8.50. A six-pack of fluted juice glasses designed by Aino Aalto (wife to Alvar) is $5 at MOMA. Clear-plastic goblets, from Sweden, with two narrow bands of color around the stem are $16 for two here, and they can go in the dishwasher. Chelsea Passage has small silver-plated place-card holders in various shapes (a top hat, a double feather, a ball, a jockey cap); $6 to $10. A silver-plated wine ring lined with red cloth, to place around the neck of a bottle to catch the drip, is $5. Cherchez has a device for drying the inside of a decanter. It's a gauze tube containing absorbent crystals that turn pink when they're saturated. (They then can be put in a low oven to dry out.) It works, and is a great improvement on the hair dryer, often used less successfully for the same purpose; $12 each, and maybe this device had better be given with a decanter.

PRESENTS that some people might like to receive but probably won't:

The morning news told us the other day: "There is strong consumer confidence going into the holiday season," and on the strength of this we have a few suggestions for those confident consumers stalking the city for the big stuff. We have been trying to find an artist who can do a painting of a room in your house which looks as though the family had just left it to go in to dinner, not as though it had been spiffed up to have its picture taken for

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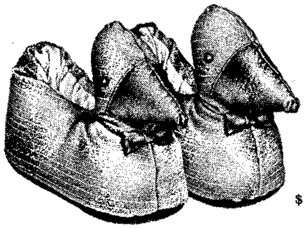

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one of those magazines. It's the sort of thing that used to be done by maiden aunts—small domestic scenes revealing the flavor of the household and titled "The Garden Room," "Lizzy Reading," "Music After Dinner." We have been unsuccessful, but we did learn of a man named Jack Moment, who will paint an aerial view of a place without ever going up in an airplane. The paintings are slightly distorted (to get everything in), and are both detailed (two minuscule children in a rowboat on a pond) and undetailed (trees a solid mass of green). The style is neo-semi-folk art, and the price is $4,000 for a picture eighteen inches by twenty-four, $9,500 for one thirty-six by forty-eight. Oils only. Jack Moment can be reached through Portraits, Inc., 985 Park Avenue (83rd); 1-212 879-5560. The vogue for architectural drawings continues unabated. (They're decorative and safe, and often unusual.) Façade Gallery, 1044 Madison Avenue (79th), specializes in these drawings. Interpreting the word "architecture" loosely, it has a wide range of drawings—buildings, gardens, ceilings, furniture, draperies. A view of a projected rooftop development on the Pan Am Building, pencil on print, beautifully hand-colored and shaded, is $3,000. (It looks futuristic.) A Cubist garden for a Robert Mallet-Stevens house in France, done in watercolors, is $1,650. Two very large ink washes from the École des Beaux-Arts, depicting details of pillars, are $4,500 each. The ceiling for a Chinese Pavilion (1920), done in watercolors, is $860; a Biedermeier sofa, also in watercolors, is $550.

Entering Asprey's outpost in the Trump Tower is not unlike visiting a safe-deposit vault—it is empty, hushed, and one is aware of the presence of Valuables. The loudest noise in the shop is the piano music floating up from the lobby below. (Incidentally, we are happy to be able to report that the plants have been moved off the pink-marble bench in the pink-marble lobby of the Trump Tower, and the old footsore gang is back on it, with shopping bags, listening contentedly to "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," or whatever golden oldie is being rendered on the piano.) For a truly grand, as well as the heaviest, croquet set (accepted international version, now popular in this country—one post, six wickets), Asprey is your place. There are four mallets, made of lignum vitae, and four balls, corner flags and corner

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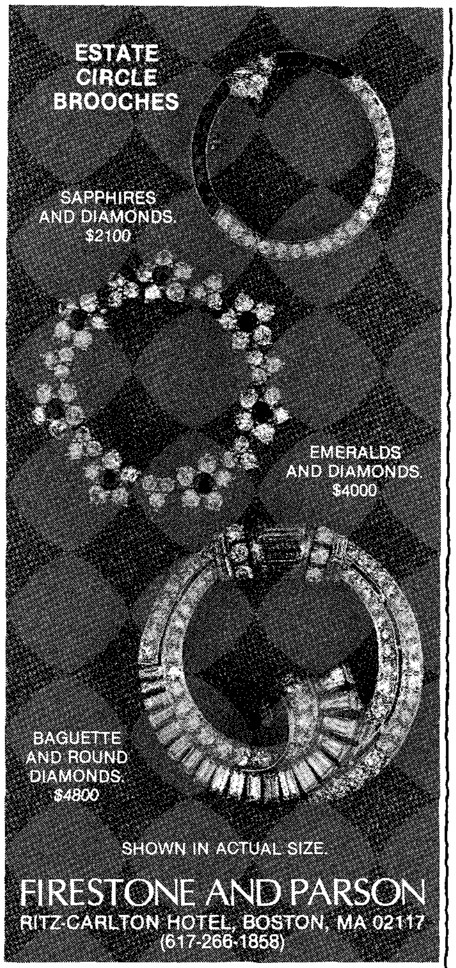
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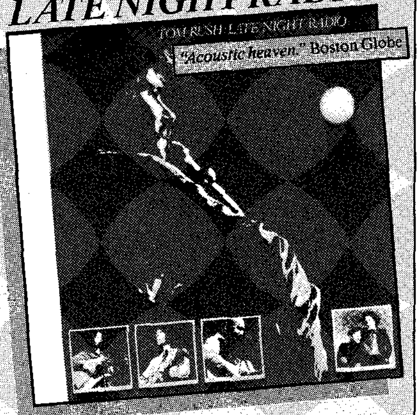

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pegs, a smasher, and pegs to mark the position of the balls. The teak storage cabinet has a false floor to store the wickets in. That's not all: there is an umbrella, two parasols (with teak handles and sterling-silver tops), two cushions, and a rule book (from the Hurlingham Club). There are slots on the outside of the box through which boards can be slid so that two servitors can carry it to the croquet lawn. (Boards included.) Although one always feels that it's a little vulgar to ask the price of anything here, we whispered the question, and learned that the set may be had for $8,500. D. F. Sanders has a reinforced, canvas market umbrella, nine feet nine inches high, with a nine-foot, nine-inch wingspread. It comes with a heavy stand to keep it from blowing over in the wind. It's stalwart and large enough to get a table and chairs under, for those who don't like to eat in the sun; $1,200.

SALOU, 452-A Columbus Avenue (81st), will decorate small Alberta spruces, thirty to forty-eight inches high. Trimmed with firefly lights that do not blink, and hand-blown balls in pale colors (the size of large marbles), they cost from $100 to $225. With the addition of miniature flannel or gingham Teddy bears, miniature hearts, ducks, and sheep, the prices are from $250 to $500. They would go straight to the heart of those people who don't want or have given up having a large tree (and have given up buying any other Christmas presents). The Glass Store, 1242 Madison Avenue (89th), must have the largest collection of hand-blown balls in the city. Stripes, swirls, appliqués, clear, colored, painted, marble (faux), in a variety of shapes; $16 to $27. Lollipops are $16 apiece; two-inch angels are $7.50; an old-fashioned Santa Claus made of iridescent glass is $20; a charming and very skinny candy cane, five inches high, is $4. Of All Things has a supply of rather formal needlepoint socks, approximately twenty inches long, to hang by the chimney with care. Santa Claus, with a modest bag of presents, rides in a sleigh pulled by one reindeer and surrounded by falling snowflakes. The background colors are a rich rose red and moss green, and the stockings are backed with heavy red cotton. They are extremely well made, in Madeira—and handsome; $60.

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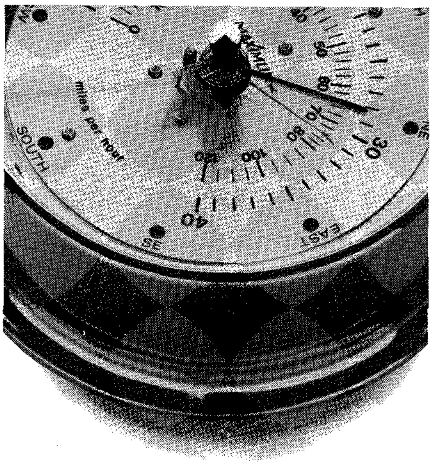

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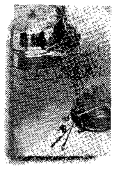

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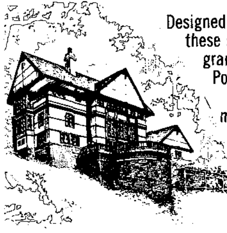

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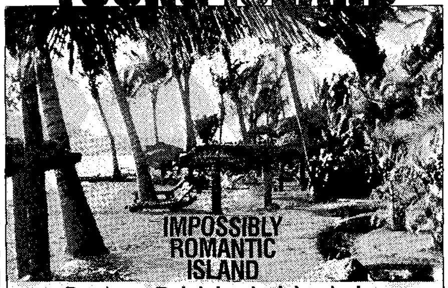

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commonplace booklet, which he has then had privately printed and given to friends at Christmas as a kind of glorified card. Called "A Christmas Cracker," each is a slim volume (twenty-four pages) with a bright-colored paper cover. The contents are the selections of a sophisticated, catholic, and humorous mind: a moving letter written by Napoleon to the Prince Regent after Waterloo (it went unanswered); a marginal note by an Irish scribe in a ninth-century manuscript ("Pleasant to me is the glittering of the sun upon these margins, because it flickers so"); and, of course, the Reverend Sydney Smith ("I must believe in the Apostolic Succession, there being no other way of accounting for the descent of the Bishop of Exeter from Judas Iscariot"). Lord Norwich's friends apparently have either a working knowledge of French or a dictionary at hand—the French selections are not translated. The Crackers make perfect browsing at the end of a long day during the Christmas season—or, indeed, at the end of any long day. The booklets have been sold at various bookstores in England for many years, but not in this country until now. They can be bought at the Morgan Library, 29 East 36th Street. At the time of going to press, the Crackers were in mid-sky. They will be priced on arrival.

◆

BLUNDER OF THE WEEK: As fat-watchers are well aware, eggs are among the foods with the highest concentration of cholesterol, and have been linked to atherosclerosis, a major cause of heart attacks.

Imagine, then, the astonishment of physicians across the country who received a free egg cookbook recently—from a company that specializes in the manufacture of drugs that combat heart disease perhaps, is a combat outfit of the anti-Saninista Nicaraguan Democratic Force "contras."

Its official title is the "Jeane Kirkpatrick Task Force," in honor of the solidly anti-Sandinista U.S. ambassador to the United Nations.—*Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

Catchy title, anyway.

◆

"In a word," says David H. Thorne, President of Rising Star Associates, Ltd., which bought the 10-year old magazine in June 1983, "the BRC survey tells us that our typical reader is 40 years old, has an average household income of $44,200 per year, and is an inner-directed individual who has maintained an ethically-based value system while professionally positioning him or herself in a leadership role."

—*News release from New Age Journal.*

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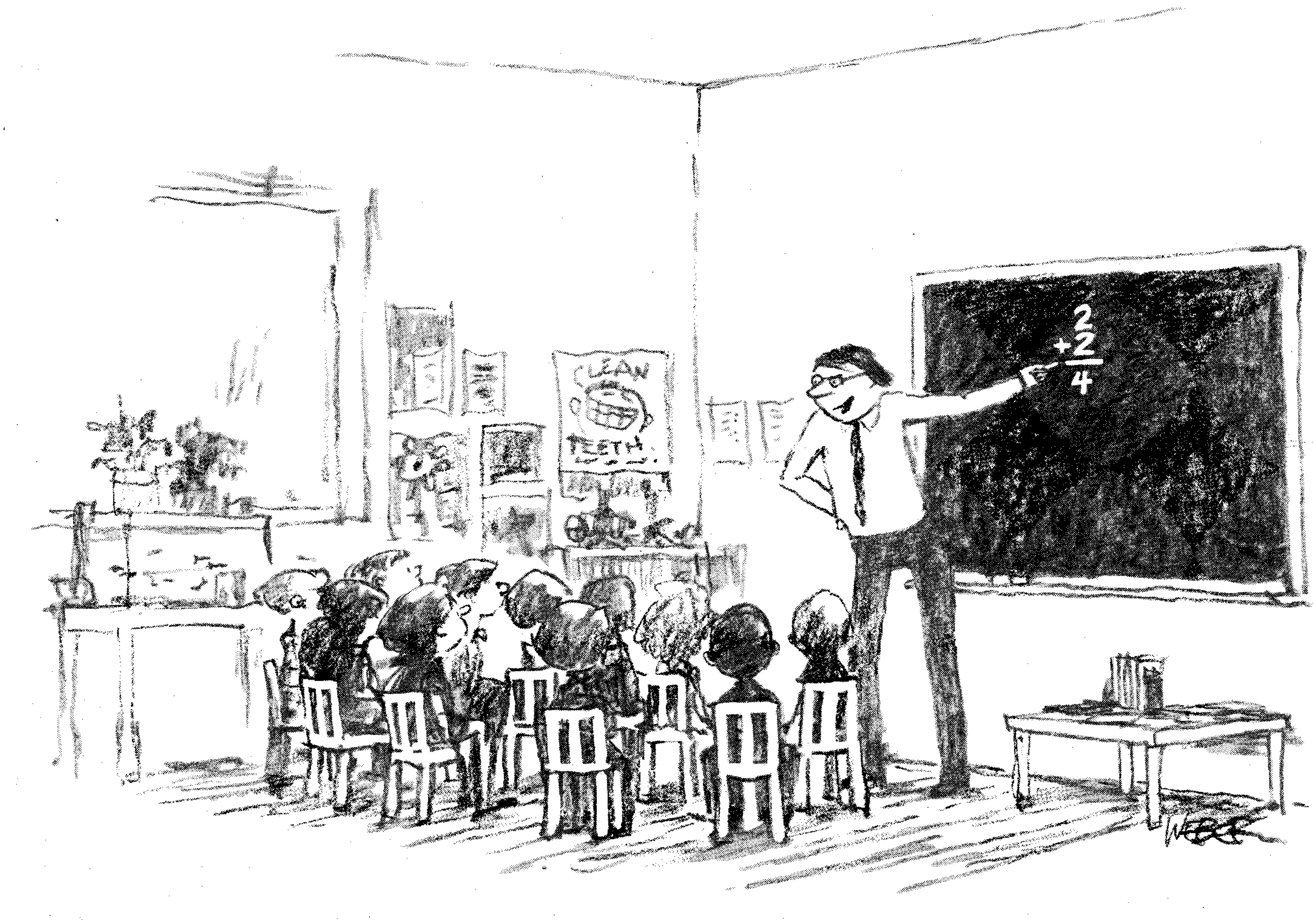
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Three Cheers

“Stop Making Sense” makes wonderful sense. A concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads, it was shot during three performances at the Hollywood Pantages Theatre in December, 1983, and the footage has been put together without interviews and with very few cutaways. The director, Jonathan Demme, offers us a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. This has not been a year when American movies overflowed with happiness; there was some in “Splash,” and there’s quite a lot in “All of Me”—especially in its last, dancing minutes. “Stop Making Sense” is the only current movie that’s a dose of happiness from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environments (three screens used for backlit slide projections); there’s no glitter, no sleaze. The musicians aren’t trying to show us how hot they are; the women in the group aren’t there to show us some skin. Seeing the movie is like going to an austere orgy—which turns out to be just what you wanted.

Clean-shaven, with short hair slicked back, and wearing white sneakers and a light-colored suit, with his shirt buttoned right up to his Adam’s apple, the gaunt David Byrne, who founded the group, comes on alone (with his acoustic guitar and a tape player) for the first number, “Psycho Killer.” He’s so white he’s almost mock-white, and so are his jerky, long-necked, mechanical-man movements. He seems fleshless, bloodless; he might almost be a black man’s parody of how a clean-cut white man moves. But Byrne himself is the parodist, and he commands the stage by his hollow-eyed, frosty verve. Byrne’s voice isn’t a singer’s voice—it doesn’t have the resonance. It’s more like a shouter’s or chanter’s voice, with an emotional carryover—a faintly metallic wail—and you might expect it to get strained or tired. But his voice never seems to crack or weaken, and he’s always in motion—jiggling, aerobic walking, jumping, dancing. (They shade into each other.) Byrne has a withdrawn, disembodied, sci-fi quality, and though there’s something unknowable and almost autistic about him, he makes autism fun. He gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. When he comes on wearing a boxlike “big suit”—his body lost inside this form that sticks out around him like the costumes in Noh plays, or like Beuys’ large suit of felt that hangs off a wall—it’s a perfect psychological fit. He’s a handsome, freaky golem. When he dances, it isn’t as if he were moving the suit—the suit seems to move him. And this big box that encloses him is only an exaggeration of his regular nerd-dandy clothes. Byrne may not be human (he rejects ordinary, show-biz forms of ingratiation, such as smiling), but he’s a stupefying performer—he even bobs his head like a chicken, in time to the music.

After Byrne’s solo, the eight other members of the group come on gradu-



“This, class, is basic stuff.”

ally, by ones and twos, in the order in which they originally joined up with him, so you see the band take form. Tina Weymouth, the bass player, who also sings, comes on next; a sunny, radiant woman with long blond hair, she's smiling and relaxed. (She couldn't be more unlike Byrne—he's bones, she's flesh.) Watching her, you feel she's doing what she wants to do. And that's how it is with the drummer, Chris Frantz, and the keyboard man, Jerry Harrison, and the others in the sexually integrated, racially integrated group. The seven musicians and the two women who provide vocal backing interact without making a point of it; you feel that they like working together, and that if they're sweating they're sweating for themselves, for their pleasure in keeping the music going. They're not suffering for us; they're sharing their good times with us. This band is different from the rock groups that go in for charismatic lighting and sing of love and/or sex. David Byrne dances in the guise of a revved-up catatonic; he's an idea man, an aesthetician who works in the modernist mode of scary, catatonic irony. That's what he emanates. Yet when the other Talking Heads are up there with him for a song such as "Once in a Lifetime" the tension and interplay are warm—they're even beatific. The group encompasses Byrne's art-rock solitariness and the dissociation effects in the spare—somewhat Godardian—staging. The others don't come together with Byrne, but the music comes together. And there's more vitality and fervor and rhythmic dance on the stage than there is with the groups that whip themselves through the motions of sexual arousal and frenzy, and try to set the theatre ablaze.

It's slightly puzzling that this band's music absorbs many influences—notably African tribal music and gospel (the climactic number here is "Take Me to the River")—yet doesn't have much variety. The insistent beat (it stays much the same) works to the movie's advantage, though. The pulse of the music gives the film a thrilling kind of unity. And Demme, by barely indicating the visual presence of the audience until the end, intensifies the closed-off, hermetic feeling. His decision to keep the camerawork steady (the cinematographer, Jordan Cronenweth, used six mounted cameras, one hand-held, and one Panaglide) and to avoid hotsy-totsy, MTV-style editing concentrates

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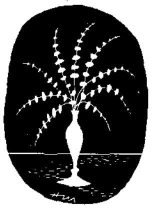
our attention on the performers and the music. The only letdown in energy, I thought, was in Byrne's one bow to variety—when he left the stage for the Tom Tom Club number. It's a likable number on its own, but it breaks the musical flow. (It's also the only number with a cluttered background, and it has a few seconds of banal strobe visuals.) One image in the film also stuck in my craw: a shot of a little boy in the audience holding up his white stuffed unicorn. It's just too wholesome a comment on the music. But these are piddling flaws. The movie was made on money ($800,000) that was raised by the group itself, and its form was set by aesthetic considerations rather than a series of marketing decisions. (This is not merely a rock concert without show-biz glitz; it's also a rock-concert movie that doesn't try for visual glitz.) Many different choices could have been made in the shooting and the editing, and maybe some of them might have given the individual numbers (there are sixteen) more modulation, but in its own terms "Stop Making Sense" is close to perfection.



The sound engineering is superb. The sound seems better than live sound; it *is* better—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (The soundtrack-album versions of some of the songs that are also on the Heads' 1983 album "Speaking in Tongues" are more up, more joyous.) The nine Talking Heads give the best kind of controlled performance—the kind in which everyone is loose. At the end of the concert, they're still in control, but they're also carried away. And Jonathan Demme appears to have worked in exactly the same spirit.

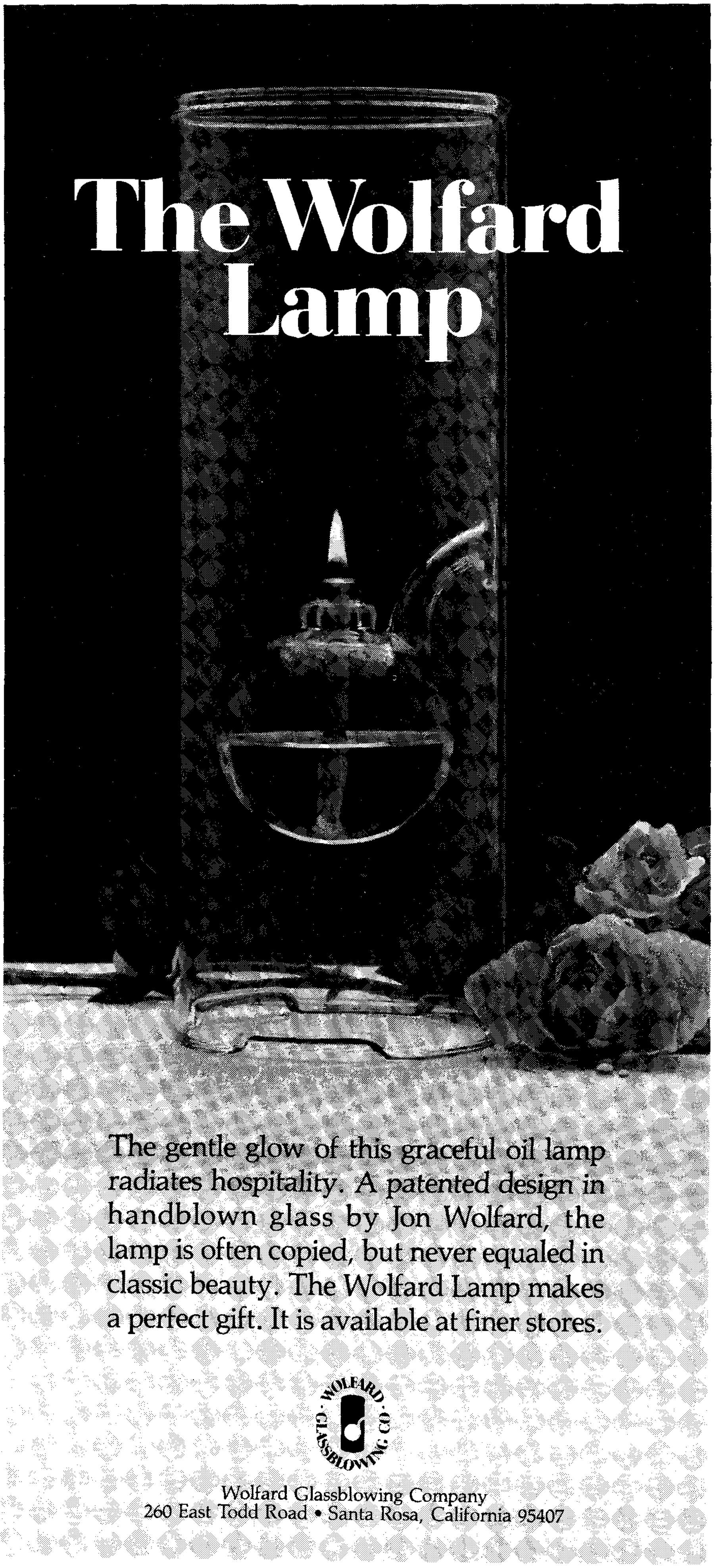
ALAN BIRD (Bill Paterson), the hero of "Comfort and Joy," is a prim, innocuous fellow in his late thirties. When we first see him, he's tailing a beautiful red-haired kleptomaniac as she rampages through a Glasgow department store at Christmastime, grabbing everything in sight. He follows anxiously a few steps behind, and we take him for a store detective who's just about to seize her. But when they're both outside he says, "You'll be the death of me, Maddy." She kisses him lightly on the ear, and he looks at her adoringly; he's in paradise, and the two of them head home, set up their Christmas tree, and make love. A little later, Maddy (Eleanor David), who has been living with Alan for four years, starts throwing things into boxes. When he asks what she's doing, she replies, "I'm leaving," and she packs up the mountains of bric-a-brac she has accumulated, strips the house—since the contents are hers, in the sense that she shoplifted them herself—and goes off in the van with the movers she has arranged for. Alan now has nothing but a bed without sheets or blankets, and, outside, the snappy little red B.M.W. Cabriolet that he dotes on. We don't have to be told why the sexy, mad Maddy leaves. We can see Alan's pride of possession in the sparkling clean car and the complacent blankness in his face.

This latest comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth has a character rather than a story. It's about a romance between a man and his job. (At least, that's what gives the film much of its charm.) Alan, the disc-jockey host of the local early-morning radio show, is known to the listeners as Dickey Bird, and this ordinary, rather fussy fellow undergoes a magical transformation when he's in his glass booth, helping his listeners get through the blur of sleep and into the new day by playing records (Scottish favorites), reading commercials, supplying tips about the weather and the traffic, and improvising cheerful chatter. He's a real smoothie, changing expressions to brighten his voice, signalling to the engineer in another glass enclosure, waving to greet other members of the staff as they arrive. (The booths are much like the glass-partitioned offices that the hero of Forsyth's "Local Hero" was trapped in; Forsyth uses glass reflections the way Altman did in "Nashville" and "The Long Goodbye"—you see an image and you see through it at the same time.) Dickey Bird turns the arriving workers into characters for his listeners, creating a daily sitcom out of the trivia of what mood they're in, the tasks they perform, and so on. He's professionally genial, and with no cynicism underneath; he has a glow of pride in his clear enunciation and his mastery of the job. It's his show—"The Early Bird Show." And though there are many other characters—all of them likable in unexpected ways—we meet them because of their connections with him. He's the one we hang out with.

The movie, which was shot on locations in Glasgow (Forsyth's native city), is set in the few days before

Christmas, as Alan takes to cruising around the city thinking about how empty his life is. A stunning girl, Charlotte (Claire Grogan), in a passing Mr. Bunny ice-cream van grins at him, but they're both encased in glass. Wanting to meet her, he impulsively follows the van, and sees it deliberately banged up, with much shattering of glass, by a couple of thugs. (One of them spots him and demands his autograph.) The movie is about what Alan gets into when he attempts to mediate the wrangling over turf and price between the Mr. Bunny venders and the Mr. McCool venders, two factions of an Italian family who have started roughing each other up. In short, it's about a shallow man trying to fight off loneliness and depression by changing his life, and very soon Alan's job is endangered and his car is a pathetic battered heap. "I'm a serious person, with serious friends," he tells the stunned station manager, in explanation of why he suddenly sees himself as an investigative journalist digging into the city's hidden crime (the ice-cream wars he has stumbled on).

In scenes like this, Bill Paterson plays Alan's fatuousness with just the right tone—so that you like him for it. "You wouldn't believe the things going on in this city," Alan says to the boss. He's really talking about his own state of mind; he's trying to break out of "Dickey Bird." He drives around and is lost in the new subdivisions, which are like glass enclosures, and he's wide-eyed with fascination watching grown men—the venders—in a miniature power struggle over who's going to get a choice piece of cake. Alan has caught a glimpse of naked passion, in all its looniness. (Sweets and junk-food snacking are a motif in the film, and, of course, a principal item in the commercials on "The Early Bird Show." And Alan's closest friend sums up Maddy as "chocolate mousse.") Those who saw Forsyth's "Local Hero" or his earlier films, "Gregory's Girl" and "That Sinking Feeling," will be familiar with the movie's swerving, unaccountable humor. In a scene at the Mr. Bunny factory, workers are welding and hammering—putting the busted vans back in shape—and re-recording the rinky-dink tinkle tune that the vans play. People in the audience laugh at different times during "Comfort and Joy," and I think that sometimes they may be laughing simultaneously at different jokes. (You catch on to Forsyth's jokes at your own speed, and



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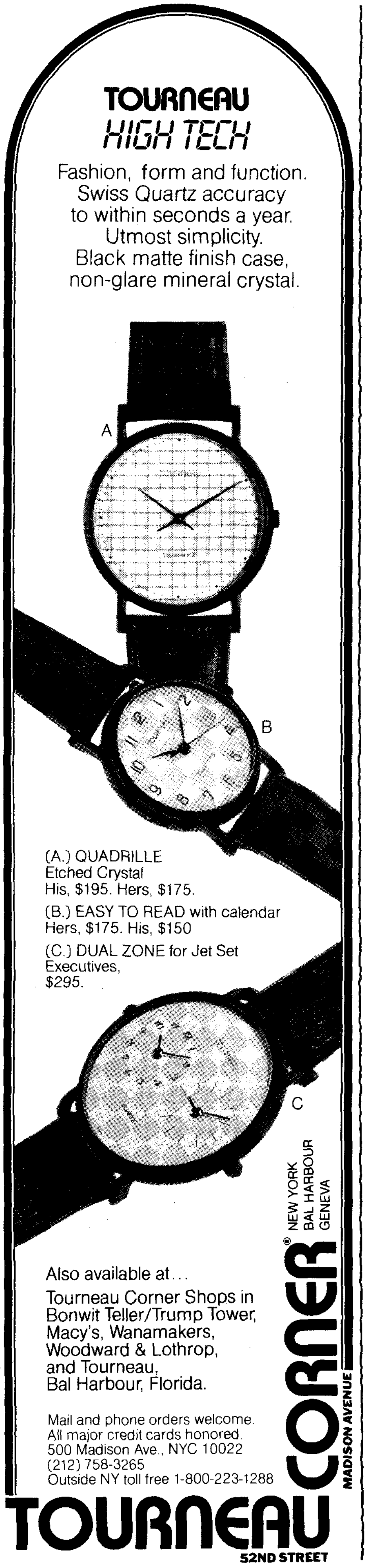
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The movie is somewhat misshapen, though; there's a deeper comedy here in vestigial form. Forsyth was trying to treat the subject of depression because he wanted to get down under his comic tone; he wanted to crack the surface—to penetrate the image of Scottish reserve and make contact with the dimness behind it. He might have been trying to do something like "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." But he didn't, and the movie has more visual depth than he quite knows what to do with. Its visual scheme is warm and cool—amber and fluorescent blue—and it's stark raving gorgeous. The cinematographer, Chris Menges, who also shot "Local Hero" (and the new "The Killing Fields"), sustains this scheme with colors that are rich yet seem newly revealed. Much of the movie takes place at twilight or at night or in the pre-dawn. (Menges is amazing at catching the quality of light when you first wake up.) Forsyth was trying for a contrast between the Italians, with their emotions right out in the open, and the Scots, in their grim industrial city—a place of partitions, and of walled-in feelings that they keep way down in themselves.

Maddy walks out on Alan, and the Italians appear. They probably embody Forsyth's restlessness, his desire to break out of his comedy shell, to take risks—to take himself seriously as an artist. He wants to show that there's more irrationality in the Scottish psyche than has been assumed—Glasgow in the movie is the Scottish psyche with an Italian war going on in it. But he backs off from giving the venders any fullness as characters and uses them as petty buffoons, in some rather pinched ethnic humor. The actual ice-cream wars among the Italians in Glasgow caused five deaths last year, shortly after the film was shot, but Forsyth presents the wars (lamely) as screwball farce. And that's what throws the movie off. He outwits his own basic impulse; he sets up the conflicts, then drops them, leaving only remnants of his plan. When, for example, Alan goes to negotiate between the Italians, the meeting is outside Glasgow, in a parking lot with countryside behind it—it's freedom, it's release—and this is probably the only scene shot in straight sunlight. And when Alan stumbles upon the recipe that will resolve the dispute it's ice-cream fritters—fried ice cream, the unification of hot and cold—and he has the secret ingredient, the agent to bring them together.

But as this material has been treated it seems to be just a stupid mechanical plot that doesn't relate to Alan Bird's life falling apart. He seems to become involved in the wars simply because of Charlotte's ravishing grin, and there's no follow-through: he never even lands a date with her. We appear to be expected to share in Alan's satisfaction with the shrewd business deal he makes for thirty per cent of the profits from the fritters—a deal that includes the Italians' fixing up his car. But money wasn't his problem, and though it's apparent that his self-image has suffered the bruises inflicted on the car, we're not eager to see him back in his immaculate glass pod. The end of the movie—Christmas Day, with Alan doing a virtuoso job on the air, creating the illusion that the studio is filled with merrymakers having a Yuletide shindig—is a marvellous capper to Bill Paterson's performance, but it doesn't necessarily sit well with the viewer. It's a kind of finger-snapping end. Alan Bird's personality comes out when he's on the show, and that's a delight, but we're invited to see him as a little man, as no more than "Dickey Bird," and there's an element of betrayal in this—and of self-betrayal, too. Forsyth seems to be laughing at himself because he feels that's what we expect of him.

"Comfort and Joy" is much less than Forsyth must have hoped for, yet even the failed plot doesn't wreck it. Forsyth works against the usual expectations that things will get bigger; he makes things small. That may be what he wanted to fight this time (by getting under it), but it still works for him. And so does the dreamy surface. What's best is the hero's daily routines—Alan has a session recording a radio commercial which is a pure comic triumph. Everyday life is an idyll in "Comfort and Joy." And the frothy Maddy has an idiosyncratic burr—it sounds fluted—that you want to listen to forever. It was a pity to lose her so soon in the movie. (She turns up again, but only in Alan's dreams.) I would have been happy to see her raid a few more department stores, but Forsyth never milks a joke. Nothing is forced; something is raised, and then it's up to you. That's what puts him in a class by himself.

I RATHER dreaded going to see "A Soldier's Story," the film version of Charles Fuller's "A Soldier's Play," because I expected it to be one of those overexplicit socially conscious plays transferred to the screen with all the characters making speeches to the camera. Well, it is and it isn't. The speeches are there, all right, but the director, Norman Jewison, who made the crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," can sometimes summon up a highly entertaining kind of craftsmanship. "A Soldier's Story," which has an atmosphere that recalls the 1967 film, has a beautiful sense of pace, and Jewison brings out all the humor he can find. The movie is set on and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944. A black drillmaster, Sergeant Waters (Adolph Caesar), has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate the killing. As he interrogates the black troops and white officers at the base, we see, in flashback, what led up to the murder. The flashback structure is handled very artfully—and this artfulness saves the picture, I think. Sergeant Waters is a stage villain, and Adolph Caesar plays him as a skinny bantam with a strained, angry, low rasp of a voice and such lip-twisting nastiness that he would have been intolerable in the present. (The skillful interweaving of the flashbacks provides distancing.)

Fuller (who did the screen adaptation of his play) uses the structure of a whodunit for an inquiry into the psychological dynamics of racism. And the truth is that even those of us who dread an excess of virtue on the screen may have a secret hunger for this kind of trumped-up powerful situation, in which the actors can be bigger than life. The light-skinned Sergeant Waters, as we gradually come to learn, was a Regular Army man and veteran of the First World War who tried to be whiter than the whites—trim, perfectly creased, always snapping to attention, a martinet. He suffered from an inverted form of racism: he hated the ignorant Southern blacks who he believed confirmed the whites in their bigotry. A black Hitler—on a small scale—he wanted to purge the Negro

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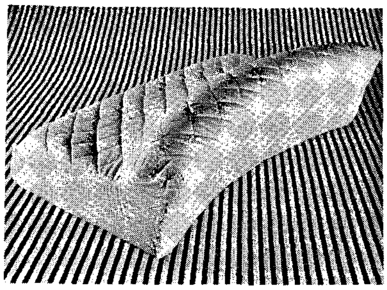

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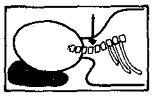

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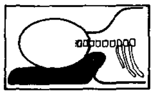

'THE SHAPE OF SLEEP'™

race of its lazy, shuffling clowns. It's a sickness that also afflicts people of other races and ethnic backgrounds—quiet, tasteful Jews tend to loathe "pushy" ones, and so on—but Sergeant Waters had it in a virulent, sadistic form, and he was in a position to make life hell for the black recruits. As Captain Davenport gathers the horrifying evidence of how Sergeant Waters treated the men in his platoon, he soon recognizes that the blacks had more reason to kill him than any of the whites had. And we get a parade of confrontation scenes between Davenport and the white officers, who are stunned to see a black officer and don't know how to deal with the embarrassment it causes them, and between Davenport and the black soldiers, as he pokes into what they're concealing.

The result is a tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama, and, as most of the time Davenport is one-on-one with the people he questions, a number of actors get to dominate the screen for a scene or two, and they do solid, lightning-fast characterizations. The standout is Denzel Washington (of the TV series "St. Elsewhere"); as Peterson, the best educated of the group, he never overacts, yet we always know what he's thinking, and he draws us into his detestation of the scummy sergeant. There are also finely detailed performances by Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, and David Harris. And there are several good serio-comic performances in the white officers' roles—most notably by Dennis Lipscomb, as Captain Taylor, a Bob Newhart type who's trying to be decent to Captain Davenport but doesn't quite know how. If the black actors come through stronger in this movie, it's partly the way their roles are conceived, but also, and maybe in larger share, a result of Jewison's care and feeling, and of the loving treatment afforded the black actors by the cinematographer, Russell Boyd. The Caucasians are pasty and pink; the black actors' skins seem iridescent. And Rollins, who is perhaps the darkest of them, is the most gleaming, and is photographed so that he has a heroic, sculptural presence. He's the visual star of the movie, yet he's still rather rigid as an actor; he doesn't have much give and take, and even when he uses his aloofness in terms of the Davenport character he lacks excitement. It may be that we want too much from him, because he's in the role that Sidney Poitier used to play

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with a power and a grace that brought you right inside his emotions and knocked you silly. Rollins has too much properness in his acting, but he eases up after a while and becomes more likable.

It's a funny thing about the movie—it almost clicks, except at its core. There's some daring in Fuller's perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black, and that Captain Davenport and Sergeant Waters' killer suffer from it, as Waters did. Yet the moviemakers themselves—the black Fuller, the white Protestant Jewison—don't want to show us the kind of lewd or loutish or plumb ignorant black who might really make other blacks feel disgraced. The particular target that the barking-seal Sergeant Waters singles out for his abuse—Larry Riley's C.J., a guitar-playing, blues-singing Mississippi farm boy who is also the star of the black baseball team—doesn't ring any psychological bells. (The easygoing, slow-moving C.J. has his own dignity; he doesn't represent what Waters hates and fears in himself.) The movie seems to be a black version of "Billy Budd," with Sergeant Waters as Claggart, but the attraction-repulsion between him and C.J. is missing. Fuller's conception is totally asexual; that may be what gives the film a hollowness right at its center.

What's surprising about "A Soldier's Story" is how enjoyable it is despite its limitations, and how well shot it is. Even the scenes that open out the play—such as the beginning, at an off-base café, where Patti LaBelle sings for the black servicemen, and a blacks-versus-whites baseball game, and the going-to-war ending (which is different from the play's)—are effective. The people who complain "They don't make movies the way they used to" ought to take a look at this one. The ones who don't complain might take a look, too.

—Pauline Kael

•

If you want to be on time until next spring, the hot tip is to be sure you set your clock back one hour any time after 2 a.m. Sunday, when Daylight Savings Time ends for the year.

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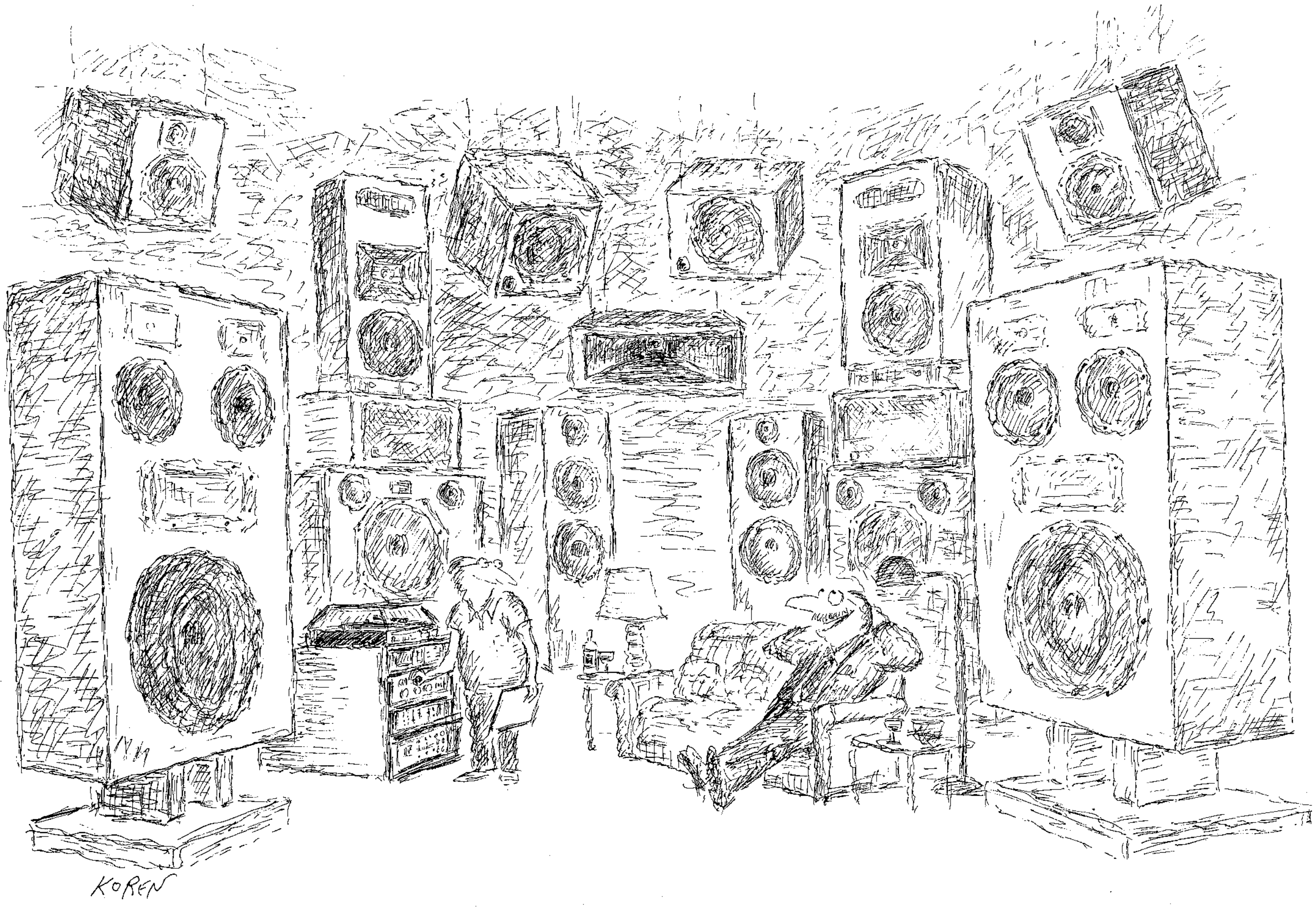
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

Michael Weller's "The Ballad of Soapy Smith," at the Public, seems at times more an overblown pageant about the Klondike gold rush than a play. But there is a play, of sorts. It tells the story of an actual confidence man, Jefferson Randolph Smith, who, after a career of searching for gold in the Southwest and swindling the credulous citizens of Denver, among other places, came to Skagway, Alaska, in 1897. This information is available to all who read the program. A dude with aspirations to polite society, he is broke when he arrives, with his closest friend and sidekick, George Wilder, but he soon makes his mark by using his own cronies, who preceded him, as he arranged, to calm down violence and give the town an aura of respectability while he pursues his career, but with one new rule—"Never hustle the residents." He controls the local vigilantes and opens a restaurant and endows a church. By now, as you can see, we have probably moved from fact to fiction, and the evening becomes a mixture (to put it mildly) of both. Smith organizes an army, picks Spain as the enemy, and eventually overreaches himself, kills the best friend, and ends up a corpse along with many of the other dramatis personae.

The show opens with a young man, self-proclaimed poet, who (in rhyme) recalls Soapy Smith as legendary hero. Then there is a brief scene of Smith and Wilder in a small boat on their way to Skagway; a scrim lifts and we are in the busy town. There are gunshots and leaping around, and a meeting of the vigilantes, and a hanging, and scenes with the local madam and her girls, and a love story that comes and goes, and a great deal of noise and movement and singing and dancing. It all seems like the kind of synthetic Western we are used to from old movies. Although Mr. Weller is a playwright with a good record, and although there are effective encounters and well-written lines, the four-letter words and cursing that we barely notice, or even often relish, in modern plays sound off key and anachronistic and far too glib in this one. The characters, not particularly well drawn in any case (or firmly acted, either), seem, for all their gusto, to stand with one foot in the past and the other in the present. The word I am trying to avoid here is "bogus," though it keeps cropping up in my notes. Unfocussed the show surely is, and the boisterous performance of Denis Arndt, who created the title role at Seattle Rep, where it was first done, cannot conceal the fact that the character is a cliché—a romantic cliché. On the other hand, the music, by Norman Durkee, sounds like the real thing. A few of the supporting performances seem credible enough, although that strong actor Jon De Vries is wasted in the sketchily written role of George Wilder. I admired Kevin Tighe as a man of recently acquired probity and Smith's antagonist, and Christopher Cooper, Cherry Jones, and Marjorie Nelson in other roles. Robert Egan, recently of Seattle Rep, directed. Scenery and costumes by Eugene Lee and Robert Blackman, respectively.

—Edith Oliver



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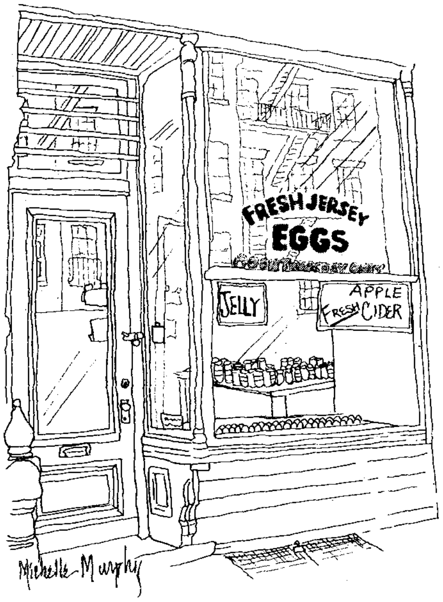
LETTER FROM EUROPE

HAMBURG, NOVEMBER 15

EVERY Sunday night this fall, fifteen million Germans—East and West—watched a television serial called "Heimat." "Heimat" was Germany's version of a Masterpiece Theatre production. It covered a century in the life of three families from a Hunsrück mountain village, and it was about what people on my street in Paris would probably call *l'Allemagne profonde*—"deep Germany." The Germans thought of calling it "Made in Germany" until someone at West German Television decided that "Heimat" was the best title. *Heimat* means home, but in the way your family or your country or your great-grandfather's farm means home. It is one of those maddening words, like *Innerlichkeit* or *Weltschmerz*, with which Germans suggest that their experience is too complicated for anybody else to understand. When a German talks about *Heimat*, he is collapsing home and homeland into one invigorating sentiment. The word was useful for the Third Reich, and it was not much heard in civilized company once the Reich fell.

A couple of years ago, home and homeland were taken out of the closet of suspect German enthusiasms and dusted off like a thirties boa or a feathered hunting hat. People talked about "being German again," about a special quality of Germanness that was defined by boundaries of land and language—but not necessarily by culture or conscience or even history. They talked about a new kind of *Ostpolitik*, about a longing for "Germany" and a reaching out to Germans across the wall to share that Germany. The country they meant was the Germany they reinvented on Sunday-night television. It was a little Hunsrück village where honest farmers spoke their honest dialects and kept their old, honest German ways, and where children inevitably returned, suffering from worldliness, to be welcomed and forgiven. It was the Germany of the Romantics, of Hölderlin's poetry and Eichendorff's stories, and because it seemed to exist beyond time and politics and accountability it was a much more comfortable place to live than that other Romantic Germany which radicals like Ulrike Meinhof were talking about ten or fifteen years ago—a Germany obliged to light a cleansing moral fire and burn for its crimes, and restore itself by repudiation and penitence. In a way, it was an escape from that exhausting, impossible enterprise called the German past —not so much an evasion as a surrender, a collapse into simplicities that are not very different from the simplicities of the right in America now. V. S. Naipaul, writing about the Republicans' Convention this year, described a political fundamentalism that "rolled together many different kinds of anxieties" and "offered the simplest, the vaguest solution: Americanism, the assertion of the American self." Substitute "Germanness" for "Americanism," and "assertion of the German soul" for "assertion of the American self," and you have a pretty good description of *Heimat* at the service of German politics. *Heimat* today is a code for German fundamentalism; it takes the landscape for its text, a catalogue of simple, selfish, "rural" values for its theme, and "being German again" for its intention.

The Greens, with their pastoral politics, are fundamentalists. The Bavarians, with their raucous rightist patriotism, are also fundamentalists (although the Greens and the Bavarians' Christian Social Union are obviously worlds apart on every subject except "home"). So are a lot of ordinary West Germans, liberal Germans in big cities like Frankfurt and Hamburg; they are also talking about "home" and about "being German again." Some of them say that prosperity has seduced them out of "being German." They say that they are just beginning to understand that the terrible division of Germany was not the political division but the sentimental one—that the Cold War followed so quickly on the war Germany fought and lost that within a year of the surrender it was more profitable for them to hate Communists than to join with other Germans in hating Nazis. They often blame America, because it was Americans who encouraged them to put their past aside, so to speak, and concentrate on the Russians. The fact that the exorcism of Nazism in East Germany was a cynical ritual, performed for politics, does not console them in the matter of what they call their American seduction. In a way, they envy the East Germans. To them, the harsh world that the East Germans inhabit may be appropriate. East Germany is the Germany that has confessed its crimes and—at least in this—recovered.



Five or ten years ago, the division of Germany into a German Democratic Republic, in the East, and a Federal Republic, in the West, was not that much of an issue. One of the clichés of a divided Germany was that there had been no "Germany" anyway until Napoleon forced the three hundred little kingdoms and duchies and principalities and city-states he overran on his way to Russia to consolidate into about thirty-five slightly bigger kingdoms and duchies and principalities and city-states, and Bismarck, in turn, forced those "Germanys" into one Germany that was really Prussia and its unwilling satellites. (Goethe once wrote about waking up in Weimar, when he was Prime Minister of the duchy and its five thousand citizens, to the sound of his state shepherds herding his state sheep to pasture.) But the rhetoric of one Germany was always an issue. German unity was what Augustine would have called the civil theology. After the war, it became more of a millennial than a practical theology— "Not in our time" was the disclaimer whenever politicians talked about uniting Germany—and it was a theme that Adenauer used to great advantage. I have a friend in Hamburg who remembers the day (he was eleven, and it was the summer of 1953) that Konrad Adenauer came to the barracks outside town where he and his mother were living with thousands of other refugees from the Eastern Sector. Adenauer promised that they would all be home within the year, and he got six thousand votes with that one sentence. It was not that any of the refugees believed they were going home; they believed in the theology, and

Adenauer, with his purity and his prestige, had made it respectable again.

The idea of a German *Volksseele*, or "folk soul," is much older than the idea of a German state. The philosopher Johann Gottfried von Herder (who was Kant's student and Goethe's tutor) believed that the soul of a people lived in its ancestral language, its ancestral poetry, and that belief led straight to Hegel's theory of history and Hölderlin's poetry of "home." Herder invented the *Volk*, who became the German *Volk*, and he described the *Volksseele*, which, with the rise of the nation state and its ideology, was identified as the soul of Germany. His eighteenth-century speculations about the folk soul degenerating whenever its language was "invaded" by other languages became the truths of nineteenth-century German nationalism. By that time, the Germans were masters at taking history from its context and passing it through filters of language—Romantic language—until they had distilled it into mythology.

"I do miss it, Adrian—
the way you used to puff thoughtfully on your pipe."

• •

THIS fall, Erich Honecker, the East German Party Secretary, cancelled a visit he was going to make to Helmut Kohl, the West German Chancellor. Helmut Schmidt had issued the invitation to Honecker back in 1981, and Kohl had reminded Honecker of the invitation when they met in Moscow at Andropov's funeral. Honecker's visit would have been the first official visit to West Germany of an East German leader, and if not many West Germans got very excited about it at first it may have been because they assumed he had made a visit before. When Honecker cancelled his visit—it was three weeks before he was due in the Federal Republic—and the Italian Foreign Minister, Giulio Andreotti, started saying how dangerous it was to let any two German leaders get together unsupervised, then people here got excited. Andreotti made a speech about Germany at a rally in Rome in September, and no one knows why he did unless he wanted to say something alarming to entertain his audience, and hit on Germany for a subject. He made another speech at a press conference in the middle of a state visit to Saudi Arabia. He said that while everybody wants to see Germans getting along together, nobody wants to see "pan-Germanism" encouraged or the status of either Germany challenged. It was a reasonable enough statement, inasmuch as nobody in Europe *is* really comfortable with German enthusiasm for "Germany." People in the West tend to overlook the family reunions and emigration visas and trade and marketing arrangements that are the real achievements of West Germany's *Ostpolitik*. They think that any East German influence in West Germany is, at best, "neutralist"—meaning that it makes West Germans worry about having missiles around or about West Germany's turning into the battlefield for a Third World War—and, at worst, Communist. If they are liberals, they think either that Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* has been distorted, or that Kohl has improvised an *Ostpolitik* of his own—one that does not really comprehend the facts of defeat that, as Helmut Schmidt once put it, "are the roof under which Germany will exist." They are alarmed but not surprised when Kohl's Minister of the Interior, Friedrich Zimmermann, starts talking about the "real" Germany of the 1937 borders.

The subject of Germany comes up at every meeting of the Council of Europe—and, in all likelihood, at every Warsaw Pact meeting, too. Günter Gaus, who opened the first West German mission in East Berlin, in 1974, likes to say, "We share this with East Germany: neither of us is free to decide our important questions, our life-and-death questions, for ourselves." The Russians have taken to calling *Ostpolitik* "revanchism," and they consider every friendly gesture of Kohl's to Honecker an infiltration; they were mainly responsible for keeping Honecker out of West Germany this year. The Americans tend to consider every friendly gesture of Honecker's to Kohl a sign of Honecker's longing for democracy—a cheering thought, but not one that is likely to help their own relations with the Russians. Europe may be the only place in the world where the battle lines are clearly drawn and the alliances (relatively) respected. The fact is that neither side is much willing to risk a

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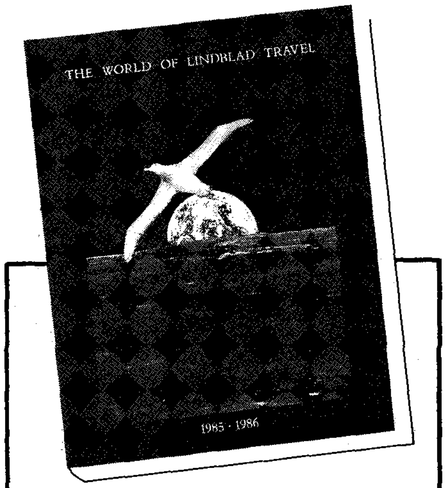

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change. Solidarity was blessed publicly in the West, but privately every NATO government considered Lech Walesa and his workers' revolution a nuisance—a cry for help they could neither afford to answer nor explain not answering. In the same way, West Europeans who are not actually alarmed at the prospect of a revived and independent German nation are alarmed instead at the prospect of an unstable and insecure continent. The West does not intend to unite Germany any more than the Russians do. Everyone knows this, but the working arrangement is that no one admits it. Andreotti, talking the way he did about pan-Germanism, broke what one irritated Paris diplomat called the "gentleman's agreement."

West Germany is not exactly a country. The arrangement is a formality, but the fact remains that West Germany's constitution is still a provisional constitution, the capital at Bonn is a provisional capital, and the supreme court at Karlsruhe is a provisional court. Legally, West Germans are waiting to become "Germany," with Berlin for their capital. Neither they nor the Allies recognize East Berlin as anything but the Soviet sector of the city. Allied troops still occupy West Berlin under the terms of the Quadripartite Agreements between England, France, the United States, and Russia. The Allies have nothing to do with the way West Germany leads its domestic or its diplomatic life, but as signatories of the Status of Forces agreement of 1954 they have powers they would never have in another NATO country—powers involving the use of German land and the deployment of troops and weapons—and they want to keep those powers for as long as the Russians are in Eastern Europe. They want to stay in West Germany whether the Germans like them there or not, and they want to keep the question of Berlin open.

All this really means is that the subject of "Germany" is complicated. It means that German reunification is not just the civil theology here but the argument on which all of West Germany's political institutions are based and the military intrusions of three hundred and fifty thousand foreign troops and their bombs and missiles are justified. One reason Honecker had trouble—trouble at home as much as in the Soviet Union—explaining his plan to visit Kohl was that Kohl had refused to receive him at the Federal Chancellery in Bonn, and had insisted on meeting him in a hotel outside town, in Bad Kreuznach. What he meant was that *he* did not want to be obligated to meet Honecker in Honecker's residence, in East Berlin, when he returned the visit. As long as West German leaders stay out of East German leaders' houses, they avoid having to admit that East Germany exists and that, at least for now, East Berlin is someone else's capital.

RENÉ WELLEK, the critic, had three criteria for a Romantic culture: belief in myth, belief in the power of poetic language to deepen reality, and belief in the oneness of nature. By those criteria, one can assume that Germany has never really recovered from Romanticism. The myth of "Germany" and the language of home and landscape mean something to every German, regardless of what he thinks about chancelleries or where the capital belongs. In a way, Andreotti shamed the Germans by admitting so bluntly that the real interest of the West was in maintaining the Yalta borders—that the rhetoric of "one Germany" was a strategic convenience and had nothing at all to do with uniting the country one day. Andreotti is a politician who usually gets his name in the German papers when someone at home is accusing him of having friends in the Mafia or of suspicious dealings with Michele Sindona—but after his speech in Rome he found himself at the center of an argument about Germany that still goes on. Horst Ehmke, who is a Social Democratic minority leader in the Bundestag, tried to end the argument by saying that inasmuch as there *were* two Germanys, and everybody knew it, Andreotti's thoughts on the subject were hardly surprising. But the Christian Democrats resented the fact that an Italian—and a fellow Christian Democrat at that—was talking as if Italy had been with the Allies at Yalta, parcelling out Central Europe. They were furious about the word "pan-Germanism," which by now is a dressed-up way of saying Nazism, and about the implication that their feelings about being German were suspect. Kohl himself asked for an apology. His Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, summoned the Italian Ambassador—and then changed "apology" to "explanation." The Ambassador called his Prime Minister, Bettino Craxi, and Craxi wrote what he called a letter of clarification to Kohl,

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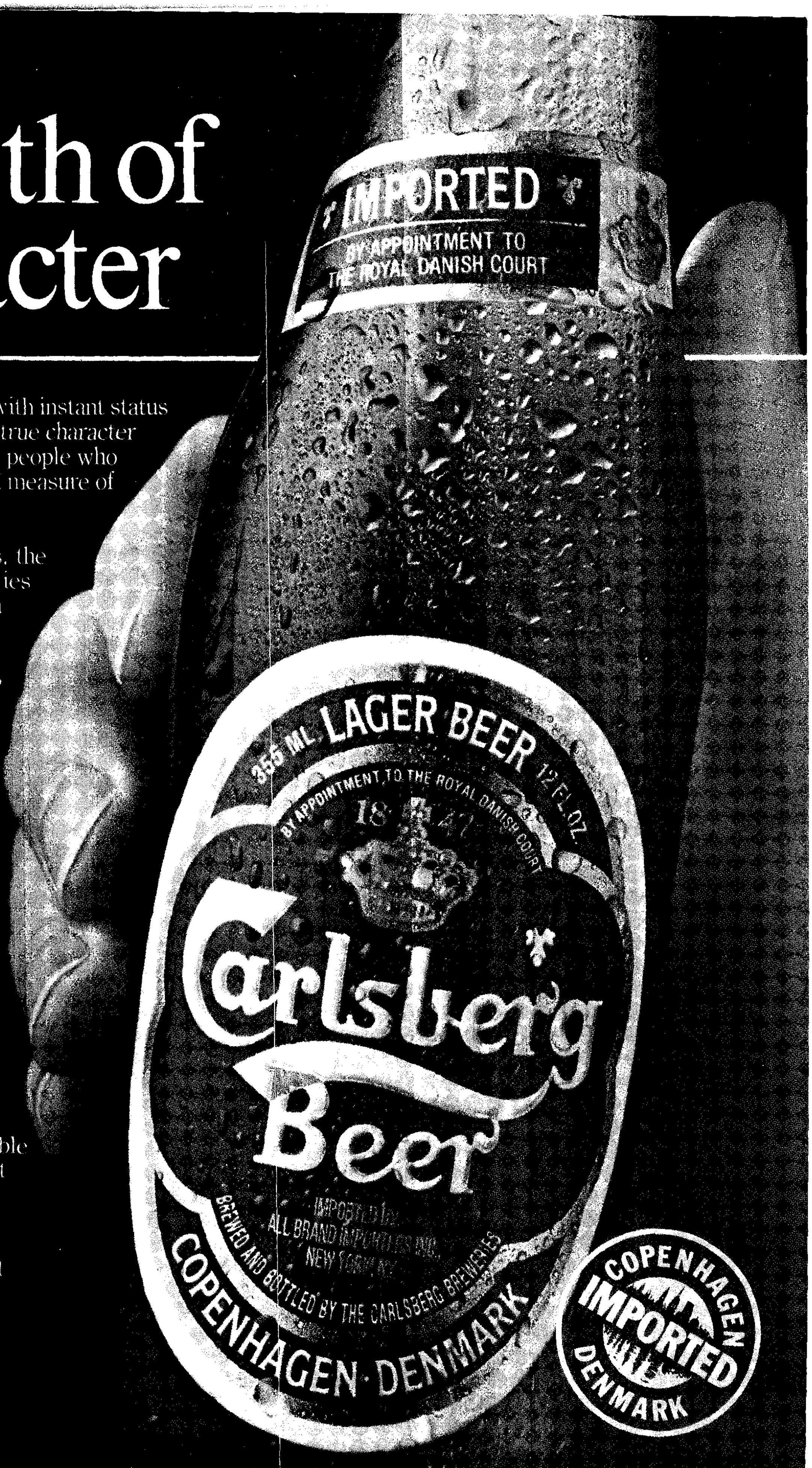
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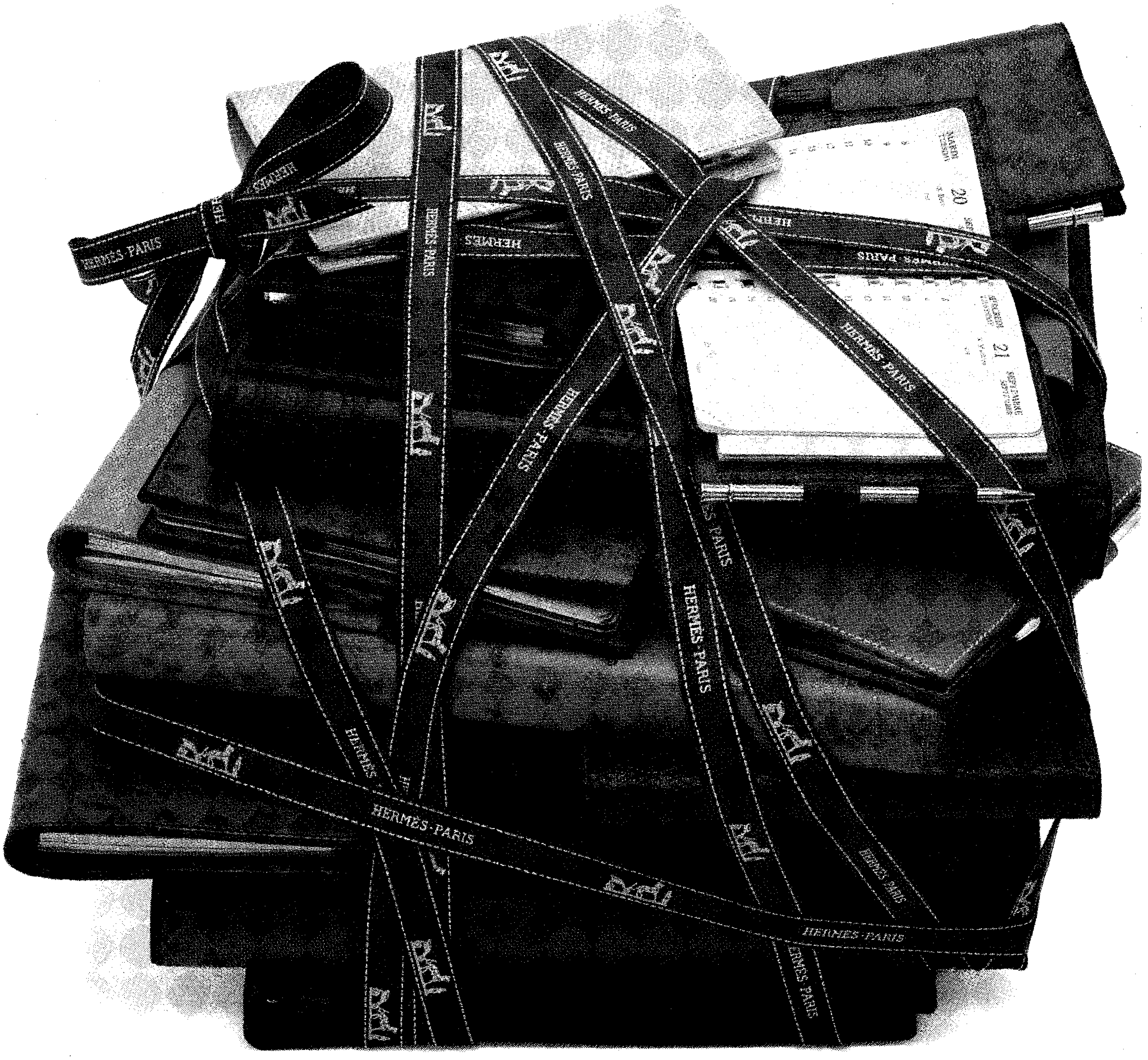

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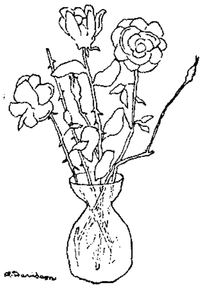
but the "German question" was still no clearer than it had been for forty years.

Rudolf Augstein, who publishes the newsweekly *Der Spiegel*, says that people abroad often have a bad conscience about the conundrum they call the "German question," but that to his mind having a bad conscience about something that *is* and cannot be changed is like having a bad conscience about the weather. The politics of the two Germanys have such a mad, topsy-turvy quality that it is often easier to imagine Helmut Kohl and Erich Honecker bumping into each other in "Through the Looking Glass" than in East Berlin or in Bonn. Russia talks about two Germanys and probably wants them both. America talks about one Germany and is much happier with two. What Ronald Reagan means by "normal relations" between the two Germanys does not really include the discussion about "Germany" which normal relations would involve. Freimut Duve, a Social Democratic deputy from Hamburg who is important in the German peace movement, says that the country is in a classic double bind: as the law stands now, Honecker himself could walk into any West German police station during office hours and demand a West German passport and get one. Duve likes to imagine Honecker at the police station. Sometimes, he says, he also likes to imagine three million Communist bureaucrats crossing over from East Germany and claiming their right to keep working for the "German" government. The trouble in Germany is that being abnormal is normal. It would be normal for the two German leaders to visit, but in Germany the fact that Honecker doesn't visit Kohl and Kohl doesn't visit Honecker is more "normal"—more appropriate, somehow—than the visit that Honecker cancelled.



When Willy Brandt started to negotiate his *Ostpolitik*, in 1969, people in Germany talked about doing "history's business"—which was the business of bringing the people of two German states back into contact. The East Germans (and the Russians) maintained that there were now two irreconcilable German peoples—capitalist and decadent in the West, Communist and worthy at home—who, presumably, could meet safely, but Brandt's was a subtler politics, having to do with the culture that Germans shared. The fact that East Germany did so much to undermine his *Ostpolitik*—from keeping attack dogs along the wall to harassing travellers at the checkpoints—obscured the progress that was made under Brandt and, later, under Schmidt. Families that had been separated for twenty or thirty years started visiting. Trade began—to the extent that East Germany is now among West Germany's most important European markets. Businessmen in the Federal Republic took advantage of cheap East German labor and started exporting things from the G.D.R. to Common Market countries as protected "German" products—making East Germany a kind of junior partner in the European Community. Diplomats started negotiating the repatriation of millions of Germans who were scattered across Eastern Europe. It cost West Germany a lot of money (by now the price is about twenty thousand dollars for one refugee), but the result was that six hundred thousand Germans from Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Russia became West German citizens.

People suspicious of Brandt and his German policy (Helmut Kohl was among them) saw in his *Ostpolitik* a chance for the Soviets to exploit a certain enthusiasm for neutrality which was beginning to surface in West Germany during Brandt's time and has got stronger over the years, as the left turned against NATO and Brandt himself talked more and more about a neutral Northern Europe. But détente was also established during those years, and inasmuch as East and West German relations then were really a reflection of the state of East-West relations in general, *Ostpolitik* was as logical as it was humane. The mood in West Germany began to change in the late seventies—just as it was changing in America. When Jimmy Carter started building new missiles—more than two hundred of them intended for the Federal Republic—and "theatre nuclear war" became the euphemism for nuclear war in Germany, the German left started having arguments about deployment and neutrality, and the German right discovered a passion for "Germany" which in educated conservative circles passed as a kind of German Gaullism but in the *Bierstuben* of Baden-Württemberg and Bavaria sounded like old-

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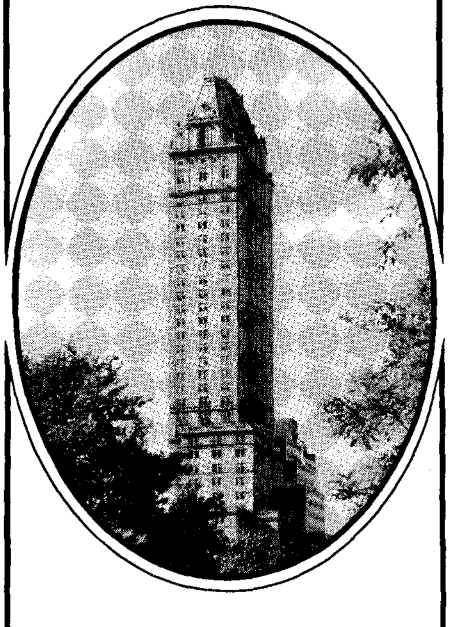

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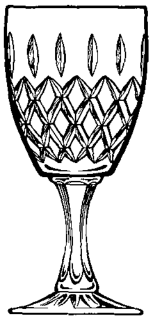

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fashioned nationalism. It is reasonable for a country that supplies half the soldiers in NATO's land armies to want some say about NATO's plans, but NATO is mainly an issue here for the Greens and the left wing of the Social Democrats. The constituency tapped by right-wing politicians is united by its deep, almost narcotic anti-modernism, by its longing for *Heimat*, more than by any policy. Its vision is only "Germany." The rural values it cherishes are really rural simplicities. They are the values that young German idealists talked about early in the century when they were skipping through German forests and bounding up German mountains, worshipping nature and calling themselves the *Wandervogel;* "Germany" turned them into the *Hitlerjugend*. Some people think the Greens are a little like the *Wandervogel*. The Greens have twenty-seven seats in the Bundestag, but they still come to work with their babies on their backs and oatmeal cookies in their pockets. They have a bludgeoning kind of sanity and they are often intolerant. They can put their friends—not to mention the rest of Parliament—to sleep with their lectures about the good countryside against the bad city, about nature against civilization and cows against power plants. Most of them have more "truth" in their heads than experience, but they work hard and they know Germany down to its smallest village, and, for now, they seem to be the conscience of the country, not its problem.

HELMUT KOHL was elected early in 1983, a few months after Brezhnev died and Andropov took over in Moscow. There was not much left of détente by 1983. The Russians had already invaded Afghanistan and were busy making SS-22 missiles for East Germany. America was busy making cruise missiles and Pershing 2s. Reagan was two years into his first term, and he seemed to consider détente a treacherous preoccupation—something that liberals spent their time on. Kohl was at a loss when Reagan started saying that détente was a pact with the devil but implied that Kohl could exploit his part of it under another name—like a spy on a mission. Kohl himself is a simple character. He sometimes sounds like the Good Soldier Schweik with a government—always trying to do the agreeable, patriotic thing and doing it wrong. A documentary called "War

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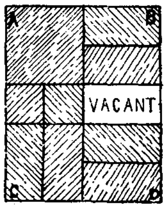

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and Peace" that was made here a couple of years ago shows Kohl in a tank during Army maneuvers. The Chancellor was in *Bundeswehr* fatigues, and a reporter asked if this was the first time he had worn a uniform. Kohl cheerfully replied, "Oh, no, once I was a *Flakhelfer*"—an anti-aircraft spotter—"and I wore a uniform, a real uniform!" (The London *Times* called Kohl "the first German postwar leader not to have fought against the French," and one wonders what Willy Brandt, who spent the war in exile in Scandinavia, had to say about that.) People who like Kohl describe him as sincere, and say that his being a little plodding, a little maladroit, only adds to his "German" charm and confirms that sincerity. People who do not like him say that his rusticity is a ruse. They say that big business in Germany depends on Kohl to look after its interests. They consider the fact that Kohl took over the Christian Democratic Union in 1973 from a man who, for practical purposes, was paid off to the amount of seven hundred thousand dollars by Friedrich Karl Flick's holding company to step down in Kohl's favor to be proof that his friends find him either efficient or useful. Kohl himself testified at the Bundestag last week about some Flick money that *he* received. He admitted getting about fifty-five thousand dollars in thousand-mark bills stuffed in plain envelopes. It turns out that, over the years, Flick has handed out nearly two million eight hundred thousand dollars in contributions to the Christian Democrats, two million dollars to the Free Democrats, and one and a half million to the Social Democrats. The company wanted tax writeoffs and friends in every party, in or out of government. There are no disclosure laws in West Germany, but there will undoubtedly be some soon.

Kohl did not really understand that détente was over. He was an amateur when it came to the rest of the world. What Reagan meant when he talked to Kohl about his "moral concept" of foreign policy was that East and West Germany should be enemies for as long as Russia and America were not getting along. Kohl, to his credit, did seem to understand that it was important for the two Germanys to be, if not closer, at least easier in their relations. He liked the idea of *Ostpolitik* now that he had inherited it. It was an imprecise affection; *Ostpolitik* seems to have reminded him of the nineteen-fifties, when the Christian Democrats

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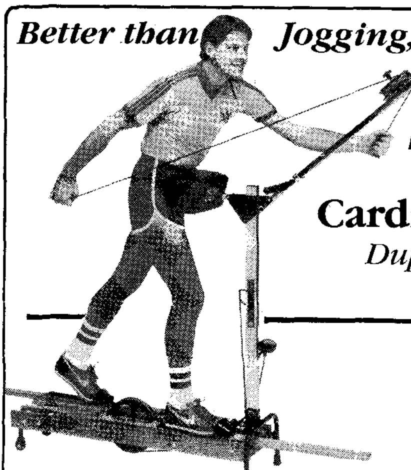

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were so popular and politicians could talk to people about "going home" and be cheered for it. Since then, one and a quarter million refugees from Eastern Europe have started voting in West Germany. They were the margin that put the Christian Democrats in power in 1983, and they are blunt in their prejudices: they hate Communists. Kohl, being agreeable, hates Communists, too. He does not talk about uniting Germany, but he does seem to believe in *recovering* Germany. The war ended when he was fifteen, and this may be why he has so much trouble with the "roof" of history that Helmut Schmidt described. Brandt's *Ostpolitik*—and, later, Schmidt's—involved very specific agreements about trade and West Berlin and family contacts, and those agreements were ratified in treaties with Moscow, Warsaw, and East Berlin. After the Helsinki Accord, of 1975, they were extended to include human rights—in particular, the rights of families who had been separated by the wall between the two Germanys to be together. Kohl's *Ostpolitik* was different. The most surprising thing about it was that it went along so smoothly for so long—more than a year and a half—because there was no real policy behind it, no particular intention. Kohl likes to read his treaties with the East Germans, but, as one man in his Cabinet said, he does not read between their lines.

Erich Honecker confuses a lot of Christian Democrats. The fact that he can be a German and a nationalist and, at the same time, an ardent Communist confuses them, and the fact that he is willing to accept Russian policy, and even stand behind it, confuses them, and so, inevitably, does the fact that he gets angry when something like a visit to Bonn is publicized in the West as "Erich Honecker's turning toward democracy." Günter Gaus, who knows Honecker well and admires him, says that to understand Erich Honecker you have to think of those nineteenth-century German Catholics who gave Bismarck so much trouble when he had put Germany together and was trying to persuade them of their patriotic duty to obey their Chancellor first and their Pope second, if at all. The Catholics considered themselves as German as Bismarck, but they still listened to the Pope when it came to who would choose their bishops and who would educate their children. They were called ultramontanes, because Bis-

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marck complained that they were always looking across the Alps to the Vatican, and Gaus says that in his way Honecker is an ultramontane, because on questions of faith *he* looks across to the Kremlin. Gaus also says that "looking across the mountains" to Moscow is not at all the same as phoning Moscow every morning for permission to shave or to eat a soft-boiled egg for breakfast—which is what a lot of West Germans imagine Honecker doing when they are not imagining him renouncing Moscow by visiting their country. Last year, Honecker admitted Martin Luther into the official East German hagiography with a five-hundredth-birthday party that went on for months. He put Frederick the Great and his horse back on their marble pedestal on Unter den Linden, in East Berlin. He is concerned about East Germans' enjoying some identity of their own, but he also knows that they would rather travel than look at an equestrian statue or have a birthday party for Luther; they would rather be a little more prosperous, and their children would rather dance in American jeans to Japanese Walkmans than devote themselves to puppet-theatre productions of the Diet of Worms.

Ostpolitik is important to Honecker. East Germany is one of the twelve industrial powers in the world, and this gives it a measure of economic freedom and a leverage with Moscow that Poland or Czechoslovakia, say, does not have. Honecker can make the same sort of argument for *Ostpolitik* that the West Germans make. He can say that East Germany bears the burden of defense for Eastern Europe and the burden of risk in its battle plans, and must get something special in return. There are as many as three thousand nuclear weapons in East Germany; there are four hundred thousand Soviet soldiers. A lot of East Germans think that they are being sacrificed to Russia and the Warsaw Pact, just as a lot of West Germans think that *they* are being sacrificed to the United States and NATO. They all know what "theatre nuclear war" means, whether it is a Russian or an American talking. They also know that right now Germany is the key to political stability in Europe. A French diplomat I know who works on what could be called the Cold War desk at the Quai d'Orsay says that, like the Hungarians in 1956 and the Czechs in 1968, the East Germans have had to make a trade with Moscow—their political liberty in exchange for any economic, or even per-

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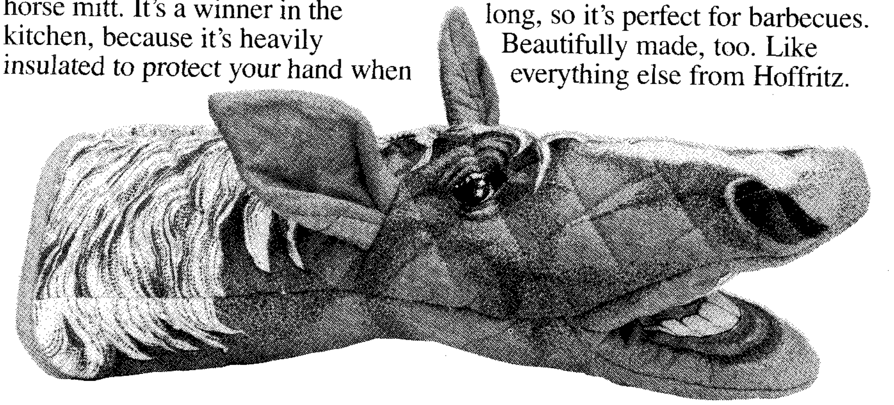

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sonal, contact with the West—and that they are in a position now to see that trade honored. Their price is high, because the Communists are as unpopular in East Germany as the Greeks are in Turkey (West Germans figure that if there were free elections in East Germany the Communist Party would be lucky to get ten per cent of the vote), and because the Russians are, if anything, more terrified of a real understanding among Germans than the Americans are. The Russians want Germany to suffer all the traumas of the Cold War. They want to avoid a little German oasis in the middle of Europe where nationality could overrun ideology, the way it did for a while in Poland. Honecker can say to the Russians, "Pay up," because he knows that they would rather pay than find themselves with a German Walesa on their hands.

When Honecker cancelled his visit—the official word is "postponed," since he is apparently going to try again, in 1985—everyone in West Germany told a different story. Some people said that he cancelled because Alfred Dregger, the Christian Democratic majority leader, had insulted him. (Dregger, who is a reactionary, and a bitter one, had told *Die Welt* that "our future does not depend upon whether Herr Honecker pays us the honor of a visit.") Other people blamed Kohl's adviser for East Germany, Philipp Jenninger, because of some of the things *he* had said—among them that the terrifying new nuclear weapons deployed this year in East and West Germany were really going to bring the two Germanys closer. Then, there were the arguments about where to meet (heads of state do not usually receive other heads of state in suburban hotels), and the embarrassment about papers like *Die Welt*, which were printing headlines on the order of "HOW FREE IS HONECKER?" There was also Kohl's reluctance to talk about the things that Honecker, free or not, had to talk about to please the Russians—things like whether West Germany was ever going to recognize East Germany and stop tempting East Germans with "German" citizenship. There was the question of having embassies instead of missions, of exchanging ambassadors instead of envoys. There was the question of "security"—meaning missiles. Honecker wanted to talk about security. He is not at all free to disarm East Germany (he is free only to demand that Kohl disarm West Germany), but disarmament was first on his agenda, because East Germans talk about it a lot, because it embarrasses America, and because it makes terrific propaganda. It was not on Kohl's agenda. Kohl would not agree to a joint statement about the two Germanys' working together toward disarmament—a statement that Honecker wanted to carry home. The only subjects that Kohl would take up with Honecker were the environment and human rights.

People here say that Moscow stopped the visit, but Honecker could just as well have stopped it himself, before Moscow had a chance. Honecker is practiced in the kinds of self-censorship that keep Eastern European leaders in power, and the arguments in the Soviet bloc about his visit were much more violent than he might have predicted when he agreed to come. In July, *Pravda* was already printing cartoons of goose-stepping West German soldiers in Nazi uniforms (actually, it is the East German Army, not the West German Army, that goose-steps), and *Red Star* was reporting that the *Bundeswehr* was training "along Hitlerian lines . . . for an attack on the Soviet Union and its socialist allies." Honecker held out as long as he could. He saw to it that the *Neues Deutschland*, in East Berlin, printed every side of the argument—from the editorials in *Pravda* to the rebuttals to *Pravda*, which came, surprisingly, from Hungary. After he cancelled, Todor Zhivkov, the Bulgarian Party Secretary, cancelled *his* visit to the Federal Republic. The only Eastern European to visit Helmut Kohl this fall was Nicolae Ceaușescu, the Rumanian President, who seems to have invited himself.

A SWISS playwright I know who spends a lot of time in West Germany says that for reasons he cannot explain he has been asking every German he meets this question: How do you define progress? The East Germans have removed the shrapnel guns from their emplacements along the wall and replaced them with guns they say are "better." Is that progress? They have turned over the railway that runs through West Berlin to the West Berliners. For a time, they even lifted some bans on emigration—which they never did while Germans from the rest of Central Europe were leaving for the Federal Republic. In February this year, twenty-six hundred East Germans crossed over into West Germany; by May, twenty-five

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thousand East Germans had arrived. Emigration was stopped then, because "being German" began to mean being West German to too many of Honecker's subjects. There are now anywhere between two hundred thousand and five hundred thousand East Germans waiting for their exit visas—including the hundred and eighty East Germans who started camping this fall in the West German Embassies in Prague, Budapest, Bucharest, and Warsaw. Is that progress? East Germany was in trouble when Honecker started talking about letting people go. The country needed hard currency—fresh money, the bankers say these days—the way Italy had needed fresh money in 1976 and Turkey had needed fresh money two years later. In a way, East Germany sold twenty-five thousand East Germans to the West for West German Deutsche marks. When the emigration began, West German banks had already lent East Germany a billion marks—"You see, we are not cold warriors," said Franz Josef Strauss, the prime minister of Bavaria. When the emigration stopped, those banks decided they had better send a billion more.

It was Strauss who arranged the first loan—not Kohl, or Jenninger, or Hans Otto Bräutigam, Kohl's envoy to East Berlin. Strauss runs the Christian Social Union, and for years he has harassed his Christian Democratic partners just by being around. They used to call him a Fascist. Now that he has taken up East Germany, they say that he is "too Catholic" for Fascism—that he is more of a crusty old nationalist, a sentimental lover of "Germany." It is true that, given the mood here, Strauss does not seem nearly as dreadful as he did five years ago. Strauss hates Communists, but he loves "Germany" more—and this has always made his politics eccentric. He wanted to be Chancellor, but he and his party were an embarrassment to the silky capitalists behind every conservative German government. He was Defense Minister in 1956, and Finance Minister for three years in the nineteen-sixties, but those were the only times he was invited to Bonn. He is almost seventy. Stories still go around about wild parties at his hunting lodge, and every once in a while someone publishes a snapshot of the beefy Herr Strauss with a young blonde on his lap, but now that he is determined to leave his mark on German politics (he says he wants to show the Christian Democrats how to do it) he has started sending himself on "diplomatic" missions, in the manner of, say, Jesse Jackson. He sent himself to China and Albania and Hungary, and then he sent himself to East Germany. In East Germany, he did not talk about state visits or treaties or protocol. He talked about simple German folk sharing their money with their neighbors, and about other simple German folk packing up their belongings and heading west, like cowboys. It was a down-home *Ostpolitik* that Strauss concocted: with it, he made the rounds of West Germany's banks and negotiated one of the most spectacular—and complicated—loans in the country's history. The difference between him and all the other politicians who wanted to "save" East Germany was that Strauss had never doubted his freedom to make a deal anywhere. All of a sudden, he looked original—avant-garde, people said. Even some Greens decided he was (in the words of one) "a nice old guy," and went to visit him in Munich. "Is that progress?" my friend from Switzerland would ask. Is it progress when Strauss is applauded for calling Andreotti "scandalous and treacherous," and when Horst Ehmke is pointedly not applauded for saying that, whatever one thinks of the Italian Foreign Minister, Germany is two states now and it is stupid to deny it?

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC once said he loved Germany so much that he was grateful there were two of them. According to Strauss, if Mauriac could see Germany now he would find another way of expressing his affection. When Franz Josef Strauss talks about Francois Mauriac (he did it in a special "Germany" issue of *L'Express*, which followed *Der Spiegel's* "Heimat" issue and had the words "*Une nation dans ses états*" on the cover), it means that something curious is happening in Germany, something that shows up in the art young Germans are producing—even when they are working far from home. Wim Wenders won the prize at the Cannes Film Festival this year with a movie, "Paris, Texas," about a little boy who lives quite happily in Los Angeles with his aunt and uncle until his real father—a lost American soul who used to tie cowbells to his wife, and then tie his wife to the stove, so she wouldn't stray—rescues the boy from that happy life and "reunites" him with his real mother, a pure girl in a Texas brothel. When mother and

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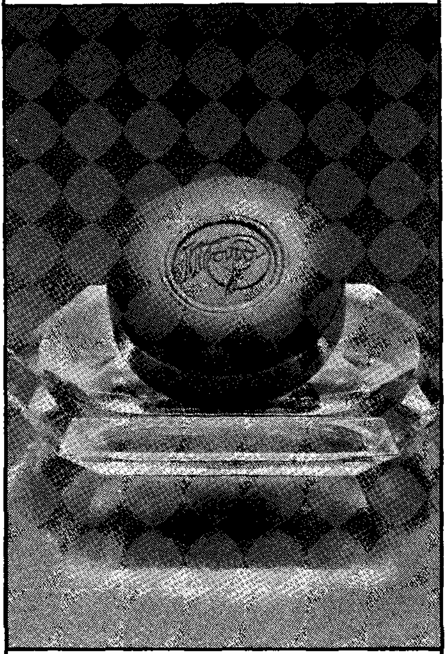

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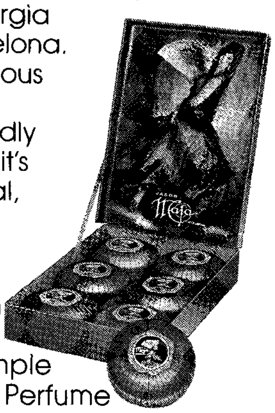

child meet, they seem to fuse, to melt together in front of Wenders' camera. They are one flesh, one blood. The movie, I am told, is a statement about America. It may be just as much a statement about what is addling Germany.

A COUPLE of years ago, Walter Abish wrote a novel called "How German Is It." People in France call the book a *policier*, but it is a *policier* in the way that, say, "The Golden Bowl" is a love story. It is about Ulrich Hargenau, a young man from a family of famous Germans. Being a writer, Ulrich himself is occasionally famous. His father is more than famous; he is a hero in the "new" Germany, because forty years ago he led an officers' plot against Hitler and got shot for it. Ulrich has dropped the "von" from the family name, and has done the ungentlemanly thing of testifying about some friends of his wife's who used to hang out at their apartment eating everything in the icebox, and who turned out to be terrorists from a gang called the Einzieh Group. Ulrich loves his wife—his ex-wife now—and is trying not so much to find her as to discover how "German" she is. He is an embarrassment to his wife, to the terrorists he used to feed, and, especially, to the third famous Hargenau, his brother Helmuth, an architect who designs police stations and wants to keep his commissions coming. One reason Ulrich is so embarrassing to have around is that someone in a yellow Porsche is trying to kill him. Someone is always either sending him warnings in coloring books or blowing up his brother's police stations or producing lovers for Ulrich who betray him not with other men but with other identities. He does not know what to make of this "Germany" where people are so murderous and congenial (and only his mother's old servant, another kind of architect, with a matchstick concentration camp in the basement, is considered crazy), and where the important observations have to do with your tennis serve and the important accusation is "You don't love me anymore."

Abish was born in Vienna, which he left in 1938, at the age of seven, and eventually he made his way to New York, married there, and settled down. He had never been in Germany when he wrote "How German Is It," but his novel is the most remarkable description of postwar Germany I have read. When people ask Abish about the book, he says that "Germany" has

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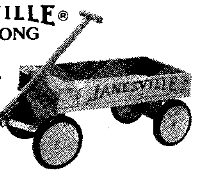
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always been an imaginary place, an idea of Germany. He says that anyone who knows anything about the country—about its language or its history or its philosophers or its cruelties—will invent a Germany of his own, and there is no reason that Walter Abish's Germany should be less "German" than, say, Kohl's or Honecker's or Strauss's. When Abish did finally go to Germany, in 1982, he was a little bewildered. He liked Germany. It was a beautiful country. He started wondering whether the Americans and the Englishmen who flew over Germany in 1943 and 1944 had looked down when they dropped their bombs and thought that they were bombing something beautiful. When he came home and talked to some of them, he discovered, of course, that they had not thought about beauty at all. Abish is a Jew and an intellectual, and questions about Germany are often on his mind. He says that the Germans he met were agreeable. They would drive him around, trying to find his Germany, but it was always they who asked "How German is it?" when they saw or heard something disturbing. He still gets letters about the places that he made up—the police stations that are bombed; the bland new suburbs built on the sites of mass graves and concentration camps; the Frisian islands where pretty terrorists retire and "good Germans" and "bad Germans" walk the beaches together, drinks in hand, in cool complicity. The Germans who write to him have discovered those places at home, just as he described them. Germany may be the only country in the world where people check up on reality with such persistence, anxiety, and desire.

—JANE KRAMER

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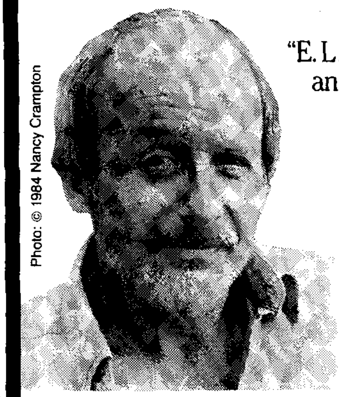

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Ascendant

THE music of Karlheinz Stockhausen is not much played in New York—the Philharmonic has done nothing since "Jubilee," three years ago, and several large works remain unheard here—but his influence is strong. He has been and remains at once a pioneer in many fields—musics serial in more elements than pitch, electronic, aleatory, spatial, "intuitive," mystical—and the great synthesizer of our age, giving order and coherence to his discoveries, inventions, and dreams. On American campuses, he and his music have been inspiring. And his works, unlike those of the minimalists, grow with the passing years, lose none of their freshness and fascination. Each new encounter with "Momente" (which Martina Arroyo and Gloria Davy used to sing), "Hymnen," "Stimmung" (of which a new recording has just appeared, on Hyperion), even the early "Gesang der Jünglinge" proves exciting. Most of one's listening has to be done on records—several of Deutsche Grammophon's Stockhausen recordings are in the domestic catalogue, and more are available as Polygram Special Imports—but there are occasional performances. Last month in Alice Tully Hall, Cameron Grant and James Winn gave what was billed as the New York première of "Mantra"—a two-piano piece composed in 1970 and published in 1975.

"Mantra" is a masterwork of our age. I thought so in a woolly, first-impression way when I heard Alfons and Aloys Kontarsky play it at the English Bach Festival in London thirteen years ago, and now feel sure of it. The composition appeared to Stockhausen in a vision as he was being driven one day from Madison, Connecticut, to Boston, in 1969: "I was humming to myself . . . I heard this melody . . . I had the idea of one single musical figure or formula that would be expanded over a very long period of time." And he jotted the melody down on the back of an envelope. The following year, he was in Osaka, at Expo '70, where his music was performed daily for six months in the German Pavilion. For some time, he had been composing mainly "intuitive" music, of the kind represented at an extreme by "Gold Dust," the penultimate work in the collection "From the Seven Days" (1968). The "score" of "Gold Dust," for small ensemble, is:

Live completely alone for four days
without food
In complete silence without much
movement
Sleep as little as necessary
Think as little as possible
After four days late at night without
conversation beforehand play
single sounds
WITHOUT THINKING which you are
playing
Close your eyes
Just listen

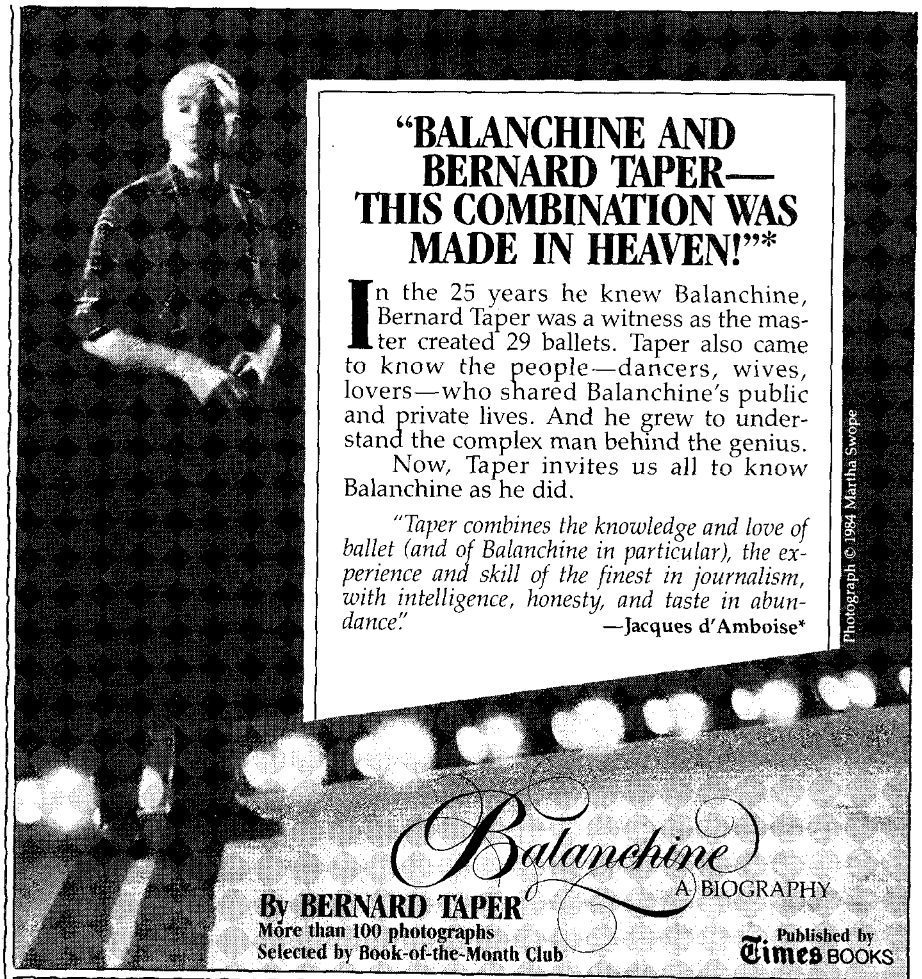
Busy New York professionals can't find "Gold Dust" an easy work to prepare and perform. (Even Stockhausen's own group waited four years before adding it to the recording of the rest of the "Seven Days," on a seven-disc Deutsche Grammophon album.) In Japan, the composer gave form to "Mantra," his first fully notated score for a decade. He has said, "Perhaps the influence of the daily performances in Osaka of our intuitive music—working with a few instructions and then playing completely freely—brought me to 'Mantra' . . . I felt that I wanted to develop further a kind of music that only I was responsible for and not only make music with our group or with other musicians where I proposed rather than 'ordered.' " And "Mantra" is a reassuring piece for musicians to whom such "compositional procedures" as

Play a vibration in the rhythm of
dreaming
and slowly transform it
into the rhythm of the universe

(an excerpt from the "Seven Days" nocturne) seem altogether too muzzy, too mystical, and too much dependent on the chances of individual execution. "Mantra" is thoroughly composed in all its aspects: the pitches, the durations, and the dynamics are defined. The mantra itself is a slow twelve-tone melody thirteen notes long, beginning and ending on A, and ever repeated—but not mindlessly or identically. During the hour-long composition, it is expanded across gapped scales and expanded or compressed in diverse time modes. Various elements of the original melody—tremolos, mordents, grace notes, stuttering attacks, chordal accompaniments—come to the fore and dominate long paragraphs. Some of Stockhausen's earlier inventions—the "Morse code" muttering of Piano Piece X, the Noh percussionist's cries in "Telemusik"—find their way into the fabric. Each pianist has a set of tuned antique cymbals mounted above the keyboard, and a woodblock; their timbres enrich the texture and sometimes provide clear, bright articulation of the structure. Electronic ring-modulation colors the piano tone, adding consonances to the tonic and dominant of any section and dissonances to distant intervals, and in general functioning not unlike those eighteenth-century tempered tunings that favor the home key and emphasize the extent of departures from it. And there is much more. There are jokes: one player uses his woodblock to imitate the snap of a switch, cutting short the other player's mimicry of a studio tape loop. The piece is high-spirited (Stockhausen called his work on it "the happiest composition time I have ever spent in my life"), abundant (there are passages that seem to join hands with Cage, with Schoenberg, with Bartók, with Balinese music), and lucid.

The Kontarskys have made a splendid recording, on Deutsche Grammophon, but it's also good to hear the work live, to share in the performers' adventures as they traverse it. Mr. Grant and Mr. Winn gave an assured, unflagging, engrossing account of the piece—a little too broadly jokey at times, perhaps, as if encouraging the audience to titter, but excellently energetic, and poetic, too.

"MUSIK IM BAUCH" (1975), a fable for six percussionists and music boxes, shows Stockhausen in lighter vein. It had its genesis one day when the stomach of the composer's two-year-old daughter began to rumble gently, and her father said to her, "Why, Julika, you have music in your tummy." With delight, Julika began to laugh and to cry out "Musik im Bauch! Musik im Bauch!" The fable took shape later: from the belly of a giant figure hung with jingles three brothers extract music boxes, and then imitate their tinkling tunes on a little glockenspiel. (The tunes are chosen from a set of twelve, which went on to achieve independent existence in "Tierkreis." Four of them also figure in the central section of "Sirius.") Meanwhile, on a battery of bell plates on one side of the stage and a marimba, played four-hand, on the other, the



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same music is sounded in immensely slow motion. The carillonneur, with a good deal of variety of dynamics and attack, peals out the tunes in succession, a note at a time, while the marimba duo, imitating mechanical dolls, spreads one tune through the length of the performance. The work ends when the music boxes run down. "Musik im Bauch" was given what was billed as the United States première by the New Music Consort in Carnegie Recital Hall this month.

Robin Maconie, in his Stockhausen monograph, calls the piece "an odd moral tale on the conflicting values of mechanical versus intuitive timing, of true versus false precision, of independence versus cooperation, of a questioning versus an unquestioning attitude to musical performance and the composer's instructions." And adds, "To a child, however, it is simply an enchanting fable about a giant with the secret of music hidden inside him." But in a performance less than finely tuned it can seem trivial fare. The New Music Consort's presentation had an unexpectedly grim flavor. All six players were dressed in black, with faces painted and hair lacquered to look like metal. The three brothers, not only the marimbists, moved like robots. Percussion players are usually the lithest and most theatrical of instrumentalists, the easiest movers, the readiest to be eye-catching (there was a moment in Peter Brook's "Tragédie de Carmen" when Daniel Druckman, tuning his timpani, took the limelight off the singers), but these didn't seem altogether unembarrassed. The bell plates were replaced by tuned gongs, whose sound is less bright and gleaming—*bong* rather than *ding*.

The concert began with Lukas Foss's Quartet for percussion, which looks more fun to play than it is to listen to, and was rendered with a physical grace lacking in the Stockhausen. Jalalu-Kalvert Nelson's "Albatross" (1981)—which expresses "what I imagine to be a day in the life of an albatross," the composer said in a note—had its American première. Two Orpheus songs by Anne LeBaron, "Lamentation" and "Invocation," for baritone, clarinet, harp, and cello, had their world première and left a stronger impression, for they are thoughtful, imaginative pieces, precisely and delicately "heard;" each utterance tells. I'd like to hear them again. Charles Wuorinen's sextet "Speculum Speculi" (1974), a closely argued and sensuously exciting composition, had a welcome revival.

I USED the cautious formulations "billed as the New York première" for "Mantra" and "billed as the United States première" for "Musik im Bauch" because a few weeks ago I too readily accepted a program book's claim that Stockhausen's "Harlequin" and Ligeti's Trio were receiving their United States premières at the League-ISCM October concert in Symphony Space. Readers quickly let me know that "Harlequin" was played in Ann Arbor last March, and that Ligeti's Trio was played in Portland, Oregon, last July, in the Chamber Music Northwest series.

WHAT does seem—surprisingly—to have been the New York première of Schoenberg's "Der Jakobsleiter" was given in Carnegie Hall last month, brought here by the Cleveland Orchestra, conducted by its new music director, Christoph von Dohnányi. Schoenberg completed, in short score, only the first part of what would have been a long oratorio. After his death, in 1951, the orchestration was undertaken by Winfried Zillig, and "Der Jakobsleiter" was first heard in 1961. The American première was in Santa Fe, staged, in 1968; and Santa Fe revived the work in 1980. A CBS recording with BBC forces conducted by Boulez has just been released in this country. A critic of the album remarked that the oratorio "seems to embrace the worlds of Mahler's Eighth Symphony and Stockhausen's 'Sirius' in its visionary grasp." It's an immense conception: a vision of mankind—represented both by numerous, disparate choruses and by solo spokesmen—mounting, some groups eagerly, some reluctantly, "the mystical ladder of the seven spiritual worlds hung one above another in space, and seen by the floods of light that fall in cascades down the steps of the heavenly floor." The quotation is from Balzac's "Seraphita," which inspired Schoenberg's text. For the end, set in a Swedenborgian Heaven where offstage voices and offstage orchestras join the soloists, chorus, and main orchestra until, as Schoenberg said in a 1921 note, "music is streaming into the great hall from all sides," we have only the composer's libretto. There has been much speculation about why Schoenberg, having composed some six hundred bars of "Der Jakobsleiter" at white heat, in three months of 1917, couldn't find his way back into the score after the interruption caused by a very brief spell of military service. It was not for want of trying: between 1918 and 1922 he made fifteen attempts on passages of Part II, and in 1944 he took up the work again for a while. Two not exclusive explanations seem to me likely. One is suggested by Hans Keller's challenging remarks in a 1968 essay introducing BBC broadcasts of "Der Jakobsleiter" and the Matthew Passion. "Bach was a religious finder where Schoenberg was a searcher," Mr. Keller says. "Which is about all the difference one can make between the Matthew Passion and 'Jacob's Ladder;' for the rest, the two are virtually identical, in all that matters in music." That "Der Jakobsleiter" is a chapter of spiritual autobiography no one has doubted. And that Schoenberg, ever-questing, could find music to make vivid the conflict, the dilemma, the aspiration, but not the victory, the resolution, the arrival seems at least likely; the history of the unfinished "Moses and Aron" points the same way. Second, as has often been noted, both the words and the music of "Der Jakobsleiter" adumbrate ideas that led to the "method of composing with twelve notes." And once that path—that highway, that "discovery thanks to which the supremacy of German music is ensured for the next hundred years" (Schoenberg to his pupil Josef Rufer)—had come clearly into view there could be no easy backtracking.

"Der Jakobsleiter" is not overwhelming as "Moses and Aron" is. Or the Matthew Passion. Or an inspired performance of Mahler's Eighth. (If I don't add "The Dream of Gerontius," one of the works that first moved me to live a life in music, it's only because I've not heard it for many years.) But Schoenberg's great vision is there to catch. There are marvellous, inspired pages, although there are others where—dare one say it?—the notes seem a bit dull. And although Gabriel, the principal character—hustler-on of the throng and respondent to the other soloists—is rather hard to take: he scolds in tones of priggish righteousness. To the Chosen One, who has aimed "to shape a model certainly new, possibly higher" but is ever misunderstood and derided—and who is generally considered to be a self-portrait of the composer—Gabriel is fairly indulgent. But the other soloists, it seems to me, are also aspects of the questing Schoen-

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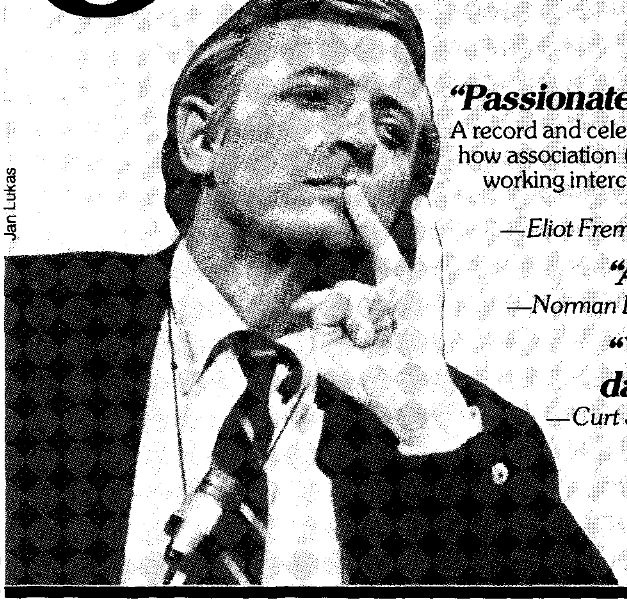
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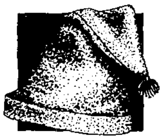

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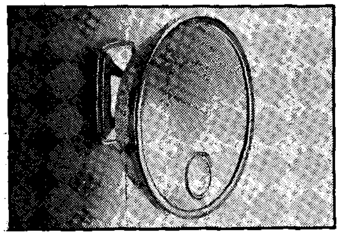

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berg. To a Called One who "sought after beauty . . . perceived only the rhythm of beauty" and found joy in doing so, Gabriel sternly says, "You are self-satisfied. . . . Self-sufficiency (too simple a formula, for all progress is torment) keeps you warm." And to a Monk who gave up the joys and delights of the world he says, disagreeably, "You were richer before you became more perfect; you have sacrificed all brightness for one gloomy insight—into your own inadequacy!" The oratorio tends to reinforce the emotions of anyone who, while an unreserved admirer of Schoenberg's genius (how can anyone not be?), finds it hard to love the man. Yet in the end the genius triumphs. Gabriel doesn't only hector in Sprechgesang; he also has passages of broad, lyrical song. His last words—the last words Schoenberg set—are "When you complain no more, you are near. Then your Ego is dissolved": a condition implying uncritical acceptance. There follows high solo-violin song and rapt, wordless vocalises of a Soul who has ascended the ladder toward bliss—both haloed in distant ethereal music. The glimpse of ecstasy is beautiful and moving as it fades into the silence where Schoenberg left his piece.

The choral writing is very difficult, calling not only for song but for precise speaking on pitch. (For the London première, in 1965, the Zurich Speaking Chorus was imported.) The Cleveland Orchestra Chorus, prepared by Robert Page, was in splendid form. The orchestra played surely and warmly. Julian Patrick was a Pizarro-like Gabriel. Celina Lindsley was an exquisitely pure, radiant Soul. (At the close, where—space and time dissolved—the Soul breaks into metaphysical duet, she sang both lines, one of them being prerecorded.) Helga Pilarczyk, once the vivid heroine of so many contemporary operas, spoke the pitched words of the Dying One with fervor. William Johns, Jaroslav Kachel, Andrew Foldi, Oskar Hillebrandt, Richard Brunner, and the solo violins of Daniel Majeske and Lev Polyakin all contributed to a remarkable performance. The new music director has begun bravely.

—Andrew Porter

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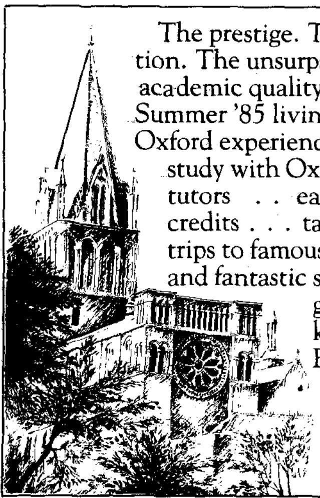

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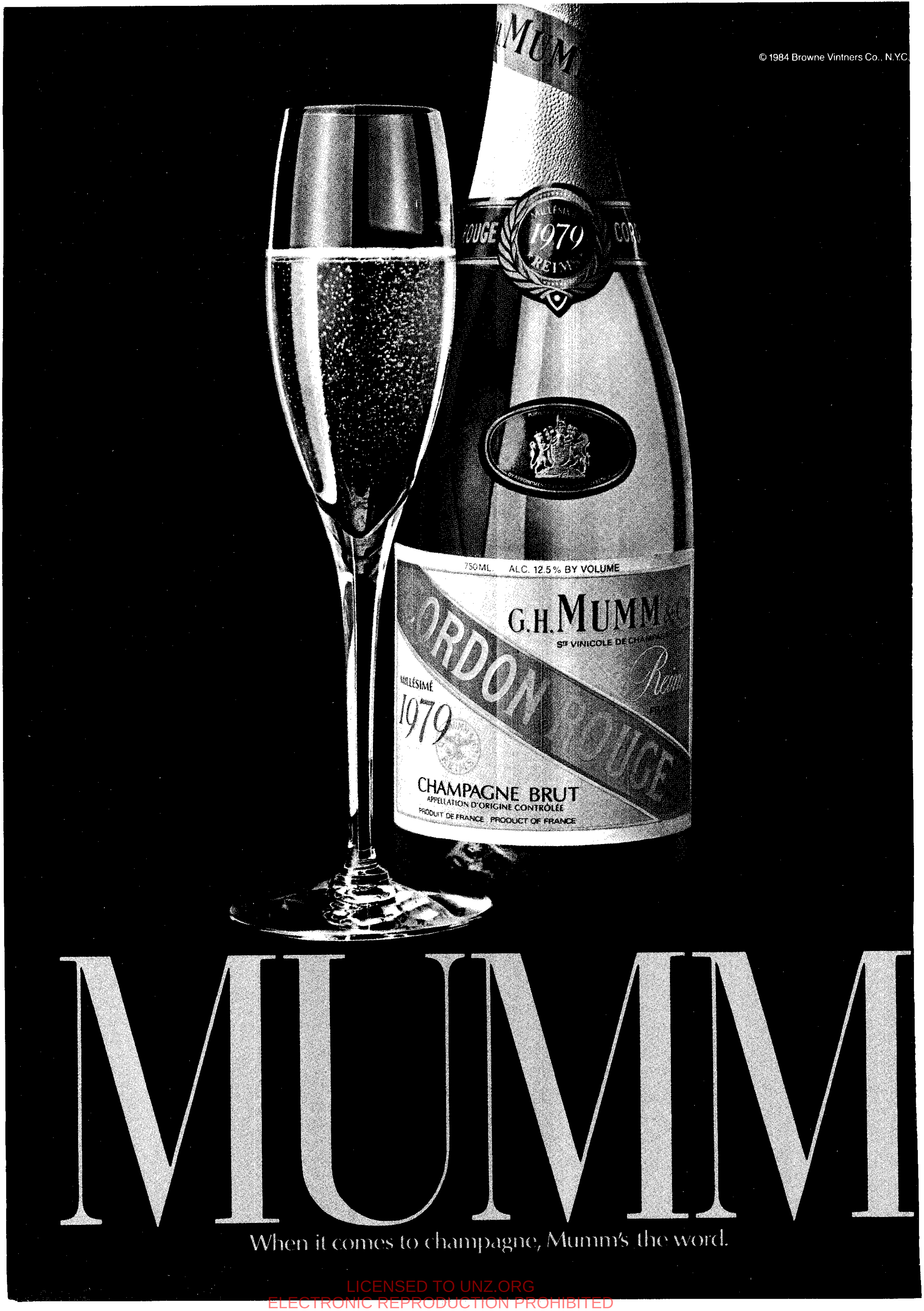
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BOOKS

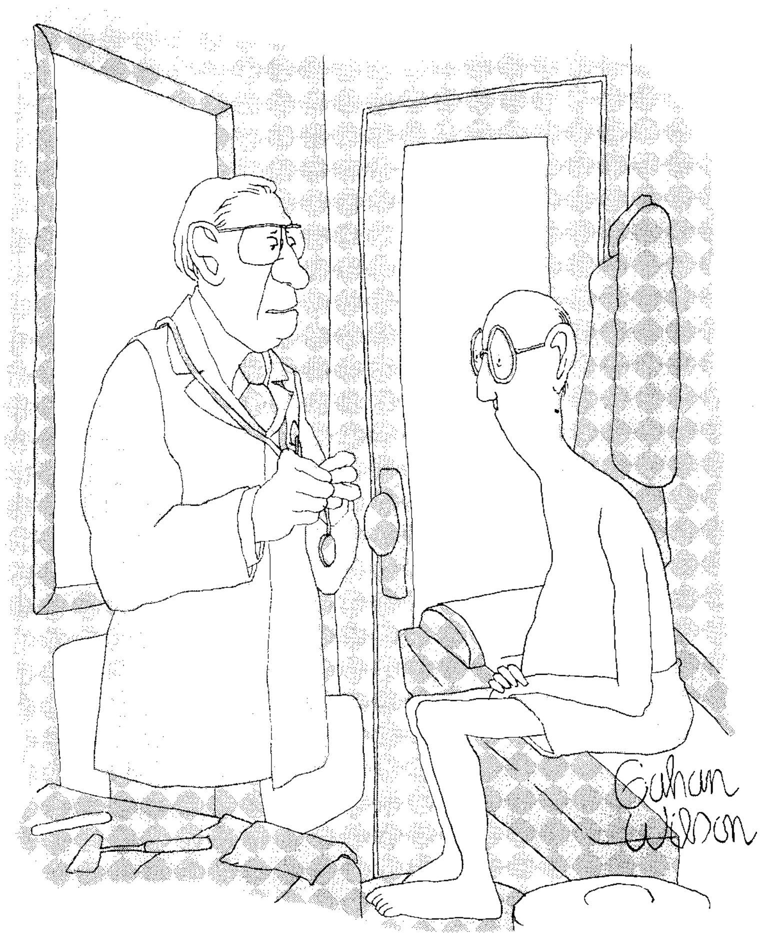
Braudel's Summa

"THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE WORLD" (Harper & Row; $35) completes Fernand Braudel's imposing, engrossing, and definitive trilogy "Civilization and Capitalism, 15th-18th Century." The two earlier volumes were "The Structures of Everyday Life" (1982) and "The Wheels of Commerce" (1983); all three have been superbly translated from the French by Siân Reynolds. The first installment discussed such homely matters as what people ate and wore and how they got their food and clothing; the second recounted the doings of businessmen; and the present work investigates world-economies. M. Braudel uses the expression "world-economy" to mean not the sum of economic activity on the globe but an economy that is a world in itself, self-sufficient and operating as a unit. One sign that Europe was integrated as a world-economy by the fifteenth century is that its grain prices fluctuated in unison.

The story of Volume III is the development of Europe's world-economy—the shifts of economic leadership from Venice to Antwerp to Genoa to Amsterdam to London—and of its outreaching until, by the close of this period, it dominated all other world-economies. The story of European development and dominance is the story of capitalism, but M. Braudel reminds us that it is not the story of mankind. He deliberately calls our attention to other realms besides the economic. He thinks that technological and economic dominance go together but that they do not necessarily entail cultural primacy; Florence, for example, retained its cultural leadership after Venice achieved economic predominance. He also points out that throughout this period and after it many people were unaffected by what historians record as breakneck development. Gray's "Elegy" remains a faithful portrait of much of British life in the first century of the industrial revolution.

M. Braudel draws on an enormous amount of scholarship. He is invariably precise in recording other men's opinions and generous in giving credit. He is polite in disagreement and mannerly rather than dogmatic in stating his own opinions. His courtesy sets a good example. It may also reflect the wariness of a veteran scholar who has learned that data are full of surprises. He tells us, for instance, of a paper delivered as recently as 1976 that astonished a conference with the news that France before the Revolution was, by most accountings, richer than Great Britain, was growing faster, and was taxed at a much lower rate—ten per cent of the gross national product as against twenty-two per cent. Whatever prevented France from emulating or surpassing British economic modernization, it appears that it was not, as everybody learned in school, the burden of taxes imposed by the ancien régime.

History, of course, is not only what happened (insofar as we can find out); it is the questions we ask. The questions this book asks are the whys of economic success and failure. Many answers are not economic. Amalfi, for example, was a leader in the ninth-century revival of trade, but its luck was bad: it was sacked once by Normans and twice by Pisans, with the result, M. Braudel tells us, that after 1250 its trade was a third of what it had been between 950 and 1050. Geography is important; a maritime connection is essential. M. Braudel thinks that when the Ming dynasty moved its capital from Nanjing to Peking, in 1421, China turned inland and its world-economy lost its chance to compete with Europe's. Some answers are political. M. Braudel suggests that a cause of Europe's economic success was its failure to rebuild Rome and recreate the universal empire for which many Europeans longed throughout the Middle Ages: empires have a poor growth record. He tells us that all the technology necessary for an industrial revolution had been worked out in Ptolemaic Egypt, and while he agrees that the omnipresence of slavery may have been a reason that the inventions of Hellenistic engineers were not adapted to industry, he also surmises that what he calls the "stifling embrace" of the Roman Empire smothered the steam engine for nearly two millennia. In exploring a question asked by contemporary Indian scholars—had Europe and Europeans not intruded, could India have developed its own industrial rev-



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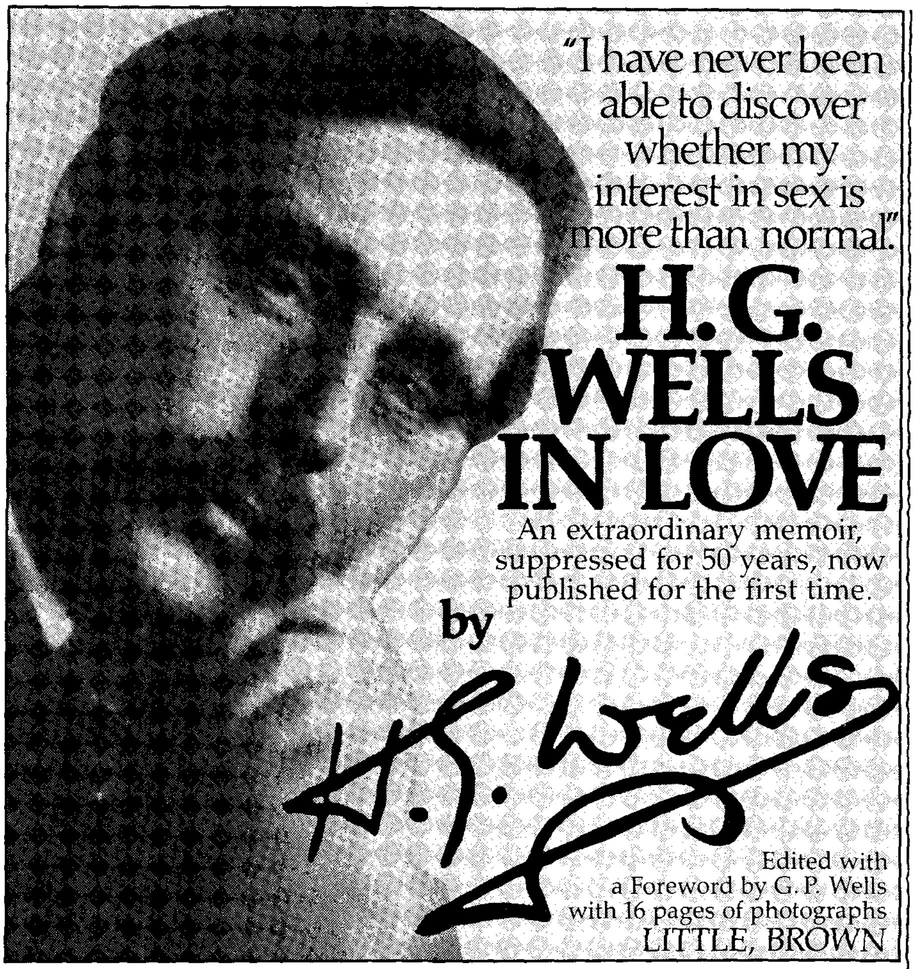

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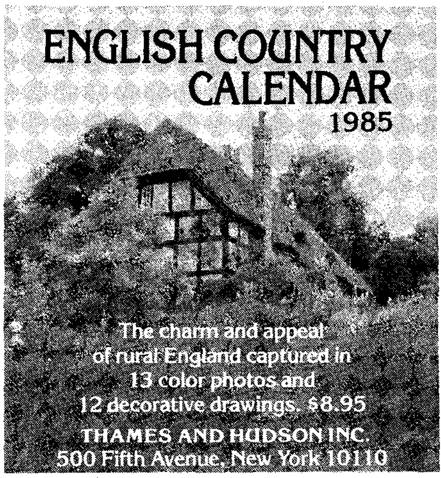

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olution?—he notices that Indian artisans were exceptionally skilled but *their tools were rudimentary*, and Indian wages were extremely low. Yet he also stresses the deleterious effects of the Moguls' expensive imperial regime.

Though M. Braudel's dominant capitalist cities differ one from another, their family resemblance is unmistakable. Beyond the cosmopolitanism inherent in seaports, all demonstrated very wide tolerance—historically, intolerance correlates with economic backwardness. They all had notably high costs of living, which did not deter newcomers; M. Braudel's account of Europe's poor pouring into seventeenth-century Amsterdam in search of work and opportunity resembles descriptions of nineteenth-century New York City. He also maintains that the capitalist leaders were strong states; against historians who comment on the United Provinces' rickety political structure, he adduces the very forceful foreign policy of the Netherlands in the seventeenth century. However, he does not think of these capitalist centers as rising through immemorial grand designs or acts of will. He believes that the tempo of historical change is slow and that the primacy of a particular economic center is a result of the very gradual accumulation of many small advantages. One example of a small advantage that became important when added to others is that the Netherlands' ships could be worked with crews twenty per cent smaller than those of other merchant vessels in the seventeenth century. Slow change is not no change. In M. Braudel's opinion, the shift of leadership from Amsterdam to London marks a real change from the domination of a world-economy by a city or city-state to domination by a city that draws on the resources of a nation-state and an integrated national market. He also remarks on the change in the nature of economic crises: under the ancien régime, he believes, crashes and declines were primarily agricultural in origin, while typical modern crises, he thinks, are credit crunches. He regards three severe crises of credit—in 1763, 1772-1773, and 1780-83—as marking both the arrival of a modern industrial economy and the assertion of British economic dominance in place of Dutch: much as, he believes, the crash of 1929 marked the dominance of New York City and the United States.

M. Braudel's concluding chapter

takes up a question that I think is more commonly asked in Western Europe than in the United States: whether capitalism is about to disappear or be overthrown by a revolution or The Revolution. M. Braudel thinks not. By "capitalism" he does not mean what we Americans call "free enterprise"—the market economy that embraces the youngster's lemonade stand and the country store. He thinks that capitalism comes in and takes over such activities—as Venice took over the countries around the Adriatic, with their fishermen and farmers, their menders of nets and makers of plows, their markets and market towns, and organized them into the larger, long-distance economic networks it developed. M. Braudel's capitalism, as of 1984, is international finance, multinational corporations, and cartels, and he thinks of it as destructive of free markets. In the fifteenth to eighteenth centuries, the effect of capitalism on its home grounds might be considered liberating; its remoter effects were not. In Western Europe, capitalism encouraged free labor, but the extensive trade it opened up led to the reënserfment of East European peasants and to the introduction of slavery in the Americas. Slavery is a puzzle to us, possibly because, like so much economic activity, its explanation does not seem to be wholly economic. What people are willing to put on the market and what they are not look like cultural, and perhaps not rational, decisions. As a Manhattanite, I was amazed when the historian M. I. Finley pointed out in his essay "Land, Debt and the Man of Property in Classical Athens" that "there was no real-estate market . . . in Athens . . . Land was not a commodity. . . . The Greek language had no word for 'real property' . . . Not one Athenian is known to us who earned his livelihood by dealing in real estate." But the ancient Greeks bought and sold slaves. Or, again, in our own time being a soldier of fortune seems disreputable, but the widely honored military heroes of the Italian Renaissance were, of course, mercenaries.

At all events, one reason M. Braudel expects capitalism to survive is its ability to coexist with various political or social arrangements. The quality he dislikes most is capitalism's squashing effect, as it weighs upon and distorts markets and destroys local initiative. In American economic history, I suppose, John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company would typify

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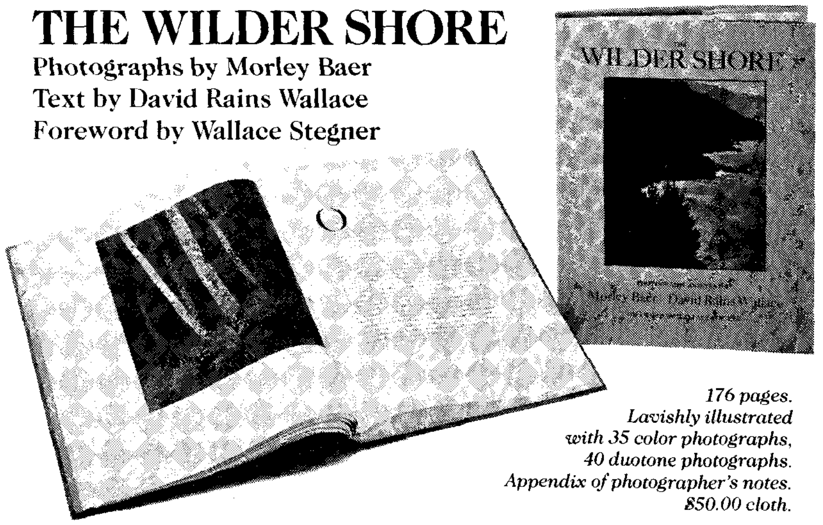

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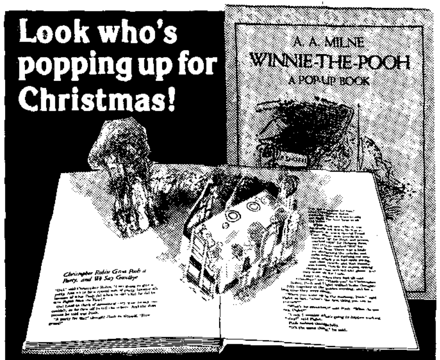

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M. Braudel's concept of capitalist invasiveness. Another reason M. Braudel thinks capitalism can survive is its mobility. He recalls that when the Spanish Empire reconquered Antwerp in 1585 many of Antwerp's merchants moved to Amsterdam, bringing one more advantage to the Dutch in their rise to economic supremacy. I daresay it is this mobility of capital which we Americans find most disturbing right now—the underused or shut-down factory, the ghost town, and the costs of shifting dominance. This is, as M. Braudel shows, no new state of affairs on a world scale—for example, Batavia (Dutch), which was economically dominant in Asia in the seventeenth century, gave way to Calcutta (British) in the eighteenth—but our awareness of the process on our own territory is painful. The peripatetic nature of capital reminds me of Nathan Detroit's famous enterprise—"the oldest established permanent floating crap game."

Although M. Braudel maintains that "capitalism has been *potentially* visible since the dawn of history," he does not hold it responsible for the periods of crisis, recession, and decline that have beset the world's economies as far back as the dawn of history. He suggests that long- and short-term fluctuations are inevitable; that they are international, inescapable "tidal movements" whose causes we as yet imperfectly understand. His guess is that 1973-74 signalled the start of a long worldwide economic decline, such as afflicted the European world-economy in the fourteenth century, and he doubts whether we know enough to do much about it. Insofar as he has a prescription, it is to avoid the example of New York City, which, starting in the nineteen-fifties, allowed its small businesses to disappear. He condemns contemporary French government intervention against small business: "There could be no more dangerous policy." M. Braudel's paean to the small firm and the market economy is very much in style nowadays; writers have not been so kind to the small businessman and the petty bourgeoisie since the eighteenth century. What I suspect has happened in economics is analogous to the discovery in ecology that humble and not very striking kinds of terrain—wetlands, for instance—are essential to our survival. Along with his pessimism and his caution, M. Braudel offers a goal—an attractive aspiration that he conceives of as neither capitalist nor socialist. It is, as he says, "a very tall order": an ideal society that offers "freedom for ordinary people, cultural independence, a market economy with no loaded dice, and a little fraternity." My hunch is that the most important and the most difficult item is the last.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Circles in a Forest, by Dalene Matthee (Knopf; $14.95). Four years' labor for his father, a woodcutter who treats his men like oxen and his oxen like men, teaches Saul Barnard that life is "a crooked circle." That life can be a series of concentric, vicious circles is a lesson he will learn over the next dozen or so years, and then all over again in the five days that form the outer limits of this fine novel. The setting is a forest on the coast of South Africa in the late eighteen-eighties: a forest known as the Forest, where an elephant known as Old Foot is king, but where a wood buyer perched on the Forest's outskirts holds the woodcutters in thrall and tempts other men to pillage the Forest in their scramble for ivory and gold. Why Saul Barnard disembarks from a ship set to sail into the Indian Ocean and returns to the Forest with an elephant gun, why he considers Old Foot his brother, why his own brother considers him a foe, and why he finds himself stalking in circles—all these questions are raised and answered as flashbacks bring the reader close to this ambivalent hunter, and he, in turn, approaches the creature that has haunted him all his life.

Empire of the Sun, by J. G. Ballard (Simon & Schuster; $16.95). Mr. Ballard's experience as a writer of futuristic fiction is evident in this disturbing autobiographical novel about an English schoolboy who becomes a prisoner of the Japanese in China during the Second World War. Separated from his parents during the confusion of Shanghai's surrender, the boy scavenges for days in his neighbors' looted mansions before he is noticed and sent to a prison camp, which becomes his "home and universe" for the next three years. The camp's "sewage-stained paths" have been named

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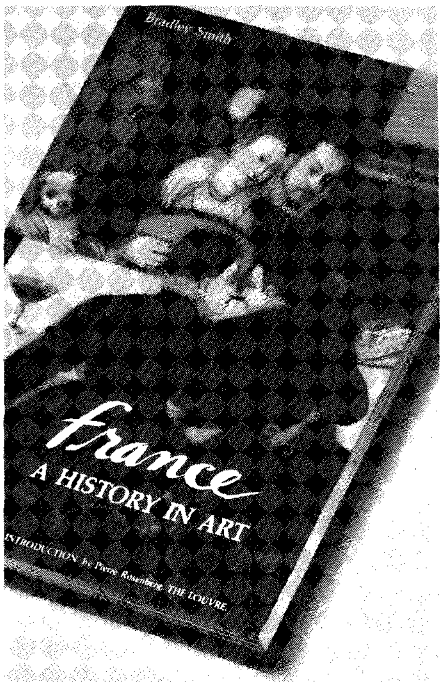
(out of nostalgia, not irony) for a world that he and the other Shanghai-born British inmates have never visited: Piccadilly, Petticoat Lane, and so on. He looks to the sky for rescue; meanwhile, adults make sure he does his Latin prep and eats the weevils (good protein) in his gruel. Eventually, rescue arrives, heralded by a vast flash of white light and then by a shower of cannisters filled with Spam and chocolate bars (still frozen from their ride in the bomb bays of a B-29), and with *Reader's Digests* describing "an heroic adventure on another planet," in words that are more alien than any in his Latin primer: "Patton, Eisenhower, Himmler, Belsen, jeep, GI, AWOL, Utah Beach, von Runstedt, the Bulge."

NOTE: "A Fanatic Heart," a collection of stories by Edna O'Brien, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($17.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

ANTIGONES, by George Steiner (Oxford; $29.95). Mr. Steiner describes Sophocles' tragedy "Antigone," which was first produced in Athens in 441 or 442 B.C., as "one of the enduring and canonic acts in the history of our philosophic, literary, political consciousness"—a work that has been translated, recast, and reinterpreted in every generation. His study opens with a demonstration of ways in which two generations of Idealists and Romantics discovered that "Antigone" shed light on issues that beset them: anxieties about being buried alive and about temptations to incest; feminism; the role of the state (Hegel); destructive heritages (Kierkegaard); the function of translation (Hölderlin's version is a great German play). He goes on to discuss versions of "Antigone" and varieties of "Antigone" criticism in the West down to the present. Mr. Steiner believes that we cannot wholly grasp Sophocles' own "Antigone"—neither his intentions nor how his audiences understood the play. But he asserts that "Antigone" is the "only . . . literary text to express all the principal constants of conflict in the condition of man": the dramatic confrontation between Antigone and Creon expresses "the confrontation of men and of women; of age and of youth;



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of society and of the individual; of the living and the dead; of men and of god(s)."

THE DRAGON HUNTERS, by Frank Graham, Jr. (Dutton; $22.95). The author, who is on the staff of *Audubon*, reminds us of the dangers created by chemical pesticides and also tells us that pesticides are much more expensive than biological controls. Demonstrating that the concept of biological control is not new, he recalls a success story from the eighteen-eighties, when a scale insect from Australia that threatened California's orange groves was eradicated by importing an Australian ladybug, which feasted on it. More recent case histories are more complex, but Mr. Graham shows that the twentieth century has means that the nineteenth lacked; for example, the airplane transports parasites of pests quickly, so they do not die on long ocean voyages, and laboratory equipment undreamed of in 1900 helps breed killers of killers. Case by case, he discusses an assortment of destructive insects that can be controlled by biological methods in this country; some obnoxious plants, too, have been controlled without recourse to chemical herbicides. Throughout, he conveys the fascination of the work as well as its importance. An appendix lists biological controls commercially available to amateur gardeners.

INVENTED LIVES: F. SCOTT AND ZELDA FITZGERALD, by James R. Mellow (Houghton Mifflin; $22.50). Scott Fitzgerald, slightly in his cups, once said to Malcom Cowley, "Sometimes I don't know whether Zelda and I are real or whether we are characters in one of my novels." This solid, roomy book argues that both Fitzgeralds constantly invented new identities for themselves. It presents their brief progress through life, from their first appearances on the literary and social scene here and in Europe, through the years of creative achievement compromised by hedonism and outright folly, to their final ruin. It also re-creates the sharply contrasted decades of the twenties and the thirties, and includes the Fitzgeralds' friends Ernest Hemingway, Ring Lardner, Edmund Wilson, John Dos Passos, and Gerald and Sara Murphy. Mr. Mellow does not patronize Fitzgerald, as other biographers have done. This portrait suggests

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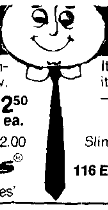

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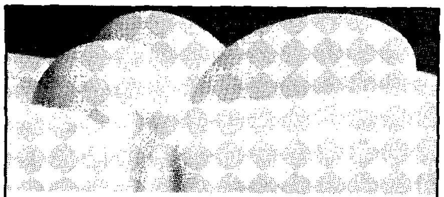

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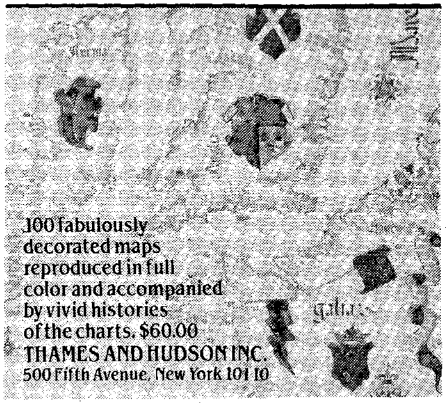

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that, for all his attitudinizing, his tedious behavior while drunk, his spendthrift way with his talents, and his self-pity, Scott Fitzgerald was a first-class writer, who left a small but invaluable body of work. Photographs.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHY: 1839-1900, edited by Mark Haworth-Booth (Aperture; $40). "Think of a man sitting down in the sun," Elizabeth Barrett wrote to a friend in 1843, "and leaving his facsimile in all its full completion of outline and shadow, stedfast on a plate, at the end of a minute and a half!" This album of photographic images taken by pioneer experimenters gives us some idea of the impact of the brand-new art on British society, and shows how photography developed both technically and aesthetically in its early years. It presents the most noteworthy practitioners of the Victorian era: William Henry Fox Talbot, the inventor of the "photogenic drawing," or calotype; the gifted amateur Lewis Carroll; Roger Fenton, who covered the Crimean War with his camera; and Julia Margaret Cameron, whose portrait studies of young women and of such friends as Lord Tennyson and Thomas Carlyle stand as almost perfect masterpieces of "pure" photography. The book is the catalogue of a travelling exhibition organized by the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The large and faithful-looking reproductions of these early calotypes and albumen, carbon, and platinum prints are stunning.

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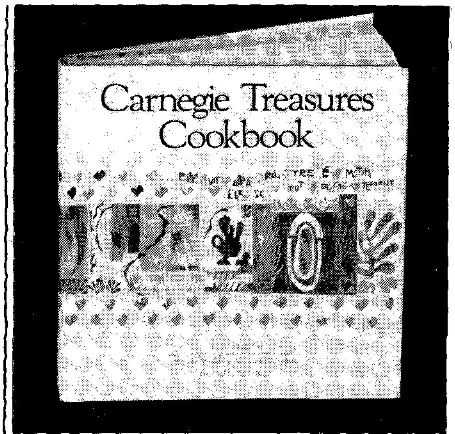

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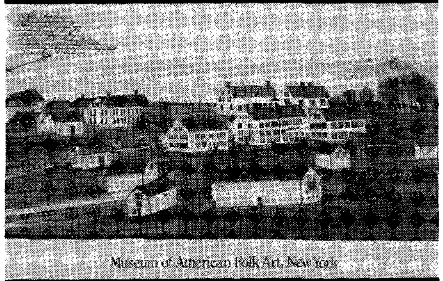
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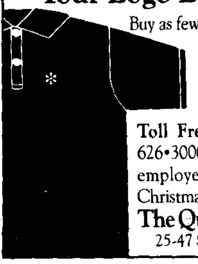

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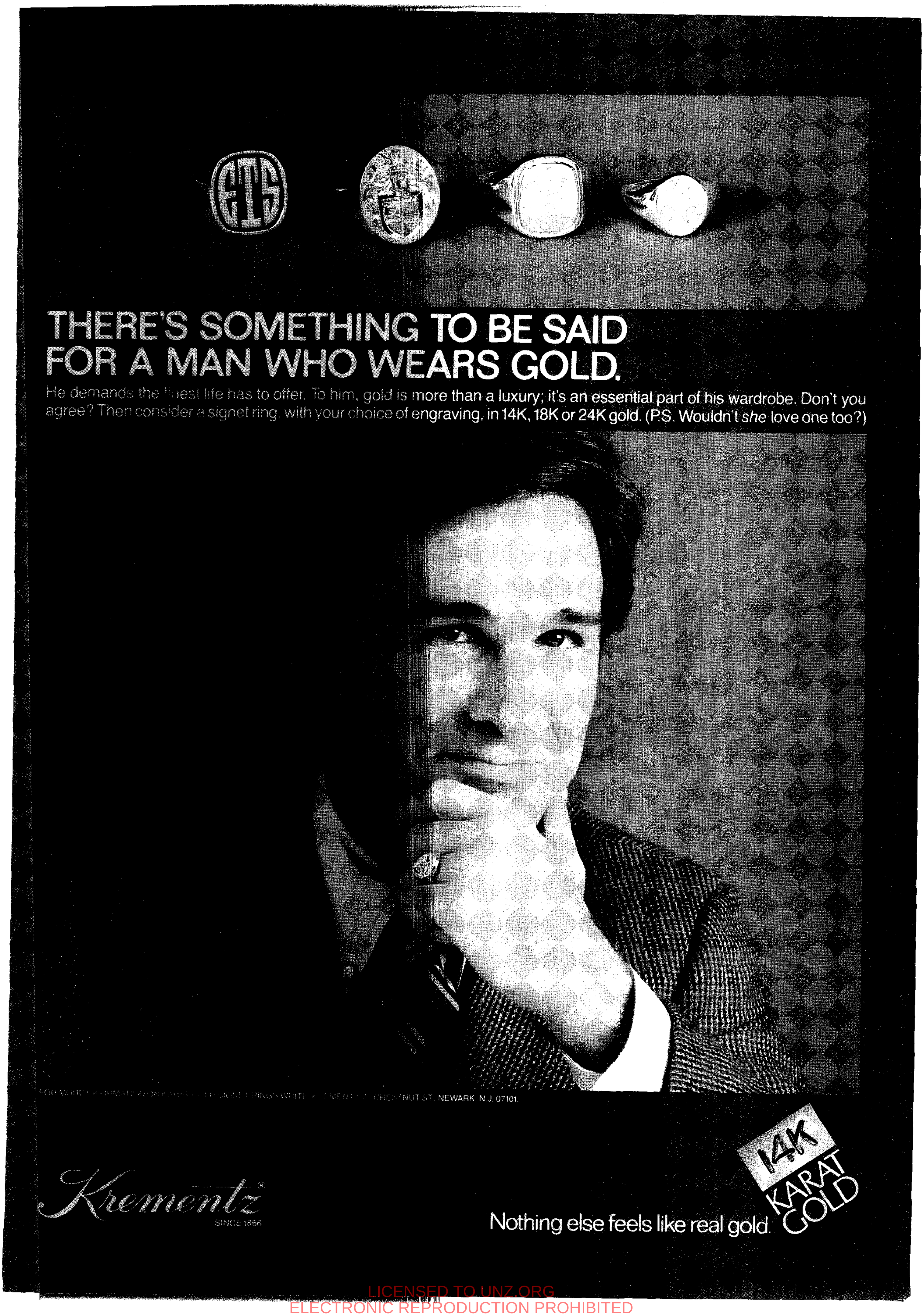

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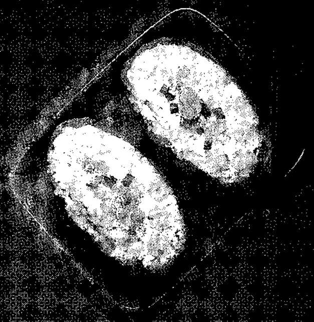

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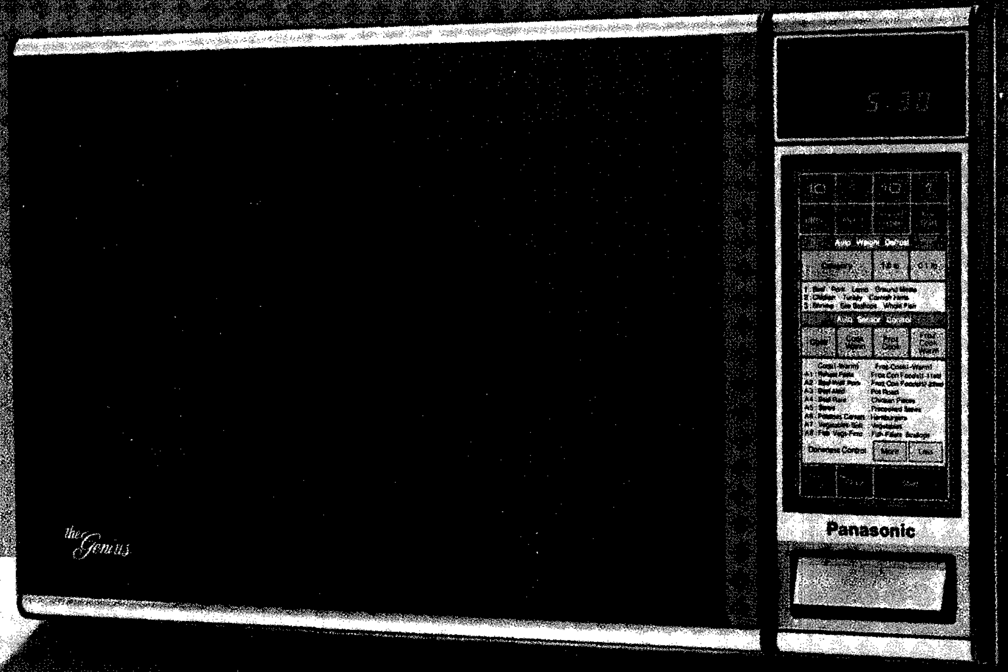

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